Vol 76 #12 76, 12 Col O.K. M.B.

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September 19, 1925

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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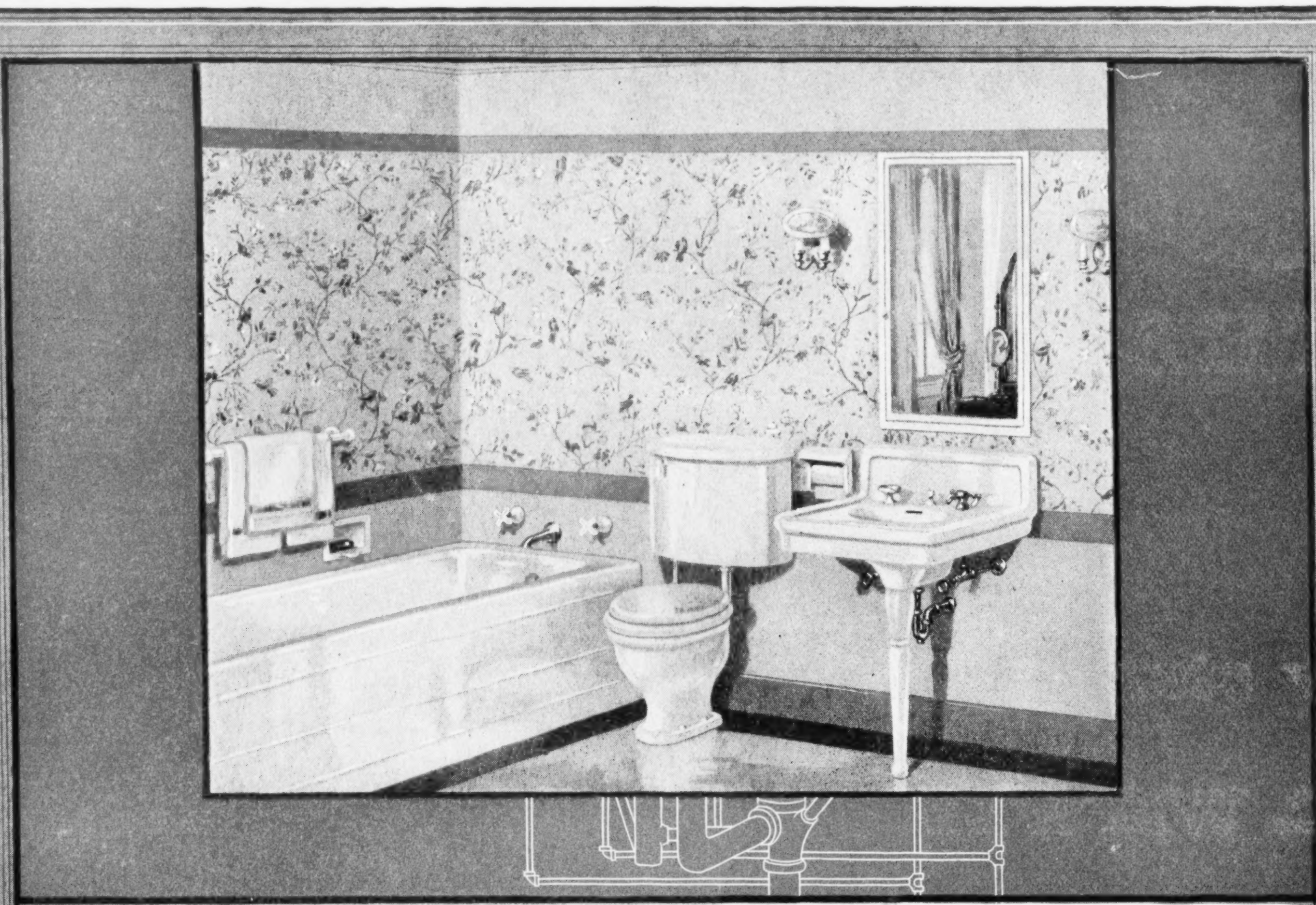

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Autocar**
(wheelbase 114 inches)
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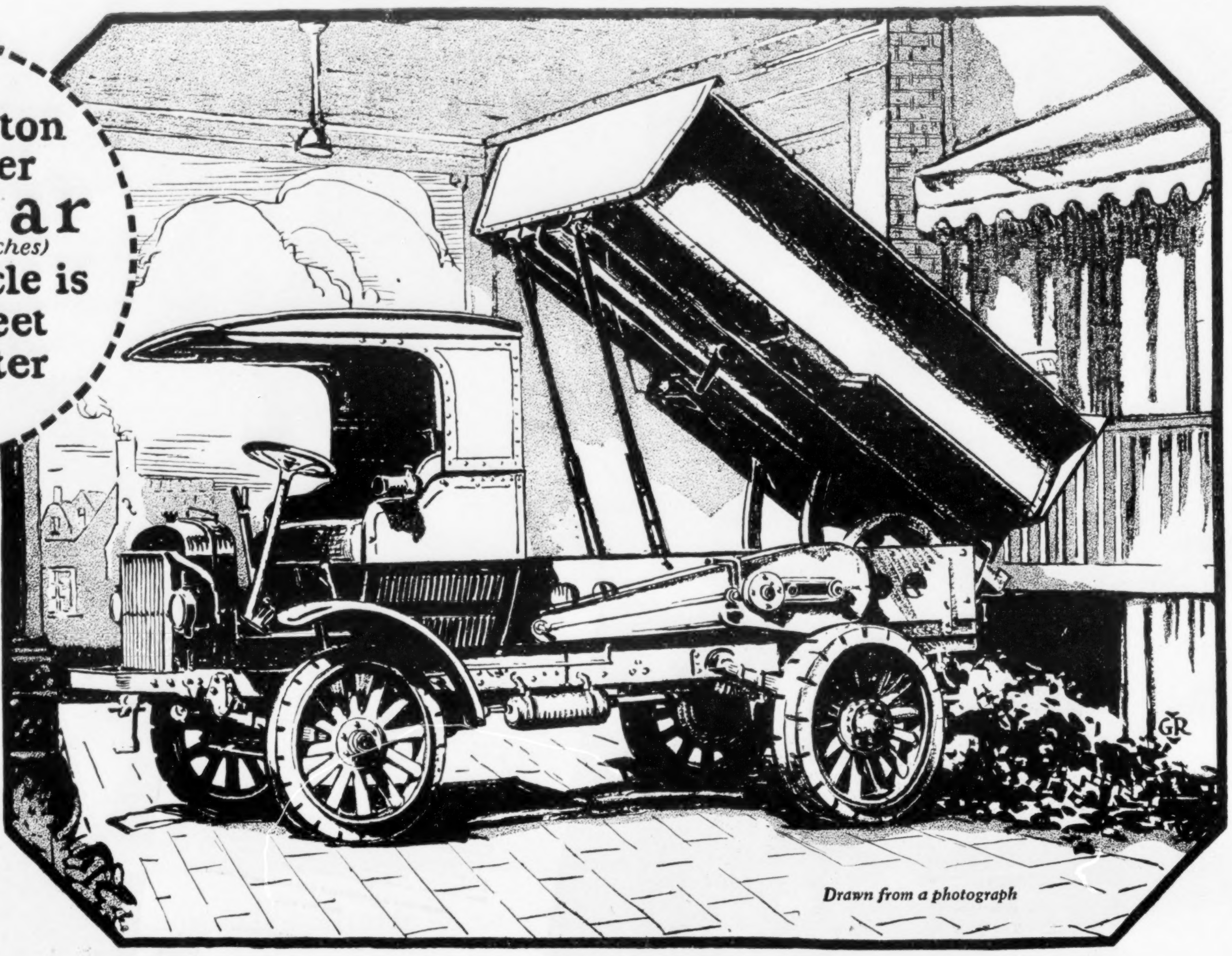
in diameter**



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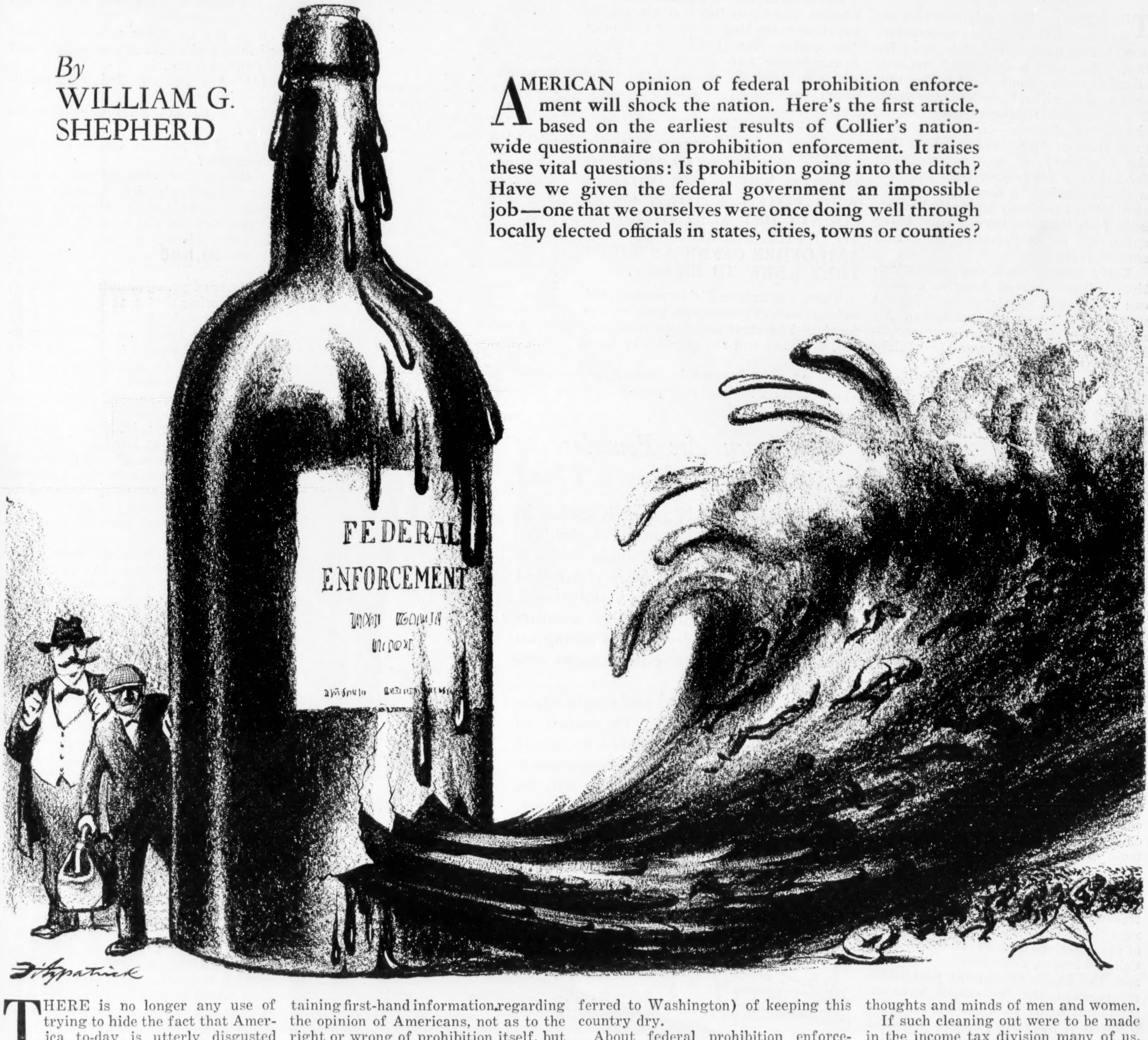
ROTTEN *to the* CORE

By
WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

AMERICAN opinion of federal prohibition enforcement will shock the nation. Here's the first article, based on the earliest results of Collier's nation-wide questionnaire on prohibition enforcement. It raises these vital questions: Is prohibition going into the ditch? Have we given the federal government an impossible job—one that we ourselves were once doing well through locally elected officials in states, cities, towns or counties?



THERE is no longer any use of trying to hide the fact that America to-day is utterly disgusted and disappointed with the attempted national enforcement of prohibition. I have the facts before me to prove it.

It is time for some one to say, openly, that after five years of federal prohibition a pitiful uncertainty exists in the minds of American men and women as to the power and ability of our national government to enforce prohibition. Everywhere in the land men and women are wondering, confusedly, whether they have overestimated the strength of our national government.

Collier's is at present engaged in obtaining first-hand information regarding the opinion of Americans, not as to the right or wrong of prohibition itself, but as to whether or not the prohibition law, under enforcement by Washington, is losing ground and proving an utter failure.

Over 1,000 bonded representatives of Collier's, throughout the entire United States, are engaged in the task of visiting the homes or offices of our subscribers to secure from them signed opinions regarding, I repeat for emphasis, not the right or wrong of prohibition, but whether or not the federal government is doing or can ever do the job (which many of the states successfully accomplished before the work was transferred to Washington) of keeping this country dry.

About federal prohibition enforcement there is plenty of opinion in America these days. It was not difficult to secure expression. We have just seen the entire prohibition enforcement personnel of the government removed from office. We have heard that those who have been honest and effective will be reinstated, while those who have been crooked or inefficient will find themselves jobless.

We know that this upheaval, brought about by President Coolidge, was due to the rottenness of federal prohibition. The Collier's questionnaire is being conducted while these facts are fresh in the thoughts and minds of men and women.

If such cleaning out were to be made in the income tax division many of us, perhaps, would cease paying taxes until we felt sure that our tax money would go into honest hands.

If such an upheaval were made in the Department of Agriculture we would be justified in believing that crops reports of that department were being "rigged" to help grain and cotton brokers manipulate the market.

If such an upheaval took place in the army or the navy we would lose all sense of security as a nation.

If such a general turnover were to be made in the police department of any American city, citizens would not sleep at nights because of anxiety over thugs and burglars.

In all the history of the United States Government there has never before been such a general turning out of ineffective or crooked officials as we have seen in the federal Prohibition Unit within the past few weeks.

The new plans for federal prohibition enforcement provide for the same political selection of enforcement officials that has always existed. But I shall speak of that later on, in this and other articles.

Politics is Wet

THIS inquiry, the most extensive enterprise of the sort ever undertaken, was started because this disrespect for law, after half a decade of national effort at enforcement, must be brought to an end without quibble or delay. There is visible danger—there is the shadow of disaster—in permitting a great mass of Americans to believe that the machinery of our national and federal laws has broken down and that we have reached "a demoralized condition, where everybody knows that everybody feels that the laws are not being enforced," as ex-President Taft said several years ago.

Early reports from our representatives indicate that all America is dubious about the power of our federal government to enforce prohibition. An actual lack of faith in Washington—in our great government—is plainly shown, definitely proved.

If this inquiry does nothing more than to show this extremely dangerous attitude existing in the minds of Americans, it will have been fully justified. But, before its conclusion it will show even more startling results than that.

Another reason for searching out a vast mass of individual opinions in regard to the federal enforcement of prohibition is the mystifying and outrageous turns it has taken in recent months.

The President of the United States has not been able to keep federal enforcement out of politics in spite of his strongest endeavors. There is not one of the 900 prohibition-enforcement officials who have been proved crooked in the past five years who was not put into his job by some United States senator, congressman or party leader. Prohibition Unit jobs are the perquisites and patronage of senators. For every ex-prohibition-enforcement official in a penitentiary there is some senator, congressman or party leader who got him his job in the first place.

The men in Washington who try to enforce prohibition cannot pick and choose their subordinates. In the so-called "warfare" against liquor they must take the "soldiers" that the politicians give them. And more often than not a "soldier" has just as much political pull with some powerful senator—no matter how crooked and corrupt the "soldier" may be—as have any of his superiors in the Prohibition Unit. Collier's *knows*, as does anyone else who sees the inside of federal prohibition enforcement, that we cannot have enforcement under such conditions.

Lately it has been announced that in the new "drive" for enforcement under Colonel Andrews, United States senators have been able, in spite of the supposed power of President Coolidge, to hang on to their right to name prohibition-enforcement officials.

Our courts everywhere are breaking down under the gigantic task of trying prohibition cases. In New York City the courts were so overloaded that, finally, in desperation, the United States district attorney arranged for a "bargain day in guilt." He fixed schedules of prices. Hundreds of delayed cases were called in court, and crowds of men, knowing the various schedules, pleaded guilty, in wholesale fashion, paid their scheduled price and walked out of the courtroom free. This shocking spectacle was so much like buying absolution from crime from the federal government itself that it shook the faith of thousands of men and women in our federal government.

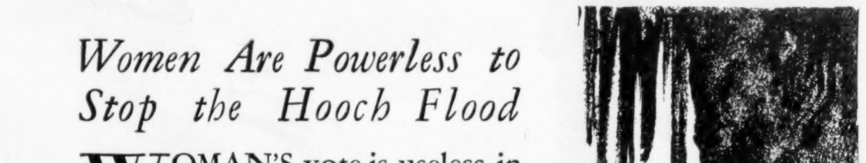
We went into federal prohibition in 1920 with thirty-three of our states actually dry and with bootleggers practically unknown therein. We went into federal prohibition with eleven additional states under local option in one form or another.

For several years before national prohibition there was not a single wholly wet state in the Union. There were only four states—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island—in which less than 25 per cent of the population lived under "no license." We were heading toward the real prohibition that we wanted.

WHEN PROHIBITION WAS A LOCAL ISSUE IN EACH COMMUNITY THE SAME VOTERS WHO VOTED A TOWN OR A COUNTY DRY ALSO VOTED INTO OFFICE SHERIFFS, JUDGES AND OTHER OFFICIALS WHOM THEY KNEW TO BE DRY.

There was no long-distance attempted enforcement of prohibition then, no enforcement by strangers from Washington, unchosen and uncontrolled by local voters.

There was little room for bootleggers under local home-district prohibition.



Women Are Powerless to Stop the Hooch Flood

WOMAN'S vote is useless in saving home and children from "wet" leaks because federal prohibition is controlled by behind-the-scenes politicians, including United States senators who vote "dry" in Washington and pick "wet" enforcement officials at home.

What married and single women in scores of thousands of American homes have to say in answer to Collier's questionnaire on federal enforcement will be printed in next week's issue.

CONGRESS AND THE LEGISLATURES PASSED FEDERAL PROHIBITION AT A TIME WHEN OVER TWO THIRDS OF THE POPULATION AND OVER 89 PER CENT OF AMERICA'S AREA WAS LIVING UNDER LOCAL, HOME-CONTROLLED, HOME-VOTED, HOME-CHOSEN, HOME-SCRUTINIZED, AND PRACTICALLY BOOTLEGGERLESS PROHIBITION.

When we adopted federal prohibition in 1920 and asked the federal government to do, from a long distance, what we ourselves were already doing very well, without the interference of bootleggers, this was our situation:

Alabama had been dry	5	years
Arizona	5	“
Arkansas	4	“
Colorado	4	“
Florida	1	year
Georgia	12	years
Idaho	4	“
Indiana	2	“
Iowa	4	“
Kansas	40	“
Michigan	2	“
Mississippi	11	“
Maine	36	“
Montana	1	year
Nebraska	3	years
Nevada	1	year
North Carolina	11	years
South Carolina	5	“
North Dakota	31	“
South Dakota	3	“
New Hampshire	2	“
New Mexico	2	“
Ohio	7	mos.
Oklahoma	13	years
Oregon	4	“
Tennessee	11	“
Texas	2	“
Utah	3	“
Virginia	4	“
Washington	4	“
W. Virginia	6	“

Twelve of these states were dry not by statute but by the very constitution of the state; others have followed since. And yet some of the *constitutionally* dry states, such as Michigan and Florida, have become among the wettest in the nation; they threw aside all local effort to be dry as soon as the federal government took over the job of "drying up" the nation. And some of our previously dry states have been forced, since federal prohibition, to do the amazing thing of passing laws providing punishment for judges who do not properly punish prohibition-law violation!

The scandal in the federal enforcement is far beyond any scandal that ever existed when various state, town or county officials were invested by local voters with the duty of keeping the local districts dry. The pages of our newspapers for the past five years have been smudged daily with stories of prohibition-enforcement scandals and we all ought to know what effect this tidal wave of incredible crookedness, involving officials in our national government, is having on the faith of our people in the power and the honesty of our government.

The questionnaire puts a yardstick on the faith of Americans in their national government.

Here are the three questions, asked in homes and offices regarding prohibition enforcement.

(1) Are you satisfied with conditions as they are?

(2) Is the law enforced in your locality?

(3) If not, do you consider the law enforceable?

Many of the answers are coming from the motherhood of America, from the very heart of American homes. Others are coming from the heart of the business communities; they may be taken to express the business man's viewpoint.

Youth, too, is represented. Tens of thousands of young women, unmarried, are answering the questionnaire.

There is only one vote from each home. This is no side-walk, corner-cigar-store, hit-or-miss investigation into the faith of Americans in their government's integrity. It is a careful, deliberate, slowly moving investigation into this faith.

Returns so far tabulated indicate that this faith is at low tide. They indicate that the lack of prohibition enforcement, and the only too apparent inability of the federal government to cope with bootlegging, is proving disgusting to the great mass of American men and women.

Collier's, in view of all these facts, and a mass of others, has felt justified, after careful consideration, in raising the question whether or not the entire prohibition cause did not go astray when Americans suddenly took it into their minds to call on the federal government for prohibition.

Time to Act, Not to Laugh

THE bootlegger, practically unknown in the days of local prohibition, is found, according to the early returns from the questionnaire, everywhere in the United States. A majority of the answers from every state in the Union, except Kansas and Maine, shows that prohibition is *not* being enforced.

Everywhere the bootlegger; nowhere, apparently, the once vaunted power of the federal government in which we once so thoroughly believed. The late President Harding knew what he was talking about when he said in his message to Congress, December 8th, 1922: "In plain speaking there are conditions relating to its [prohibition's] enforcement which savor of nation-wide scandal. It is the most demoralizing factor in our public life."

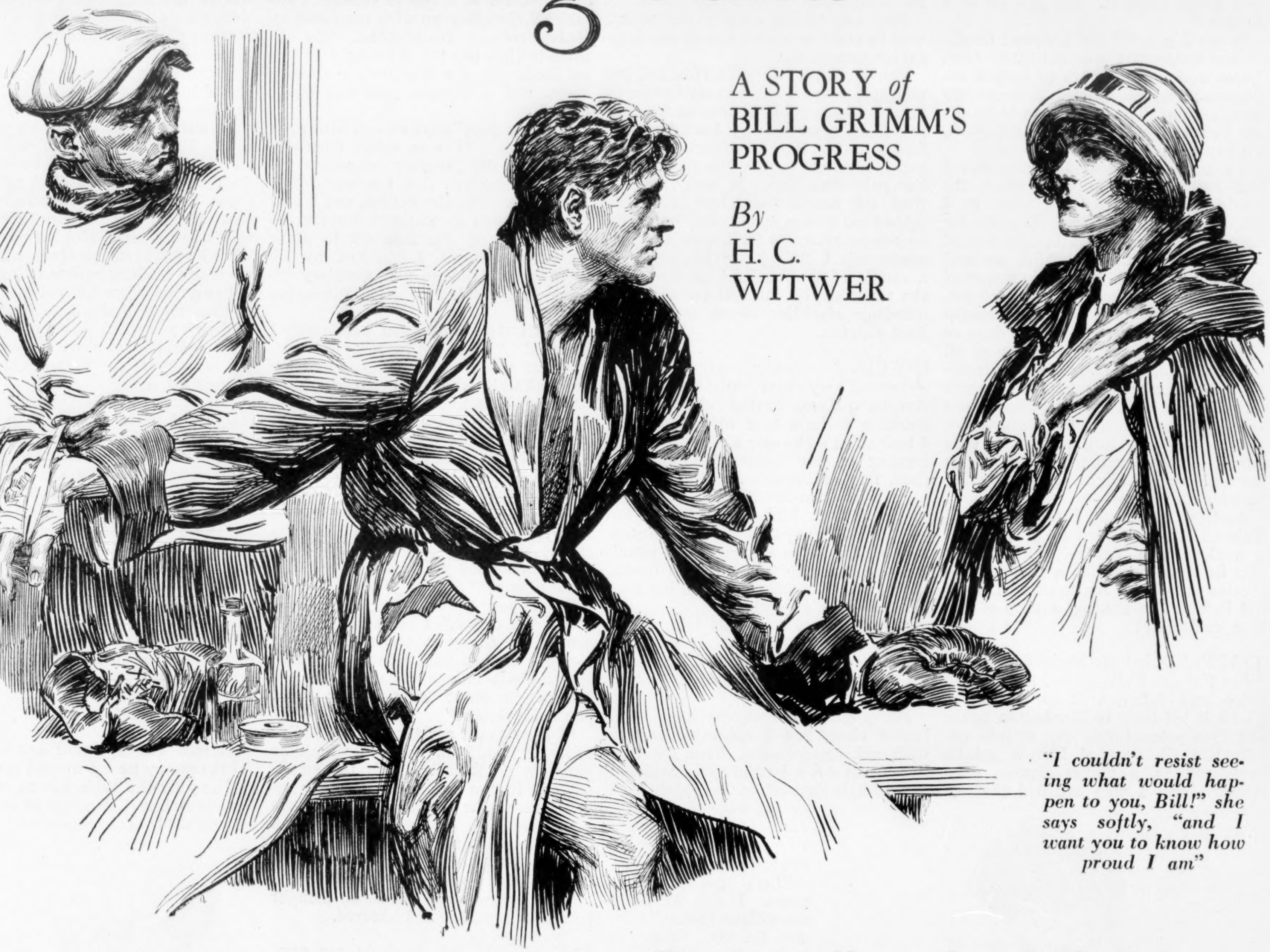
The results of this Collier's questionnaire will set all America to considering what we shall do with this federal prohibition law—enforce it or let it drive us into a hopeless, helpless lack of faith in our Presidents, our law makers, our courts and our police.

The time for joking about prohibition has gone by. We've had five years of that, and while we joked we were losing confidence in our Republic.

It is time to act!

The majority of us Americans want prohibition, and we know we are not getting it.

The wandering Jehu



A STORY *of*
BILL GRIMM'S
PROGRESS

By
H. C.
WITWER

"I couldn't resist seeing what would happen to you, Bill!" she says softly, "and I want you to know how proud I am"

Readers tell us that Bill Grimm is H. C. Witwer's best hero. Bill's angle is that Barbara Baxter is the world's most attractive eyeful

"LIKE the driving of Jehu," it says in the Old Testament, "for he driveth furiously!"

That's me! I droveth furiously and what I droveth was a taxicab, first in Fairfax Falls and then in New York City. I wheeled a cruel conveyance, and I'd be at the helm of one yet if it wasn't for Barbara Baxter.

I see you're trying to place me. Let me help you. I'm William Reginald Grimm. As plain Bill Grimm, full of pep and no control, I owned and operated the first taxicab which ever dumfounded the natives of Fairfax Falls. At the suggestion of Pansy Pilkington I win myself and my cab a job in the movies, being hired for the sole reason that my mock taxi give the director hysterics. As good-looking as a couple of half-million dollar bills, Pansy had been a waitress at the Commercial House in my home town, but she was then herself helping to make the noiseless drama live up to the expectations of its many admirers.

Alas, ah me, and alackaday! Pansy Pilkington was jealous of my addiction to Barbara, so what does Pansy do but tell her the facts.

I'll explain here that Barbara Baxter was a detective on the pay roll of the U. S. Revenue Department. Amongst the slew of professions besides taxi driving which failed to enthuse Barbara was the gentle art of pugilism. That's one of the reasons why I kept stalling Butch Ford, which urgently wished me to forego the frivolous pleasures of life and become a box fighter. Butch was a lifetime friend and the trainer of another buddy of mine, Left Hook O'Brien—the lightweight crack.

I thanked Butch for the chance he'd offered me of getting my nose broke and went up to see Barbara Baxter. Barbara's proposition goaled me, no fooling. She wanted me to take a job in the revenue service! She was sure she could land me a dry agent's portfolio on the strength of the assistance I'd bestowed on her in busting up a bootlegging ring in Fairfax Falls some time before.

Jack Fairfax, of the rich family by that name which owned the town, turned out to be the head of the scofflaws. Fairfax and me had been first-class enemies almost since we both threw away our rattles, but I loaned him two thousand bucks, the last nickel I had in the world, and got Barbara to go easy on her testimony against him.

THAT feat of foolishness on my part kept Fairfax out of Atlanta. To show his gratitude, this gil told the authorities that me and Barbara was mixed up in the bootlegging ring and that was why I paid his fine and why Barbara asked the judge not to bear down on him! Of course Barbara had no trouble convincing the officials that Fairfax had simply told 'em a bedtime story.

Well, lads and lassies, I gently but firmly turned down Barbara's offer to make me a John Law, just like I'd vetoed Butch's plan to make me a leather pusher. Neither of them arts appealed to my sense of humor, if you get me. I hadn't the faintest of faint intentions of driving a taxi all my life, but I felt I could cheat being either a professional pincher or a professional puncher!

"Just what is your objection to entering the service of the government?" Barbara asks me, a trifle chilly after my point-blank refusal. "You would at least be engaged in something honorable and useful; a profession that calls for courage, resourcefulness and initiative. I should think it would appeal to you much more than being a —a cabman!"

"Barbara," I says, "the way you pronounce cabman makes it a fighting word! However, the last thing I want to do is argue with you. I don't doubt that being a dick—excuse me—a detective, is a high-class occupation. I admire 'em. I like to read about 'em. I think Nick Carter and Sherlock Holmes was a pair of panics. But the point is *this*. I'm never going to make my coffee and cakes on the weaknesses of my fellow clowns in this comic strip we call Life!"

"I'm afraid I don't understand!" snaps Barbara, fifty below zero.

"Don't be afraid while I'm here," I grins. "I mean I don't crave a job which depends on my neighbor's mistakes!"

"Your philosophy is a bit weird." She smiled, but not pleasantly. "Then you must think physicians, judges, lawyers, ministers and Heaven only knows how many other callings are similarly dishonorable! You are not only childish, Bill; you are tactless. You seem to forget my own profession!"

"I'm sorry," I says, freezing up myself—I was very sensitive in them days. "I didn't mean to bat out of turn. You asked me a question and I answered it!"

Barbara rose and looked out the window at New York.

"I have an engagement at eight," she remarks to a building across the street.

That burnt me up.

"See if *I* care!" I says, putting my hat on the place I bought it for. "But thanks for reminding me, *I* got a heavy date at eight o'clock too, and I can just about make it. See you all of a sudden!"

When I got outside I stared fixedly at my watch. It was half past four. Three and a half hours to keep a engagement which existed only in my imagination. The next guy which tells me he's crazy about some girl—well, I'll know what he means!

I'd apparently lost Barbara, but I still had the five hundred which the movie company plied me with, so I acted accordingly. I went shopping for horseless carriages and bought myself a second-hand taxi, cruising up and down the Great White Way in search of business—and Mons. Jacques Fairfax. I had a yen for the two grand I'd loaned that baby! A couple or three days of silence from Barbara Baxter was all I could stand, so I phoned her. Everything went along perfect and I was talking myself into a moonlight auto ride with her, when I happened to admit I was operating a taxicab once again. She immediately hung up on me and the moonlight motoring thing became chili sauce!

Restless and blue, I brooded about Fairfax till I decided to give myself a workout as a sleuth. I hunted for him in New York like a custom's inspector searches a movie star's trunks, but it was like hunting a drop of ink in a coal mine!

BAFFLED but determined, I drove to Fairfax Falls, picked up his trail there and followed it to Rochester, where it led back to Manhattan again and then petered out. My private villain had disappeared like a yokel's bank roll in a Times Square crap tourney, and I was satisfied that as a detective I was a fairly good chauffeur. It was these travels of mine in search of Fairfax that caused Barbara to call me, half angrily, "The Wandering Jehu."

She was taking exactly the wrong way to make me check out of the taxi-driver vocation!

Convinced that Jack Fairfax had immigrated abroad, I was ready to charge my two-thousand-buck loss on him up to publicity, when Lady Luck begin to flirt with me. Pansy Pilkington phoned and invited me over to her flat to help her ruin some tea. It was the first time I'd heard from her since she jobbed me into a movie, and I was by no means ready to let bygones be bygones. So I stalled and let her have a couple of uncommittal answers, till she remarks she can tell me some interesting statistics about my friend Jack Fairfax.

TWENTY minutes afterwards I moored my taxi outside a Park Avenue palace, having changed my working uniform to a nifty blue suit. I took off in a elevator and made a safe landing on the twenty-first and top floor, finding Pansy's apartment after a vigorous ten-minute walk through the corridors. Nature's gift to the movie industry opened the door in person, a banquet to the vision as usual. The delicious Pansy had a lot of faults, but they wasn't connected with her face or figure, that's positive!

Still, to me, Pansy was just a nice kid from my home town. Don't laugh—I can take my girls or let 'em alone. I liked Pansy, but I was insane over Barbara.

Pansy grabbed both my hands and leaned close, but I contented myself with exchanging smiles. Then I walked in and sat down by the radio, which I immediately shut off, as I couldn't seem to get hopped up over Mother Mooney's Thrifty Tip-offs for Young Brides.

"Let's get down to cases. I got to make some dimes to-day," I begin briskly. "Do you know where Jack Fairfax is, Pansy?"

"Aren't you glad to see me, Bill?" is her ridiculous answer.

"Practically hysterical!" I says patiently. "Catch me a glass of water, I'm going to have a convulsion of joy! This is a swell hide-out, a great neighborhood. You look wonderful, so do I, so's your Uncle Jake! *Now*—where's Fairfax?"

Pansy grinned and sat down beside me.

"Same old Bill!" she sighs. "But handsomer every time I see you. That's a very attractive suit. . . . Jack Fairfax is in New York. He seems to be positively filthy with money, and, speaking of evolution, I think he made a monkey out of you!"

With that she commences to fool with the end of my tie—a thing I hate.

"Never mind the wise cracks and leave my haberdashery alone!" I growled, gritting my teeth. "Where can I find him?"

"Bill," says Pansy, kind of turning her face away, "Jack Fairfax is going to open a swell night club in the cabaret belt and—er—he—he wants to engage *me* as the hostess!"

"Well, I'll be a cup of coffee!" I exclaimed, jumping up with rage and astonishment as companions. "So it's come to this, has it? I thought *he* was as broke as the Eighteenth Amendment, and I thought *you* was movie mad!"

"Pardon you!" says Pansy, with some indignation. "I was *never* demented regarding the jumping snapshots! I told you long ago that I came to New York to get into the Follies, and I only played around in pictures for my expenses waiting for Ziegfeld to make me a proposition. I just lost my job at that Long Island film distillery because I said 'No!' to Mr. Puttee, the director!"

"What d'ye mean you said no?" I inquired. "What did he ask you?"

"That comes under the head of my own affair!" she tells me, flushing. "Anyways, he took me out of his production and substituted a title. I'm just as glad! I was getting a trifle dizzy being a maid in one film, a court lady in the next, a bathing beauty in another, then a stenographer, nurse, nun, native dancing girl or what have you—all for seven-fifty a day. Not so good. Why, there's trained *dogs* over there that click off five hundred and more a week!"

"And you never hear no scandal about 'em either," I remarked, gazing around her classy apartments. "Listen—where do you rate this duplicate of Buckingham Palace when pay day's a thing of the past? This drum must set you back plenty!"

"I knew you'd say that." She smiled oddly. "But, Bill, this suite isn't as priceless as it looks. It's the smallest one in the building and away up in the rear near the roof. I must have a good address or I won't land a job—at least, not the kind of a job *I'm* after! Meanwhile, I—I—well, I may take Fairfax up on his offer."

"And you was the one which thought he was poison, hey?" I sneered.

PANSY laid her hand on my arm, but my temperature kept normal.

"I *don't* like him, and you know it!" she says earnestly. "He's just so much static to *me*. But—I have to eat, don't I? And I *do* want to keep level, Bill, even if nobody will ever believe I did."

"Different here, Pansy," I says, facing her. "I'll believe it!"

"Of course, *you* would, you darling!" she says, and this time my arm gets a squeeze. "But they're not all Bill Grimms. Would you—would you really mind if I took that job as hostess in Jack Fairfax's cabaret?"

"Pansy," I says, "don't let's get so serious. If you take my advice, you'll suit yourself. You're over seven and should be nobody's fool. *Never the less*, I wouldn't get too chummy with Jack Fairfax—"

The telephone bell cut me off.

"It's Fairfax!" Pansy whispers, with one lily-white hand over the mouthpiece. "He's downstairs!"

"Good!" I says, licking my lips. "Tell him to come right up. I'll act like I don't know you."

"But, Bill, for Gossakes, I—" begins Pansy hesitatingly.

"Hey, listen!" I shot out savagely. "That egg's in me for two grand, and I'm by no means Vanderbilt. Get him up and don't crack that I'm here or I'm off you for life!"

With that I ducked into the next room and shut the door.

"Come up, Jack, I want to talk to you," says Pansy into the phone, and she had to repeat the invitation twice before her voice got loud and steady enough to make him understand her.

While Fairfax was enroute in the elevator, I gave my nervous girl friend a rough outline of the questions I wanted her to ask him, so's I could get the answers in the other room. Then I stepped on a chair and peeped over the transom.

Fairfax swaggered through the door, tossed his hat on the sofa like he owned the place, making a step towards Pansy with outstretched arms and a leering grin. Pansy ducked him, though, sitting down with a table between 'em. Jack seemed to of knocked over either seven or eighteen cocktails, and the sight of that big Humpty Dumpty sitting there dressed like a fashion plate when he owed me two thousand fish had me ready to chew railroad ties!

Pansy knew her oil and lost no time getting matters down to brass tacks.

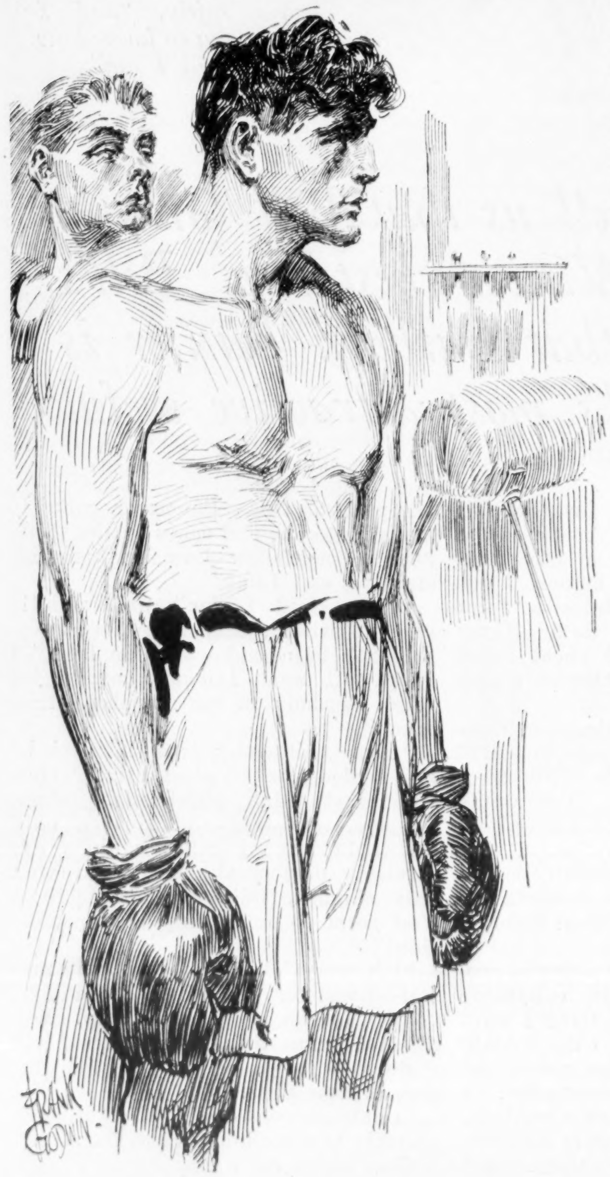
"Don't you think you should pay Bill back, now that you're so prosperous?" she asks Fairfax. "I understand he's up against it."

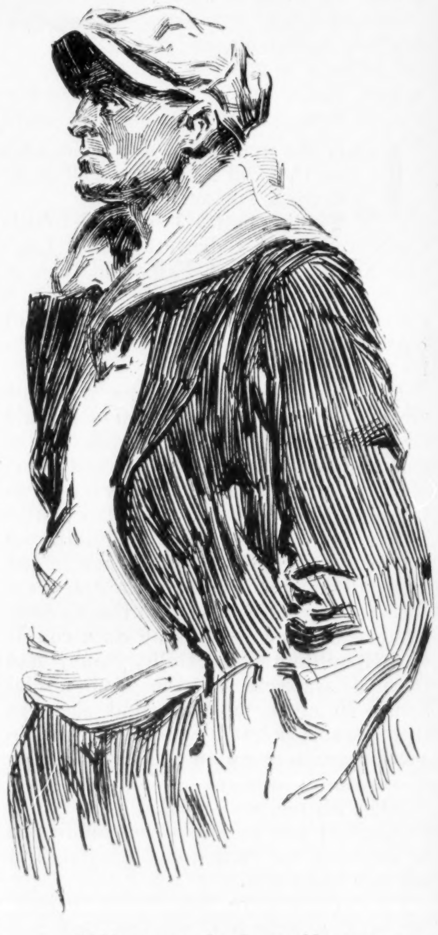
"Ha, ha, ha!" chortles this burglar, tapping a cigarette on a gold case. "Pay him back? Be your age, Pansy, you're out of your mind, old thing! I'm not putting anything out for Grimm. Wasn't it through him and that infernal Baxter woman that I got arrested? Do you know that on account of that hippodrome at the Falls my father has cast me off?"

"You wouldn't fool me, would you?" says Pansy, with a nervous glance at the door shielding me.

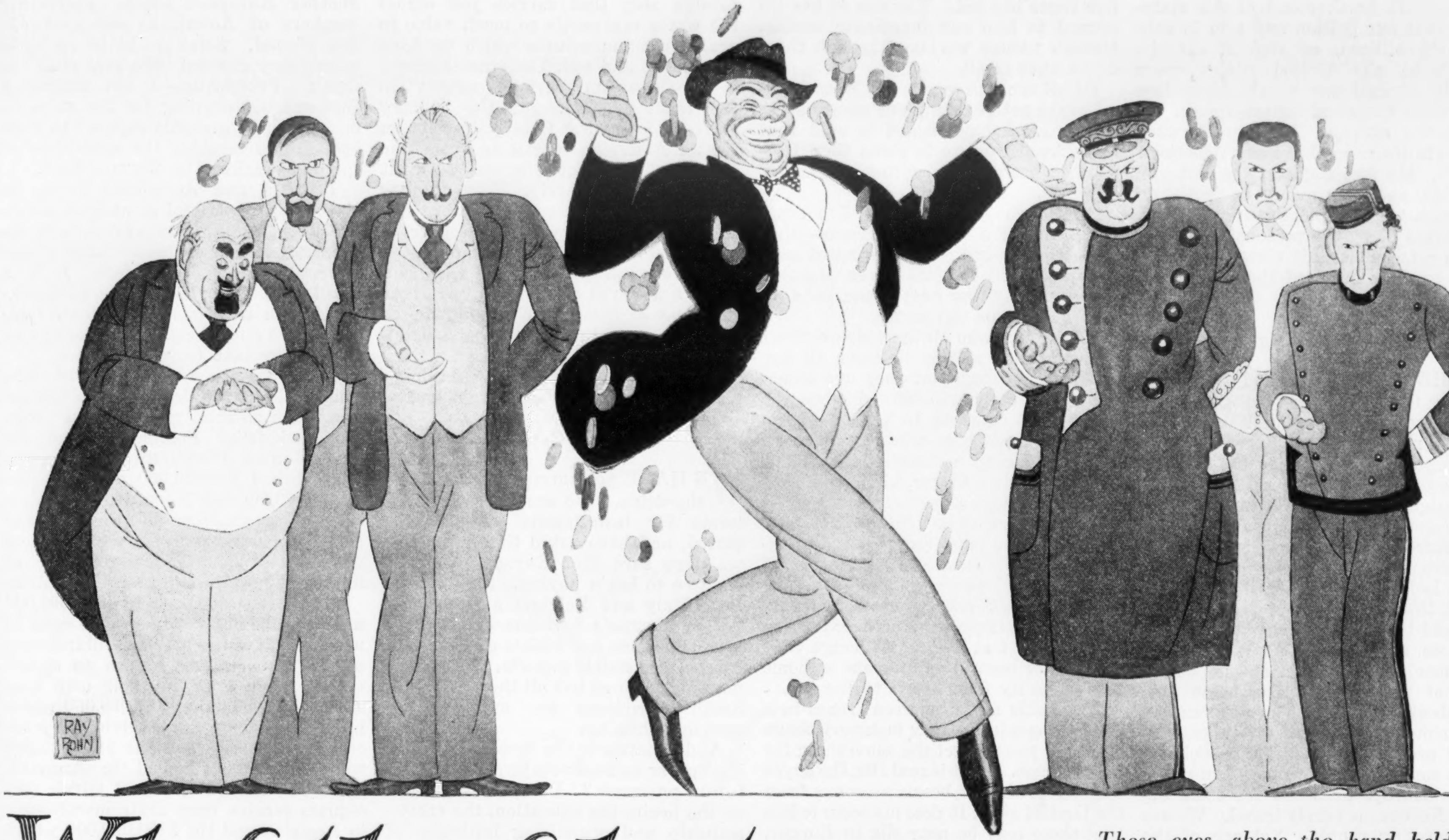
"Fact!" says her vis-à-vis, pulling out a roll of bills which would of strangled a hippo. "The pater gave me ten thousand dollars and cut me out of his will!"

WHILE Pansy stared fascinated at the money he got up and eased himself around the table till he stood behind her chair. Bending down swiftly and suddenly, (*Continued on page 46*)





"A tough boy," says ***O'Brien****, "he's hard to stop." "Yeah!" I remarks. "Well, I'm going to walk over and stop him right now!"*



Why they hate us

Those eyes, above the hand held out for a tip, are always accusing the American of being mean

By FREDERICK PALMER

YOUR Uncle Samuel appears to the people of Europe with dollar marks on his waistcoat and a bag of swag hanging from his belt. As a plain fact, we are making it possible for Europe to pay the $150 she owes every American. France is gaining capital; Italy and Belgium are thriving. But the creditor is never popular in the debtor's heart. Frederick Palmer tells here why they hate us.

IF THE twenty richest men in the United States gave all their fortunes they could not meet the staggering total of more than eleven billion dollars in principal and interest which Europe owes America—about $150 for each one of us.

It is more than half the value of all our railroads and their equipment. It would buy all the motor vehicles in the United States twice over. When it had paid for our annual agricultural products there would be enough to spare to pay for all our livestock. Our farm implements and machinery could be replaced four times over, leaving sufficient margin to replace all our telephone systems.

There is hardly enough gold and silver coin and bullion in all the world equal to paying eleven billions in spot cash over the counter. Our own Treasury and Federal Reserve coin and bullion is less than half or something over four billion, four hundred and ninety million—$3.52 per capita in circulation.

Only in very rare instances of personal friendship is a creditor popular in a debtor's heart. It is not to be expected when the seas and a difference of nationality separate the two; although the debtor may speak fair words if he wants to renew a note on better terms or borrow more money. There is no denying that we are not popular in Europe.

While statesmen bargain and speak the language of diplomacy the masses of Europe see your Uncle Samuel with dollar marks for the pattern of his waistcoat and a bag of swag hanging from his belt. He is an international Shylock when he is collecting debts; a boastful Crœsus when he is not.

To understand European feeling with reference to the debt or any other subject, we must bring up the war again. In America the war has become dim in the far background. As a people we live in the foreground. We growl about the present and worry about the future, but we are not given, as Europeans are, to brooding about a past which we cannot change. But all policy, all action in Europe starts on the basis of fighting the war over again. Europe was the battlefield. The associations of the sacrifices made and the anguish endured are local.

If Europe has forgotten that we were in the war, it is our fault; for we do not remind ourselves, not to mention Europe, of our part. Each Allied nation has worked itself up to the conviction that it alone was responsible for victory. Each will admit that the other Allies were in the war, but none that America was in except on paper. Not one likes to admit that any of the other Allies did much, for that is forfeiting a card at the council table.

The French think of their soldier dead as having died in order that England and the other Allies might not be crushed.

Italy is certain that it was her entry into the war that saved France from extinction.

The Rumanians honestly believe that it was their battalions which turned the tide.

Belgium sees herself as the buffer which stayed the first German drive from destroying the French army at the Marne and England from starvation in a sea siege.

The more each people talk among themselves of their part in the war the greater it grows. At the present rate of expansive recollection each nation, in another ten years, will be convinced that it had no Allies. It fought the war and saved civilization single handed. And it saved America. One point on which each Ally particularly dwells is that but for its sacrifices America would now be under the iron heel of the Kaiser.

$3,000 Millionaires

ESPECIALLY since the debt agitation became acute we are seen as having done nothing but make money during the war. After the nation that saved us paid all the cash it had to us for munitions it had to run into debt for further munitions with which to fight for our salvation. That nation is not interested in the other Allied nations' debts unless due to itself. It sees America as unwilling even to make an exception of the nation which saved her.

All of which is human nature at work in after-war reminiscence.

After-war human nature works in a different way in Germany. All Germans agree that they had the war won when we came in. It was our blows that beat them. If we had kept out, Germany's investors would be living on the income of their internal war bonds, which would be at par instead of worthless, and rich and prosperous Germany would be mistress of the seas and of the sunny places of Europe. Having been four years at the front I take the German view, but—no matter.

The Germans are exhibiting the loser's human nature which is always gratifying pride with "ifs." France brooded on "ifs" after Waterloo and the disaster of '70. Germany, in turn, has her "if." She shares with the rest of Europe the inner resentment that we profited out of Europe's agony. To say that Europe brought this agony upon herself is to have the Allied peoples retort that Germany was the cause of it and the Germans retort that the Allies started it—to fan smouldering race fires into a burst of flame.

In order to pay us the debtor nations must sell abroad more than they buy; they must take in more than they pay out. On paper that is not happening. The trade balance in our favor for the *fiscal* year 1925 was more than a billion dollars—over 43 millions more. In a time of peace, not counting the debt installments from England, we would seem to be getting richer and richer and the rest of the world poorer and poorer.

This appears to justify the European question of how Europe is to pay us money when we have all the money. It is our own action that convinces Europeans that we have a corner on the world's wealth. They read of the fabulous fortunes of our Fords and Rockefellers, of the vast sums given to education. They see the pictures of our skyscrapers as the colossal expression of our wealth. To them money is something that the American cannot help making owing to natural resources.

They would be skeptical of the statement that our bullion and coin is only four-odd billions, or that if all the wealth in the United States were equally divided we should have less than three thousand dollars apiece.

But the average European is warranted in thinking that every American is rich. He sees Shylock, the collector of debts, spending money as freely as if dollars grew as plentifully as wheat. He judges us by the personal examples which come under his view. We send three or four hundred thousand tourists abroad every year.

Shylock's Spending Sprees

IF THERE were more and each spent more than he does, we should be still more unpopular as it would be further proof of our meanness in not showing enough gratitude for our salvation to cancel the debts. Our summer migration so crowds the railroad trains and the show places of Europe that Europeans might well think that we leave only the President and a janitor to look after the national premises.

But Europeans do not see the hundred and thirteen millions left at home. They do not see the Americans who have much less than their share of the national wealth, the Americans who are laboring in the fields in the sun or in factories or offices or those who guard precious savings bank books in which small weekly amounts are registered. Europe does not see them because Europeans rarely travel. We are the traveling people. Yet one of the criticisms of us is that we are provincial in our new civilization. But, again, no matter. The thing is that we do want to see the world. We are ready to exchange our hard earned money for this instructive and broadening privilege.

Father and mother save in order that daughter may have the advantages of a trip abroad. The school teacher saves in order that she may see European cathedrals and art galleries. College students go in droves; and it is not they alone who come home broke. All spend more than they expect to spend. Every banker knows many instances of drafts drawn by the holders of exhausted letters of credit which had been thought to be more than ample.

All his life the average well-to-do American has thought that he would like to know how it felt to be a millionaire; and his wife that she would like to know how it feels to be the wife of a millionaire. He finds that abroad he is taken for one just because he is an American. So he spends accordingly. The more he spends the more he is called a dollar chaser. The very fact of spending is proof to the European, who is not a spender, that he simply has money to throw away.

The mere fact that he wants a room with a bath to which he is accustomed at home in the average hotel is proof of his wealth. Only the rich in Europe bother about rooms with bath.

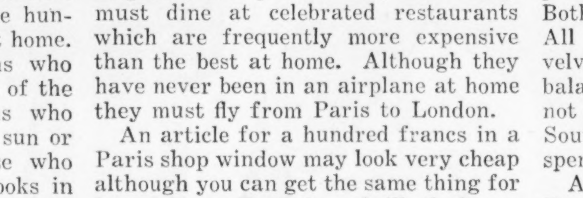
It is at once the weakness and strength of the American that he does not like to appear mean about money. Those eyes above the hand that is held out for a tip are always accusing him of being mean. I have seen a school teacher who had to count her pennies at home give a larger tip for a meal costing a dollar and a quarter on a European dining car than a rich European who had had an appetizer, champagne and liqueurs making a total of five times her bill. The size of her tip proved to him our inordinate wealth. Human nature working through those debts, that is all.

Of all the Europeans the French excel in the art of taking our money away from us. I have heard it said that more Americans go to Paris than London because it is easier to spend money in Paris.

A French franc is only five cents now. Spend a thousand francs—that sounds big!—and you have spent only fifty dollars. Taxicab fares start at a franc. But the next franc bobs up very quickly on the meter.

Americans, who always ride on street cars at home, ride in taxicabs all day in Paris and feel that they are economizing on their trip abroad when the day's total amounts to ten or fifteen dollars. Americans who would never think of hiring a limousine at home, where they ply a flivver, hire one abroad for forty dollars a day because they are abroad. Americans who never attend races at home must see those at Longchamps; they must see the Derby in England, and place a bet, too. They must dine at celebrated restaurants which are frequently more expensive than the best at home. Although they have never been in an airplane at home they must fly from Paris to London.

An article for a hundred francs in a Paris shop window may look very cheap although you can get the same thing for less at home. But it is real silk, the buyer explains to himself, because it comes from the land of silks. It does not occur to him that there may be near-silk in Europe.



It looks cheap—oh, very—but he could get the same thing for less at home

And, anyway, he has bought it abroad.

Then—"Please meet me at the pier with more money!"—there is the American tariff to pay. The toll that the home customs officers take is the last item of the spending spree. Then, often having eaten meals that cost ten dollars in Paris restaurants, the returned voyager eats a dollar meal at home, which is all right, as he is back to normal—and he has no longer to do his part in keeping up our reputation as the richest nation in the world. And, by the way, he has given an exhibition of distinctly American human nature.

Every dollar spent abroad or on the foreign ship that carries you across the water represents so much value in grain or manufactures which we have to produce and sell. The entertainment is classed as an "invisible export" in the trade statistics of the country where it is spent. It is quite common for an American tourist to spend the crop of five hundred acres of wheat land on a summer trip. Some one has to raise fifty bushels of wheat or mine a hundred dollars' worth of copper or grow a hundred dollars' worth of cotton to meet the loss every time an American drops a hundred dollars trying to beat the game at Monte Carlo, Deauville or Ostend. Europe takes the wheat and copper as visible imports and pays for them in the invisible exports of entertaining us. It is a perfectly fair exchange.

Europe Can Pay

WE HAVE not hurried Europe about the debts. We are ready to make terms for installments over a long period, and have asked this only when we were sure that Europe was in a position to begin paying. She is, now. Both Italy and Belgium are thriving. All of France's invisible exports are velvet because her visible exports now balance her visible imports. They come not only from us but all the world. The South Americans are even greater spenders than we.

And what are the resources which Europe is to realize upon to keep up future payments? Europe shares with us the brain, the education, the craftsmanship and organizing initiative of Christian civilization. Men and women, their industry and character, remain the greatest of all national assets.

It is not our natural resources which have made America rich. They were unexploited until Europe sent her migration to our shores and over the world. Russia, too, has great resources. Transfer our population to Russia and Russia's to the United States, and ponder what the result would be in twenty years! If Europeans should see us at home on the day's job instead of on tourists' sprees there might be a better mutual understanding.

Europe, as well as we, has coal and iron. She has vast water power coming from alpine watersheds which is only partially developed. Every European country excels in some product which the world needs. And the old world has some resources which time alone can produce in her cathedrals, towers, castles, art galleries, monuments and historical memories.

Carlsbad and Vichy and other famous "cures" are assets calling to rich invalids. The Forum and St. Peter's in Rome and the treasures of Florence and Venice bring tribute to Italy; the spring wonder of her tulip and hyacinth beds, tribute to Holland; Westminster Abbey and Stratford-on-Avon, to England. The beauty of the Black Florest yields more than timber to Germany. The Dutch peasant woman who said, "If we had known that tourists were coming so early in the season we should have already been wearing our picturesque costumes," required no lessons in salesmanship.

The battlefields of France will bring France a larger return in the next quarter of a century than the cost of reconstruction.

It is not only our tourists who spend money abroad. Heiresses take their fortunes abroad for titles which are another European asset. Increasing numbers of Americans are going to live abroad. Some go to be in lands where they can get "the real stuff" to drink. Prohibition—I am stating a fact and not arguing for the saloon—means a big "invisible export" to Europe, not to mention the quantities of spirits brought in by the rum fleet.

Tourists and Americans living in Europe spend a total of at least $500,000,000, according to government estimates. Let us put down illicit liquor importations at $50,000,000. It is a small item compared to the $350,000,000, which flows abroad to their relatives from our foreign born workers or which they take back with them.

We do not spend alone as tourists. Charitable and philanthropic organizations such as the American Red Cross, the Rockefeller Foundation and the Joint Jewish Distribution Committee, send abroad $40,000,000 a year. Another $30,000,000 is spent by our religious organizations in spreading the gospel in dark places where medical missionaries relieve the suffering of backward peoples and teach sanitation.

There is left perhaps $73,000,000 a year trade balance before we come to an estimate of the private philanthropy of rich Americans who see an opportunity to do good in their own way abroad. Against the $167,000,000 which is about what we are receiving at present on war debts and the $100,000,000 which foreigners spend in America, there are the $150,000,000 which foreigners receive from their investments in America and the $100,000,000 which our tourists spend in other continents than Europe. The big item which keeps us on the right side of the ledger is the $475,000,000, which we receive from the $9,500,000,000 which we have invested abroad, assuming that those investments pay an average of five per cent. That is whittled down in many ways. Its reduction will be rapid at the rate that tourist travel and the habit of Americans settling abroad are on the increase.

But that billion year was an exceptionally big year. Though our trade balance in the calendar year 1924 was $980,429,392, in the calendar year 1923 it was but $375,427,117. At that rate we were not breaking even; the richest nation was growing poorer. Year by year it is a question if France is not gaining capital faster than America.

Thus we pay back the money which Europe pays us; thus we make it possible for Europe to pay.

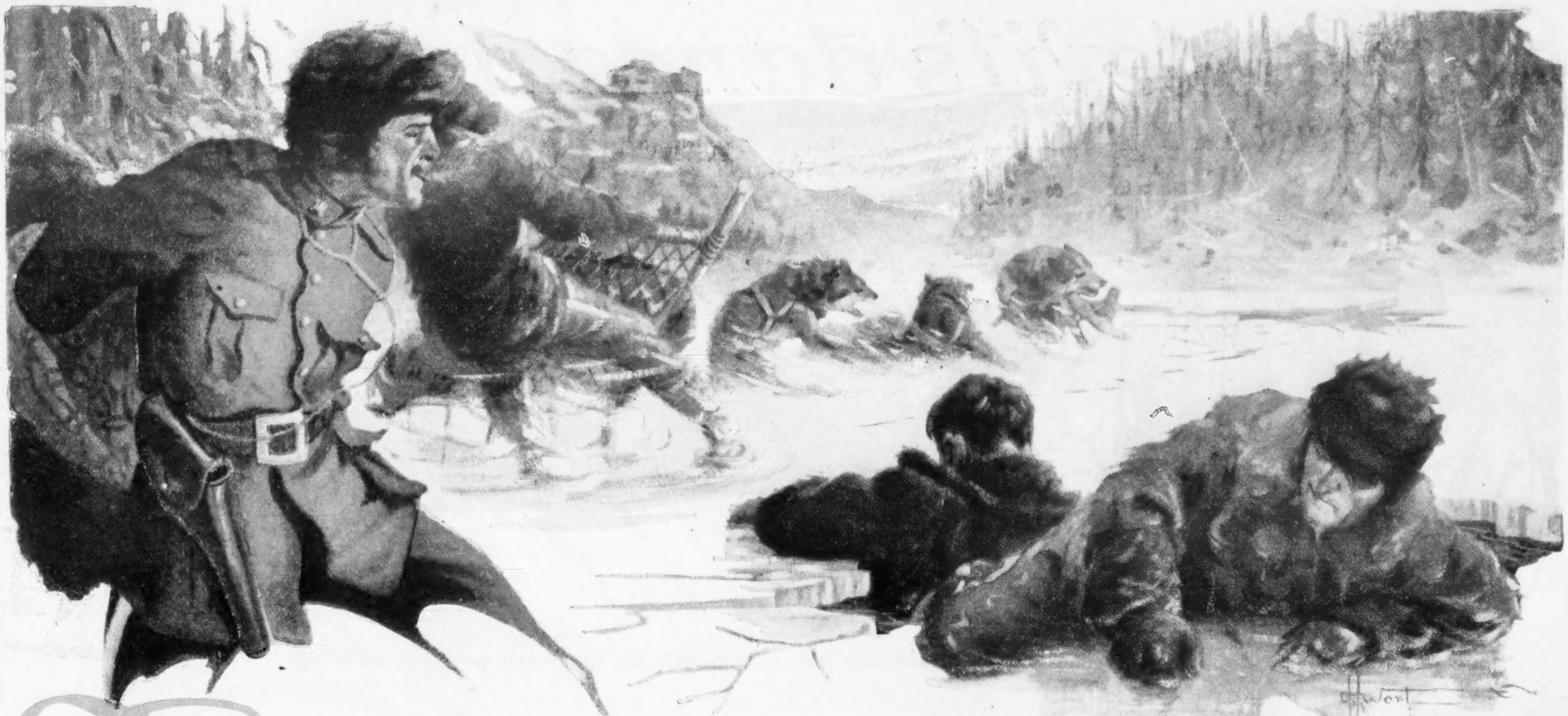
And We Can Help

WHILE we go to Europe to learn what she has to offer, there is one thing we can teach Europe. It is the folly of race hate.

And when she thinks that we are ungrateful because she "saved" us, we might mention how the Allies pleaded for us to crowd our soldiers on the transports but—no matter! **We will** ask her to remember that we are not yet accused of having started the war; to remember how freely we gave to Europe in war and after war distress; that the world turns to us in disaster knowing that we never refuse a call for succor in money or in service.

Our present unpopularity will not last. The statesmen and financiers who realize the wisdom of putting the world's credit on a sound basis by paying debts foresee that it will not, for settlements are as much to the debtor's as to the creditor's interest. Then will come world prosperity.

And then to keep the peace. In this we can help; the tourist can help by not being an overbearing example of wealth. But the main burden is with European human nature.



The land of losing men

One of a series of dramatic true stories of the Canadian Royal Northwest Mounted Police

By WALTER W. LIGGETT

THE four men—Fitzgerald, Carter, Kinney and Taylor—had started with two sleds and fifteen dogs. They took a light load of stores, expecting to make a fast trip and to provision themselves by killing game.

The sled dogs were not in the best condition. Fitzgerald, who was an inspector—the others being constables—had just used them on a long trip to Herschell Island.

But everything had gone well. For the first five days, in clear weather, they had made fifteen and eighteen miles a day, breaking trail through deep snow along the creek bottoms leading into the foothills of the Rockies.

Sometimes Fitzgerald, who was in command and whose temper was reflective, would look up at the sky. He had a thought how easy it would be if they could go straight.

"Look, Carter," he said once. "That crow flies high. D'you suppose he's the fellow we fed corn to at Fort McPherson? Maybe he's for Dawson too. If so, he'll halve the distance."

"Aye," said Carter.

"We're doing nicely, though," Kinney observed.

"If the weather holds," added Taylor.

"We must expect drops," was Fitzgerald's comment.

One came on the morrow. They noted 37 degrees under zero. The next day it was 43 below; the next 51 below.

They bore this easily, but the cold kept on. There were thirteen days in all; it was the end of December and the beginning of January. Two times the mercury rolled down 64 degrees below zero. The warmest was 34 below.

It stayed cold. They were much troubled by the failure to encounter game. Game was an absolute necessity if they were to get through to Dawson. Well, maybe not an *absolute* necessity, but just about. They discussed this, arguing amicably as if their lives were not in the balance. They argued about the disappearance of game.

In the deep snow, caught up and whipped about them by the snake-whip winds of the mountains, they made from six to twelve miles a day. Sometimes they groped in the fog that rose from the open water along the creek bottoms. They made nine miles a day when it was 64 below and reached the Little Wind River, which flows out of the Rockies.

Fitzgerald, as became a Royal Northwest Mounted man in charge of other men, in charge of mail and dispatches, kept a diary, a simple record of miles made and weather encountered, with now and then a line about prospects. "We can count on easier going once we cross the Rockies."

Four days after reaching the Little Wind River they made a serious discovery. It was that they had taken the wrong creek into the mountains.

There was no pass. They were not alarmed. Turning back, they explored another creek which Carter thought likeliest. After traveling through deep snow and slush for miles, this creek proved wrong. Then they tried a third.

They spent five days tracing the creeks. They separated and explored every apparent route. There seemed no reason why they should not discover an alternative route.

But now, for the first time, alarm took them. Fitzgerald, entering the facts in his diary, did not attempt to hide the trouble in their hearts. Provisions were running low. As for game, at last they thought they knew why there was no game. The deep snow had driven all game from the mountains. They no longer argued about it. Almost they wished they did not know the reason, for with knowledge came the end of that resource for them, the extinction of that hope.

"We are more than halfway," said Fitzgerald. "By air lines we're 264 miles from Fort McPherson, only 211 miles from Dawson. Do you want to turn back?"

No, Carter and Kinney and Taylor didn't want to do that.

"All right. We'll try some more."

Carter was all worked up. In a way, it was his responsibility.

That night Fitzgerald wrote up his diary:

"Twenty-three below. Fine in A. M. with strong S. W. wind which turned to gale in evening. Did not break camp. Sent Carter and Kinney off at 7:15 A. M. to follow river going south. They returned at 3:30 P. M. and reported it was not the right river. I left at 8 A. M. and followed another river, but could not find any cuttings on it. Carter is completely lost and does not know one river from another.

To Turn Defeat Into Victory

"WE NOW have only ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of bacon and some dried fish. My last hope is gone, and the only thing I can do is to return and kill some of the dogs to feed the others and ourselves unless we can meet some Indians.

"We have been a week looking for a river to take us over the divide, but there are dozens of rivers, and I am at a loss. I should not have taken Carter's word that he knew the way from the Little Wind River."

When they turned, everything wore a different face. They had failed; the only thing now was to pull out of it as if it were a victory instead of a defeat. And for two days the weather was with them. In those two fair days, by wading ankle deep in water part of the time, by eating only a small piece of bannock and dried fish intended for the dogs, by unresting haste and terrible effort they made forty miles on the back trail.

Now they began each night to kill one of the dogs to feed the others.

On the third day the wind blew with a force they could not stand against. They finished the last of the flour and a bit of bacon. Tea and dried fish were left to them. A third dog was killed.

The weather came fair, and they made twenty-one miles on the fourth day.

The next morning it was 50 below, growing colder, and reaching 64 below before nightfall. In eight hours they made seventeen miles. Carter froze his fingers badly and all finished the day with wet, frosted feet.

When they made camp that night they were happy. They had come seventy-eight miles in five days. Reasonably good luck would see them through.

No caribou, no Indians. At dawn of the sixth day the mercury had sunk into the bulb of the thermometer, and they could get no reading. To attempt to travel would, of a certainty, mean frosted lungs. They kept close to the oil stove in their tent.

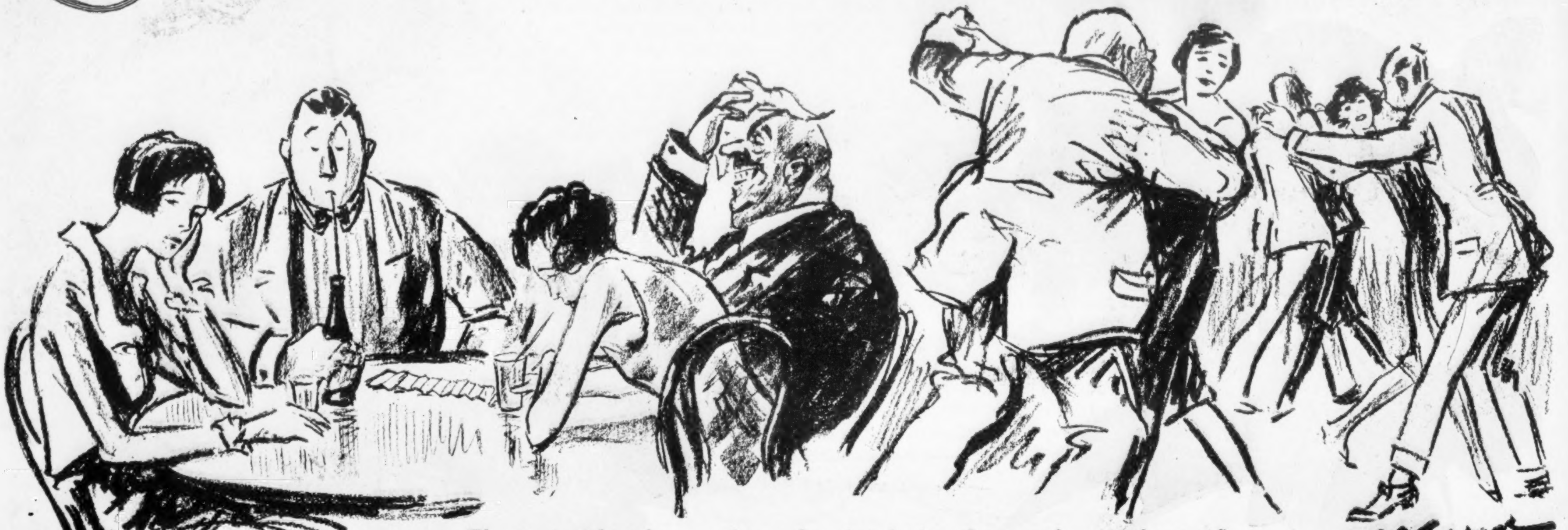
Seventh day. Fifty-six below. After a meal of dog meat the four of them took the trail and made six miles before Carter and Taylor broke through the ice up to the waist. It was necessary to make camp to prevent both men from freezing.

Eighth day. Fifty-three below. Open water had to be circumvented. Clear ice was found and eighteen miles made.

Ninth day. A heavy snow impeded travel, and three hours were lost packing the tent, etc., around a stretch of open water. On the trail from 7:30 A. M. to 3:30. Gain, eight miles.

Tenth day. A discovery—the camp of a stray fur trader, recently evacuated! Here was a chance of some cached food, but relentless search could uncover none. Nine much weakened dogs left. All (*Continued on page 43*)

The devil's dance dens



The taxi girls take any fare who signals for them and pays the tariff

DO YOU know what a "taxi" girl is? Taxi girls work at their trade in most of our larger cities and in some of the small ones. Mr. Kennedy tells about them here—and about the kind of dance halls they frequent. Read the story and then write your own moral.

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

DANCING was once a diversion. Now it is a trade. It is a social trade, for in its recent and most widespread development it has enrolled thousands of girls who sell the social favor of their time and company—not any particular artistic skill.

They are the hostesses, the "taxi" girls that any man can hire in the public dance halls, open or closed. They work at their trade in most of the larger cities and in some of the smaller ones.

This trade of the taxi girls has advantages—pin money, which means also silk-stocking money, hat money, clothes money, for the girl who wants to make it that way; bread and butter for the girl who must make it some way. And the title "taxi" fits adequately. The girls take any fare who signals for them and pays the tariff.

The trade of the taxi girl is plied in the bright-light centers, where jazz bands smite the air. Outside of a glittering façade you'll see the new trade advertised: "Dancing: Two Hundred Beautiful Hostesses." You join an inward-moving file, pass a dollar through a cashier's cage, and find yourself instantly transmuted into a "clubman." The "club" insures operation behind closed doors, free from police supervision—if that freedom is desirable, as sometimes it is.

The place advertising "Two Hundred Beautiful Hostesses" was an open hall, catering to whites. The other kind, the closed halls, have as their patrons and club members men of all sorts and all colors, from tan to permanent black.

Minnie was one of the two hundred girls in this dance hall—a gingerbread second floor in the sleeping bosom of the city. Minnie and her 199 co-hostesses stood about the low white railing that surrounded the dancing floor, polished that same afternoon. Paneled wall mirrors reflected the two hundred who giggled and chatted, perfumed and powdered, awaiting their guests.

The stream of men advanced up a stairway festooned with paper flowers. Their hats were seized and the men filtered through palm-guarded doorways.

Minnie and the others smiled with lips, teeth, eyes. Cold smiles beneath the rouge—cash-register smiles!

"Clubmen" picked their partners. The two hundred were quickly exhausted, leaving clubmen, with purchased dance tickets in hand, waiting at the tables about the floor, sipping drinks and watching for some hostess to become disengaged. Other clubmen had brought their ladies with them, and still others made quick acquaintance with the "singles"—girls who had entered in pairs or trios unescorted by men.

On went the dance, in threes—swift periods of no more than ninety seconds each, with pauses for breath and for fresh stocks of dance tickets from the floor booths. In the brief pauses the hostesses stood with old guests or floated to the sides of new guests, ticket-armed, who beckoned them; they made coldly curious surveys of the volunteer girls who had invaded the floor to dance with clubmen gratuitously.

On with the 6-Cent Dance

ON THE skirts of the mass of shifting couples Minnie came on a pal, another hostess, Helen. Helen had been less fortunate than Minnie. She had been attached by a grim-jawed, pudgy, bald little man, old enough to be her father. As she steered his puffy weight toward Minnie and Minnie's "clubman" Helen winced and glared significantly at her partner's feet—uncommonly large feet, carelessly distributed.

He had a funny mustache, a bar of bristles. He clutched a strip of tickets like a tape measure in a knotty fist stuck hotly into the small of Helen's back. Helen had to like him: the tickets said so. They were his passport to Helen's company.

As the music stopped Minnie and her clubman, Helen and her "guest" formed a quartet.

"I'm just dying for a drink," said Helen to everybody. "Pudgy" grinned. His tape of tickets scraped Helen's chin as he pulled a thick arm over her shoulder.

"Have a drink on me," snapped Minnie's clubman.

Pudgy was silent, grim. The band blared "What'll I Do?" The mass on the floor melted into motion. Helen threw a grateful, anguished glance at Minnie and Minnie's companion as Pudgy, grunting "C'mon, dance!" pushed her into the stream. She snatched the three tickets he tore off his tape and thrust them into the bosom of her gown, trailing sulkily onward.

Later she sank wearily into a chair at a refreshment table. Minnie and her companion were seated at the table. They had taken refuge there, watching for Helen after they had agreed that a boy friend could be picked up. Pudgy had run short of tickets and Minnie's companion had sailed on to the floor—paying the nickel floor cost to do so—and had rescued Helen.

The boy friend appeared. The four conspired and Minnie counseled:

"You boys buy plenty of tickets so we can stay together."

But the men had other ideas. They desired a change of scene—a car, a ride and supper somewhere. Veto from Minnie and Helen. Dance tickets meant money to them, six cents each in cash. Minnie and Helen and the other hostesses would have to be hostesses elsewhere if they quit in the middle of a night's work.

If a hostess didn't collect a minimum of seventy tickets a night, seventy dances a night, she didn't make a minimum of $4.20 a night, $29.40 a week.

The men departed. Reappeared Pudgy, agrin, jaw set. He came down upon Helen. "C'mon, dance!" She arose like a martyr.

Minnie looked about her—conscious of Helen's fate, eager to avoid it; eager also to improve the shining hour by collecting more tickets. Her glance fell on me and I joined her. We didn't dance. Instead I fed her tickets in strips of three for each dance period spent in conversation. "My time's for sale," smiled Minnie.

And she told me the story of the hostess.

Some of them work in offices, stores and factories by day. Some don't. The job isn't fatiguing, isn't always unpleasant, save where men like Pudgy conscript and monopolize them. An industrious girl can do a hundred dances a night at six cents a dance.

Minnie complained that the "old birds" were reluctant to buy drink and food unless they could "date up" a hostess—for after-hours entertainment.

"They buy tickets to hold you," said she, "unless you take their dates. Some of the young fellows are just as bad; but, at least, they're young."

Yet this was a "good" dance hall. Liquor was banned; wrestling to music was taboo. The organization is businesslike, operating a chain of dance halls. The girls check in at eight, check out at one. Six cents per dance is paid to those who report every evening; five cents to those who skip Saturdays and Sundays.

The Closed Hall is Worse

MOST of the girls make more money "hostessing" than in ordinary office or store work. As Minnie summarized: "Eighteen a week for seven hours a day in an office; thirty a week for five hours a night dancing."

And the hostess of no other employment can work afternoons as an "instructress" in afternoon classes for men. Combining the two dance-hall jobs, a girl can make as much as $60 a week.

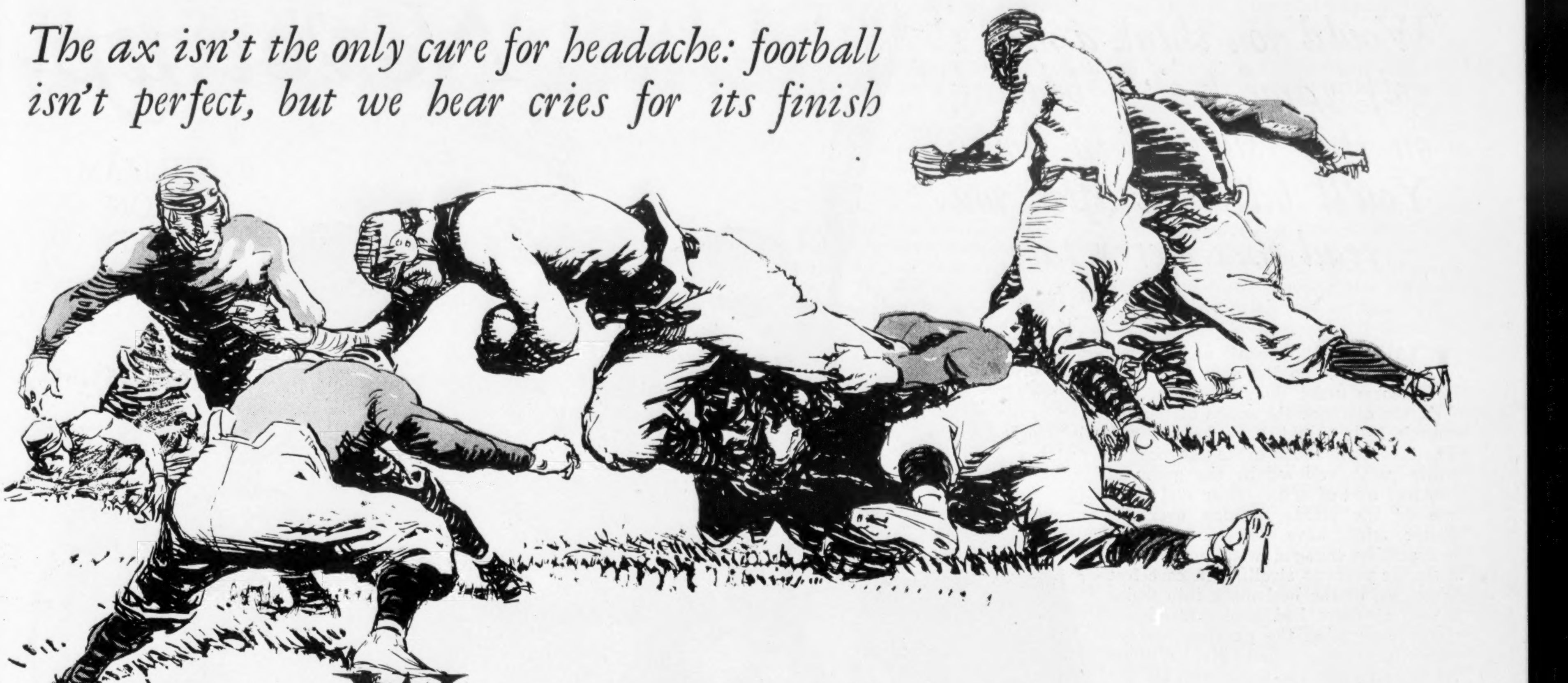
The closed dance halls are another affair. You'll find them in the thick centers of population, catering to racial groups—including Japanese, Chinese and Filipinos. In these the hostesses, somewhat more hardened girls than the open halls provide, do their mileage at four cents per dance. Liquor flows in time to the music and the bouncers keep their backs turned.

The Sunglade wasn't on the Bowery, nor on Second Avenue, New York. It was on Riverside Drive and overlooked the Hudson River.

Up two flights. Press a button at the side of a locked door and an eyehole opens. My companion was a Columbia boy of dark complexion, with a card from a well-known patron of the "club." We were admitted.

A stuffy nine-room apartment split into three rooms; a four-piece orchestra, shaggy lights, and a few tattered tables were the equipment. Seventy men were in the club, and about half that number of girls. The dues were $1 plus war tax—if the government ever gets it. Tickets, three for a quarter. But there wasn't much dancing. The swarthy-faced men sat at tables and grinned (*Continued on page 51*)

The ax isn't the only cure for headache: football isn't perfect, but we hear cries for its finish



What football pays for

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

THE Daily Northwestern at Northwestern University told some time ago "Why We Are Tired" of football, and one university president recently stated that the public had taken over the game and that the public demanded efficiency and excellence regardless of anything else. Yet the case for football is much stronger than the case against it.

It is only necessary to go back a few seasons. Twenty years ago there was a widespread demand for mass athletics. In those days there were thirty or forty members of a football squad with most of the student body watching the practice from the stands. Less than 10 per cent of this student body was engaged in competitive athletics.

Mass athletics calls for a heavy expense in the way of training fields, instructors and equipment. Few universities, almost none at all, had this money to spend. Then the stadium came, and with the stadium much larger crowds and greatly increased revenue. This revenue from football has been used consistently to support other sports—rowing, track athletics, hockey, lacrosse, golf, tennis and the rest of it. To-day, largely as the result of football, 90 per cent of each student body is engaged in athletics.

Is modern football injurious either mentally or physically? Here is a game which calls for drudgery, discipline and hard work, three of the most important things in life. Here is a game that calls for loyalty, service and team play, for clean living, for fine spirit. It is a game that demands quick thinking under fire, a game that builds up confidence and control of self.

From the student's angle the player to-day must have completed a year in college and maintained a high standard before he is able to play in his sophomore year. And then, to continue play, he must keep up his work to a degree above the average. In the ten Western Conference Universities, for one example, no student can play football who has a single condition in any study. If his classroom work falls off he must soon leave the squad and drop out of the game. So football to a certain extent puts a premium on scholastic ability. A good football player is usually a leader in college in other forms of college life.

There is a striking tendency in many of our leading colleges to-day toward jazz music, tea dances and bootleg booze. College drinking is being done on a larger scale than many believe it to be. Football and other competitive sports are the main barriers set against this mode of living.

"For what," we asked Knute Rockne, Notre Dame's famous football coach, "does a boy come to college? What should be his main purpose?"

"To find himself," Rockne answered. "To find himself mentally and physically. His studies must come first. His main object is to get an education. But this is only part of it. A man is in the making, and it is important that the making is well done. He must build himself up physically. He should learn what discipline and training and team play mean. He should be able to stand on both feet and have confidence in his ability to make good. In addition to an education he must develop mental alertness and the ability to concentrate. He should learn how to face pressure, to take his share of hard knocks and drop the alibi. The good football coach to-day teaches all these things, with the value of hard work, fair play and clean living."

"Everlasting Blah-blah?"

"I HAVE four All-American stars helping me at Michigan," says Hurry-up Yost, who for thirty years has believed football to be one of the great factors in building American youth. "Among those four assistants there isn't one who has ever taken a drink, ever smoked, ever used profanity or ever told a dirty story. Are they effeminate? Well, the four can take thirty of the other type and break them into a number of pieces without straining a muscle. They are men of the highest order, and their influence will carry far beyond the football field. I'd like to see every youngster in this country play football because the game teaches what every youngster needs—discipline, self-sacrifice, clean spirit, clean living, quick thinking and the knack of facing heavy pressure and still fighting on."

What of the Daily Northwestern's charges against football in detail?

"We are tired of this everlasting blah-blah about a winning football team," it says.

Stadium Fairy Tales

THE winning side has been made too important. But it is more important among the alumni than it is among the players and other students. Most of the faculties are giving no encouragement to this demand for a winner. And they are paying less and less attention to the querulous complaints of the old grads after a rocky season.

"We are tired of having a football coach who trains forty men and receives as large a salary as four instructors who teach one particular subject to 600 students. . . ."

Most football coaches to-day receive no more than any other head professor. This is true of the Conference universities. They are members of the faculty and their duties often run from fall to summer. Many like A. A. Stagg have complete charge of all college athletics. They make just about enough to support a family, and no more. They have a greater chance for personal inspiration than any other member of the faculty, and most of them make the best use of this capacity to build men. They receive more publicity, and with it much more heavy criticism and derision. And they train a good many more than forty or sixty or eighty students.

"We are tired of having alumni come back and say what a fine halfback there is in Podunk High School and can't we find a job for him—"

There has been too much of this under way, but the leading universities are stamping it out. It is a criticism well worth remembering.

"We are tired of this stadium bunk," continues the Daily Northwestern. This criticism refers to 50,000 people watching 22 men—or rather employees—battle for supremacy.

The 50,000 spectators are mainly old grads or their families returning for three or four Saturdays out of a year. In 90 per cent of the universities to-day there are no football employees. Those playing football pay their way through or work their way through, and unless they are good students they don't play. There was a time when football "employees" were entirely too common in college life. But constant pressure has been brought against this practice and the "large offers" you hear about to-day are mostly fairy tales. There is still room for improvement along this line in certain isolated colleges or universities, but they are being dropped by their rivals. What field of existence have we that is perfect enough to be beyond the possibility of improvement? Finally:

"We are tired of being told that Northwestern needs more men."

It's Life's Commencement

WHAT does the college want—more male flappers, more tea hounds, more booze artists, more joy riders?

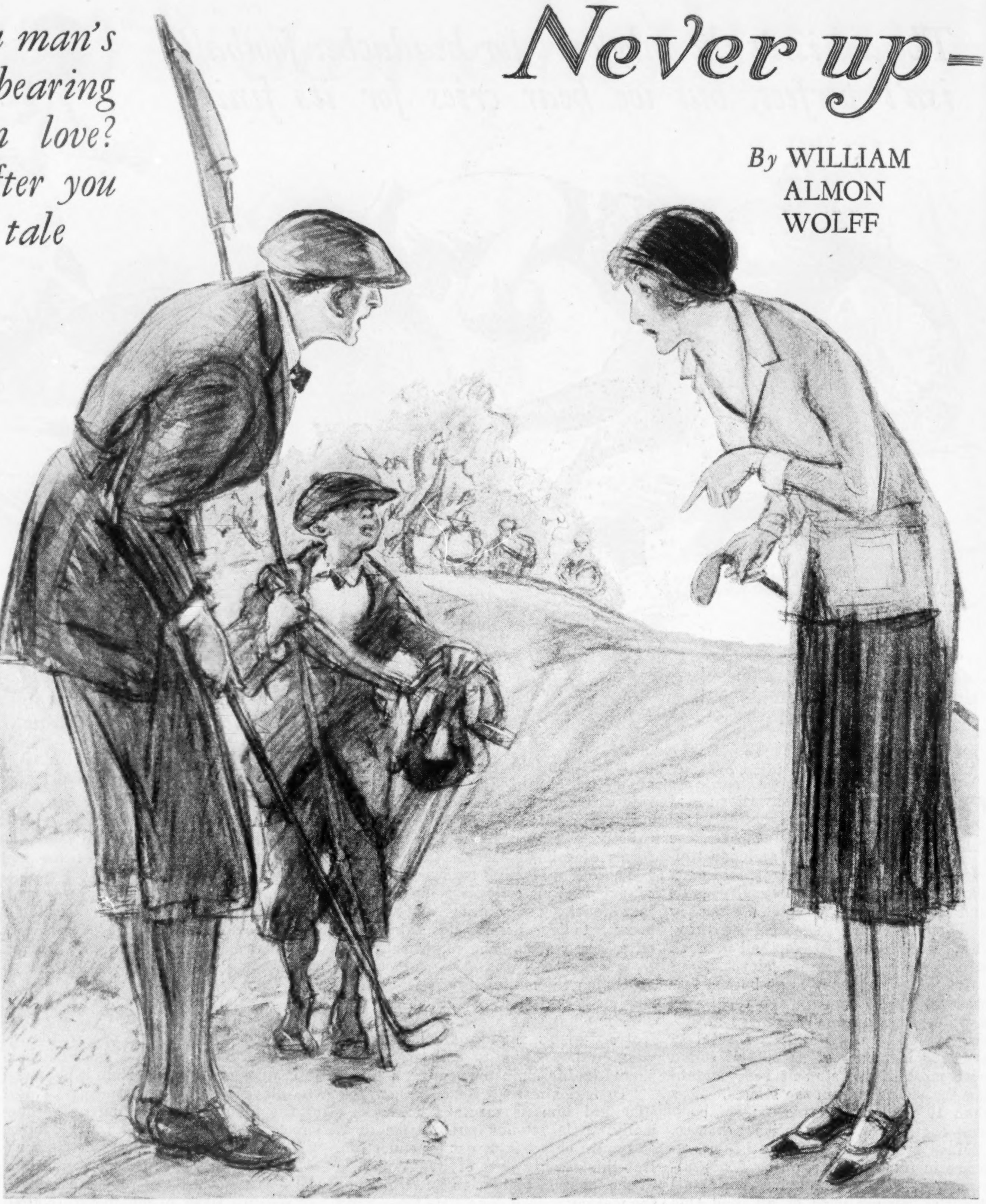
Existence, with all the money about and all the modern luxuries, is getting too soft as it is. Football isn't perfect. Under our present system it has its faults, and it must still be watched and guarded and improved. It is somewhat overorganized; too much organized scouting of rival teams; too large coaching staffs. Victory and defeat are too important. The public must be kept on the outside, for it isn't the public's game. To-day there are over 200,000 American youngsters in preparatory school and college who are learning as much from football as they can learn from any other one thing in life.

One trouble is that football has grown fast, and we are all afraid of growth, no matter what form it takes. Certain defects can be granted. But if the head aches, is the only cure complete removal from the torso?

Never up-

By WILLIAM
ALMON
WOLFF

Would you think a man's golf game had a bearing on his success in love? You'll believe it after you read this merry tale



FAIR and green and lovely stretched the Renclair Golf Club course under the sun of June. In the distance the sound of pealing church bells might have been heard. The clubhouse shone in its new coat of white paint, relieved by the green of shutters and of trim. Here and there one on the piazza, looking over the course, might have seen white figures, prayerfully engaged with appropriate clubs; or perhaps strolling in care-free ignorance of the heel mark into which a perfect drive had sunk. Handsome motor cars filled the parking space—none handsomer than Mr. William Hammond's new sport roadster, all maroon and shining nickel and four wheel brakes and balloon tires and everything. Mr. Hammond did himself well.

So his caddie, a new boy, thought, as he waited for it to be time for Mr. Hammond's foursome to get under way. He was so impressed by the bag he carried, and the clubs it held, that he wasn't disposed to complain of its weight. Driver—ivory faced. Brassie. Spoon. All the irons there were. Three mashies. A mashie niblick. A niblick. Jigger. Putter, of course. Thirteen in all—and each the authentic, signed masterpiece of an artist. The caddie didn't know it, but in Mr. Hammond's locker reposed eight or nine more clubs, and any friend coming out for the week-end without a bag must be hard indeed to please if he couldn't supply himself from the reserve stock in the Hammond house.

"Gee!" said the new caddie, whose name was Henry. "This guy must be club champion, ain't he?"

"Him? Hammond? Naw!" One of the veterans replied. "If he breaks ninety, it'll be a course record for him!"

Another illusion shattered! Another stone of its foundation torn from the structure of hope and faith upon which a young life had been built! Henry sighed and shook his head. You couldn't tell. He was glad he hadn't bet on his man, as he had a minute before been tempted to do.

It was a cheerful-looking quartet that waited, more or less patiently, its turn at the first tee. The day was young yet; plenty of time. An astonishing quantity of optimism is to be found at the first tee on a sunny Sunday morning in June. But don't look for it around the tenth.

"I took a chance yesterday," said one of the four, Jim Humason. "Bought P. X. R. I hear it's due for a ride."

"You hear wrong," said Hammond. "Sell it first thing in the morning, Jim. They're going to pass a dividend. Inside crowd wants to gather up the stock."

"Gee!" said Humason. "Thanks, Bill. I'll get hold of my broker soon as I get into town."

He didn't even hesitate. When Bill Hammond spoke thus those who knew him never did hesitate. They knew he always knew whereof he spoke.

"How about those Banton first mortgage fives, Bill?" asked Steve Brainerd. "They've been off a bit lately. I wondered—"

"Hang on to them—they'll come back," said Hammond. "That drop was because of the Hampton bank smash—you know, that cashier that cleaned them out. They happened to have a lot of those bonds and had to sell quick for cash."

"Fine!" said Steve, gratefully, "I hate to sell bonds, once I've got 'em tucked away."

"Pretty soft!" said the third member of the foursome. "Old Bill's a walking financial bureau for this club! Oh, say, Bill—I meant to ask you before. How do you like that new Cleon eight?"

"Not so good," said Bill. "Probably be all right next year. They went wrong on their rear end in this model. Better stay off."

"Well, I thought I'd ask you," said Crewe. "Sally's crazy about that coupé they're getting out."

"Nice-looking job," said Hammond. "Tell her to drive the old bus another year, though, Chet."

"Tell her yourself," begged Crewe. "She'll listen to you. If I tell her, she'll just say I don't want to loosen up. And that's true enough, the Lord knows!"

"Here we are—let's go!" said Brainerd. "Bill's honor. Give her a ride, Bill."

He did just that. Nothing sensational was there about his drive; it was just a nice, straight ball, about two hundred yards down the fairway. It was decidedly the best drive of the four, though, and Henry, the caddie, looked brighter. He brightened up still more when Bill's second, a fine brassie, put him within a short pitch of the green, and when each of the others, after longing glances at brassie or spoon, tamely and safely elected to use irons, his expression was seraphic.

"That's all right—you wait!" said one of the older caddies. "Him! We know him!"

HAMMOND and Henry waited benignly while all the others played their third shots. Brainerd, Hammond's partner, found a trap; the other two pitched on the green—and lay three. Each had a long, long putt. Bill, perhaps ten yards from the edge of the green, studied the situation.

"It's up to you, Bill," said Brainerd, coming up. "Lay it up for your four."

"H'm," said Bill. Henry was holding out a suitable mashie; his eyes were eager. Hammond shook his head. "Jigger," he said. "No—wait a minute. Give me that other mashie—"

He sighted the line. He addressed the ball, with care. Then, tenderly, he dribbled the ball to the edge of the green. Henry's eyes grew wide; Brainerd groaned and turned away. He shot next; finished himself, for that hole, with three in the trap. The enemy approached in unison—nicely, each putt lying dead, for a sure five. Hammond, on the edge of the green, had a long putt for a four—and took three to get down. Brainerd said nothing—eloquently.

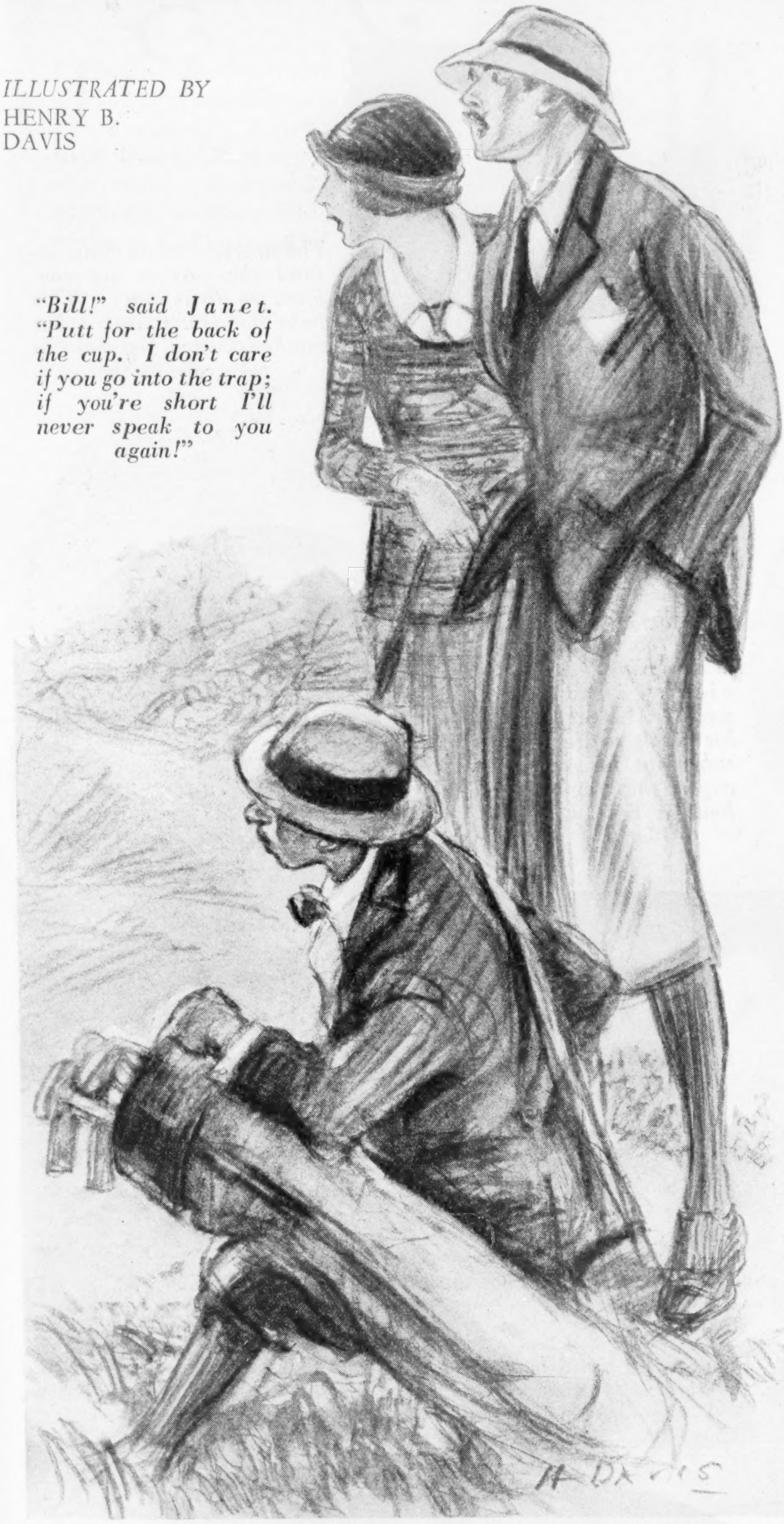
"Gosh!" said Henry.

"Allus the same, he is," remarked one of the others. "He's a bear on a full shot—good as any of them. When he's near the green he allus dubs around that way. I seen him change his club three times before an approach."

Mr. Hammond, who had been Sir Oracle on the first tee, had definitely lost the respect of even Henry by the time the fourth was reached. No member of the foursome would have consulted him on the state of the weather;

never in

ILLUSTRATED BY
HENRY B. DAVIS



"Bill!" said Janet. "Putt for the back of the cup. I don't care if you go into the trap; if you're short I'll never speak to you again!"

his partner, indeed, spoke to him only in monosyllables, and those unprintable. He drove better than any of them; he was the only one of the four with skill—or even nerve—enough to use a wooden club through the green; his full irons were things of beauty.

There was nothing new about all this. Hammond always played that way. The other members of the foursome knew it; they'd been playing with him long enough to know it; certainly! Probably they always hoped—at least, his partner, chosen each Sunday by lot, always hoped—that he would, all at once, find himself in the matter of his short game. But he never did.

"Not that he don't try—Hammond," said one of the other caddies, pityingly, to Henry. "Takes more lessons from Alec than any member here. Buys new clubs all the time. Gee! They say he's got fifty mashies and thirty-seven putters. Just ain't in him, that's all. Never gives the ball a chance."

This was true. Some bad golfers are lost to shame; corrupt and contented they go on, plowing their way around, keeping better men back, comforted by the knowledge that the game they have the audacity to think they are playing at least keeps them out in the open air. Not so was it with Hammond. He agonized about his short game. He would have given up golf had he not been ashamed to let it beat him.

His case was tragic—from any golfer's point of view. He had the long game of a respectable player—a man who might count upon breaking eighty as often as not. But let him face a shot which might by any conceivable chance go too far and he played it with all the dashing boldness the loser of an election bet employs in propelling a soft-boiled egg down the street. No wonder the rest of the foursome hated, pitied and despised him by lunch time every Sunday. By Monday, of course, they liked and respected him again; they sought his advice, on the club car of the 8:27, as eagerly as ever.

Hammond, in most respects distinctly favored of the gods, was unfortunate in two ways. He was not only the shockingly bad golfer he was; he was a bachelor. He would have argued as to calling this last unfortunate; he had, by the time he reached his thirtieth birthday, decided that he was very well off as he was. But the fox, it will be remembered, entertained pronounced views as to the sourness of certain grapes after he found he couldn't reach them.

HE was honest enough, though, so far as he knew the facts of his own case, in thinking that women no longer interested him in a sentimental way. He could look back upon various affairs of the heart. Indeed, reminders of the past were not wholly lacking. Various children in Renclair were being brought up to know him as Uncle Bill, toward whose mothers his sentiments, at one time, had been anything but fraternal. He didn't know what had gone wrong. It never occurred to him to wonder whether there was any relation between the way he approached a golf green and a girl. And, anyway, he wasted no thought on girls these days.

He was, he felt, immune. He was having a darned good time—except when he played golf. He had for some years maintained an agreeable loyalty to the last girl who had turned him down, Betty Thayer, who was Betty Hamilton now. And he was a little amused when he recalled that Frank Hamilton never played poker now. Bill did—played it much better, too, than he did golf. He was pretty well satisfied with life as it unrolled.

Naturally, then, he didn't grow excited, as a good many people in Renclair did, about the coming of the Amorys. It was rather an event for new people to come to town; it was very seldom that a Renclair house was on the market. But in this case it wasn't just the fact of new people coming that made the talk; it was Janet Amory.

She was, it appeared, altogether exceptional. She was a beauty; she played a slashing game of golf; there was talk of her wherever young men gathered. And the rumor of her stirred Renclair, which is a quiet place, and not much accustomed to young women quite so dazzling as Miss Amory. But, it seemed to Hammond, this did not concern him. Ted Spencer, yes, and Jimmy Gould, and youngsters like them. But for him that sort of thing lay in the dim and shadowy past, in his tormented and unhappy youth, when he had gone stumbling from one hopeless love affair into another. So he took no interest at all in Miss Amory—until he saw her.

Toward midnight, however, on the night of the dance at the club that marked Miss Amory's first formal appearance in Renclair, Hammond became, to his dismay, aware of certain symptoms, almost forgotten in these last peaceful years, but all too easily recognizable now. He and Janet were sitting, when the significance of this and that struck him, on a bench that overlooked the lake—the water hazard, naturally, for the eighteenth hole. The stars shone down upon them; from the clubhouse came music, muted by distance and all the magic stillness of the night. And they, he and Janet, were discovering to one another a mutual passion for the verse of Mr. A. A. Milne.

Always, Hammond reflected, and not without a certain faint regret, the world had to move on. He could remember when it had been Lewis Carroll, or, perhaps, the Bab Ballads of W. S. Gilbert. And now it was this upstart Milne, whose poems wouldn't be classic for a good twenty years yet!

"But they said you sold bonds!" said Miss Amory, in a tone of faintly reproachful surprise.

"I do!" he admitted. "But that doesn't keep me from knowing the difference between a sestina and a villanelle!"

"Tell me," she begged. "I don't. I'm shamefully ignorant—"

So it went on, one thing leading to another, and sometimes to something quite different. Hammond was shaken. Rumor and report had done something less than justice to their victim, for once. Miss Amory was beautiful, by any standard you might choose. And he knew it. He knew, indeed, by this time, a good deal more than that. He knew she danced like thistledown before the wind, and that there was a pretty wit behind her laughing eyes, and that—but oh, why not be done with it? The man was in love with her, or so near to it that the difference wasn't worth a thought. And in his heart, very precisely in his heart, he knew that too. So, one may be allowed to surmise, did she.

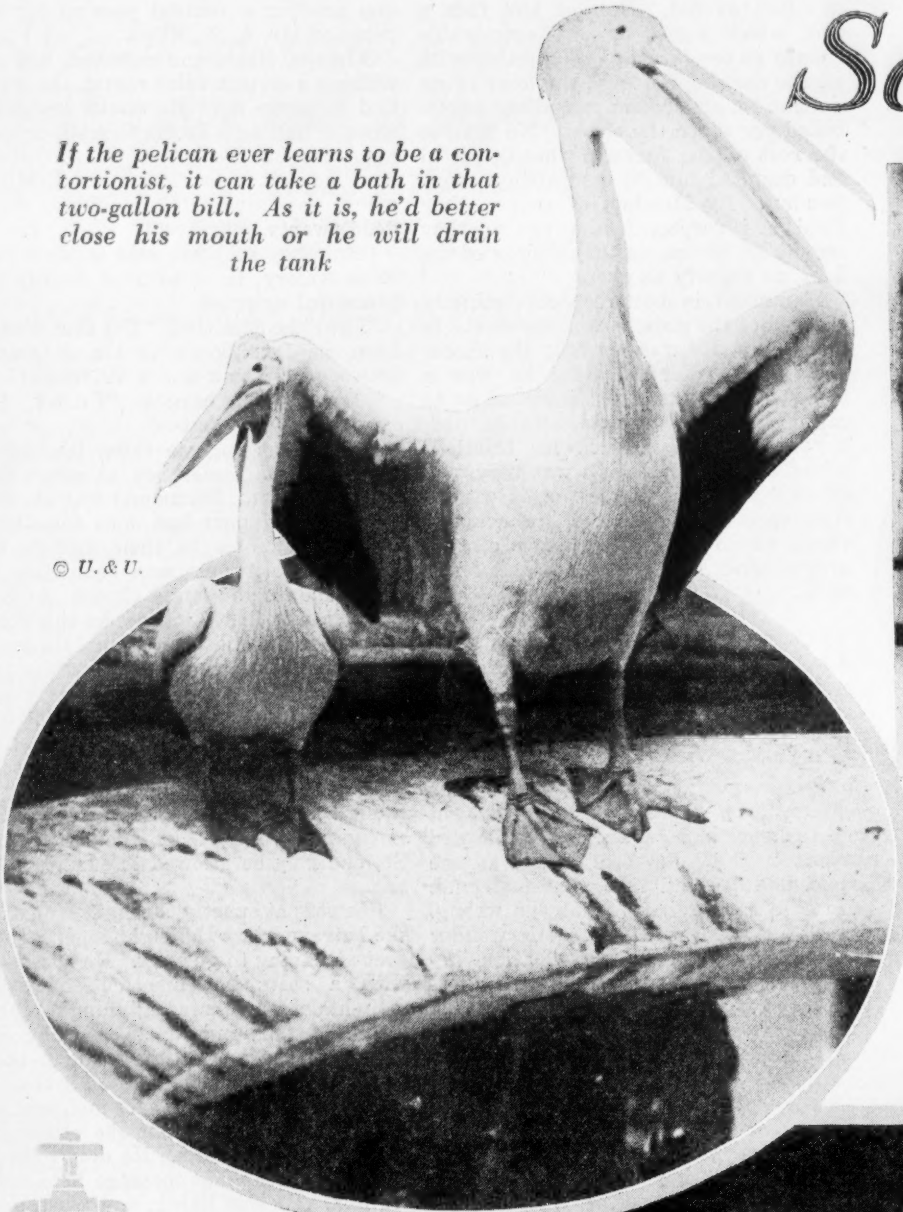
She rose at exactly the right moment; she betrayed just the right touch of regret at having to go back. He rose too; with a start he came out of dark thoughts of other fair beginnings he had made, as fair, indeed, as this; he returned to her and to the moment that was, in spite of memory and all boding of disaster, his. Their eyes met, and he knew only too well what she might, if she chose, read in his. He didn't care; he tried to see what message hers held for him. He saw liking, and trust, and something more. A curious, shy—expectancy? He didn't know, nor, just yet, did he want to know. Spencer and Gould, now—they'd know. Or they'd find out. Whether or not they might dare to kiss her. Not he, though. Not yet. So they just went back.

Oh, shade of Alec, the dour Scot! Ghost of his voice: "Hit it, Mr. Hammond! Man—how'll the wee ba' ever get in if ye never get it up?"

WHAT happened after that dance wasn't Janet Amory's fault. She was, as Hammond had perceived, wise as well as beautiful. But she was also very young, and there were a few things she had not yet learned. One of these was that men of thirty are not always grown up. She supposed, reasonably enough, that Bill Hammond was; she was, perhaps, just a little afraid that she'd gone too far, that first night, in letting him see how much she liked him. She took it for granted that he was an adult and as sophisticated as he seemed to be; she never dreamed that he was even younger, in lots of ways, than Ted Spencer and Jimmy Gould.

So she didn't understand the way he behaved at all. What he did, after going to see her a couple of times, and finding most of the younger male population of Renclair about, was just to stay away. Partly that was because he was sulky, partly it was because he decided, like a chivalrous ass, that he ought to leave her free to play with fellows of her own age. She wouldn't have minded sulks; she knew how to deal with them. But the other thing baffled her; it made her think she'd been wrong that first night, in thinking he liked her. That made her angry—with herself, of course, rather than with him. But, so far as results went, she might just as well (*Continued on page 44*)

Saturday night



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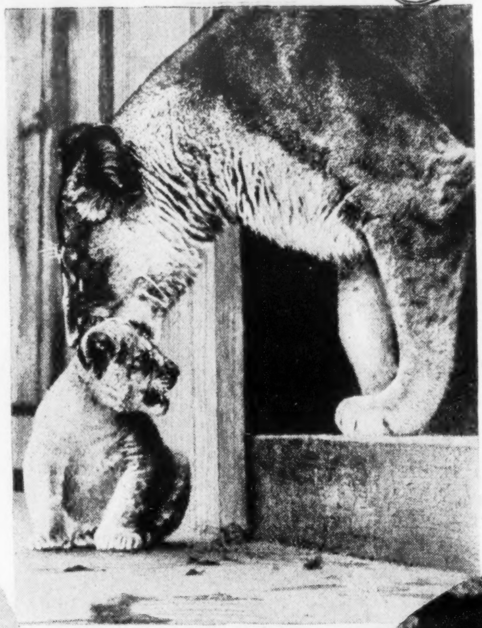
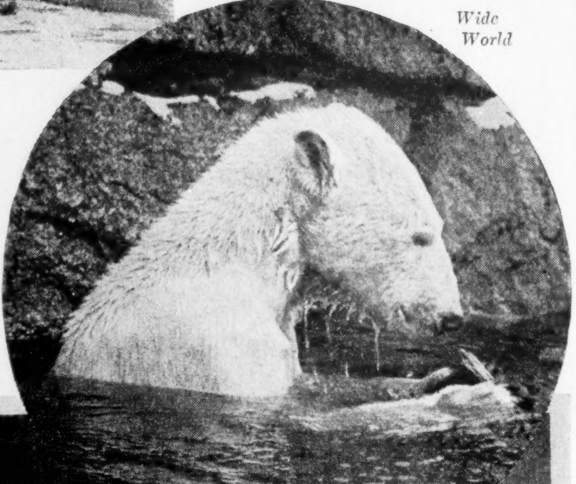
If the pelican ever learns to be a contortionist, it can take a bath in that two-gallon bill. As it is, he'd better close his mouth or he will drain the tank



Keystone

The aversion to washing behind the ears is not confined to little boys. This baby lion is very angry, but mother knows just how to take care of that



Wide World

Saturday night can't come too often for "Polar King," especially in hot weather. He likes his meals while he tubs, but he can't expect the gravy to have a very good flavor

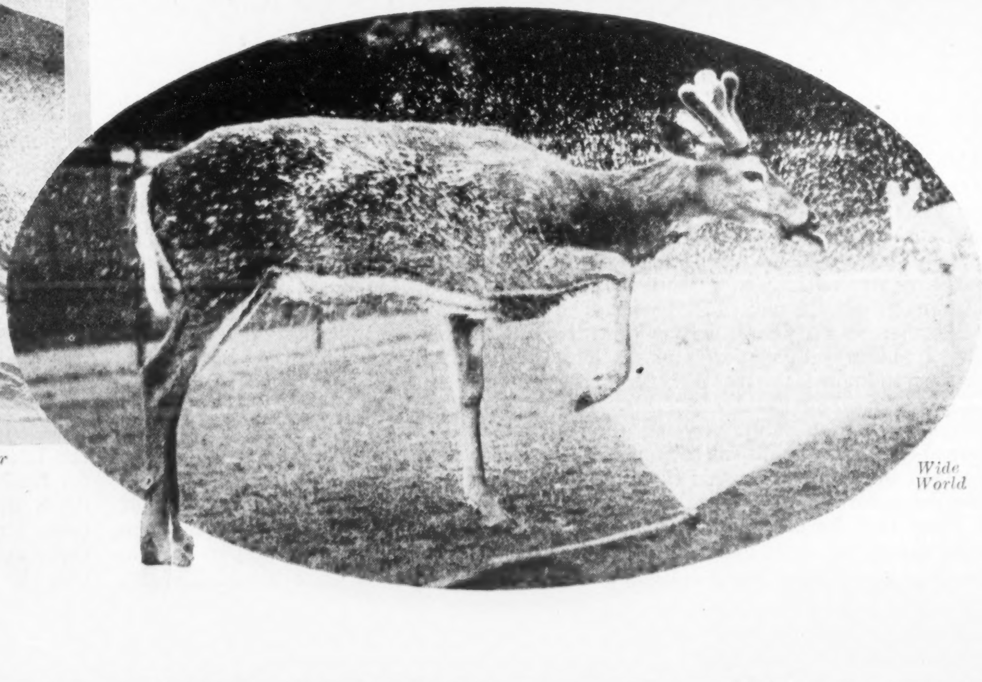
Wide World

Climbing out of the slippery tub is worst of all. You can't blame the brown bear for looking grieved

Ledger

The time to learn good habits is when we are very young, as Mrs. Hippo very well knows. We hope she doesn't get soap in the baby's eyes

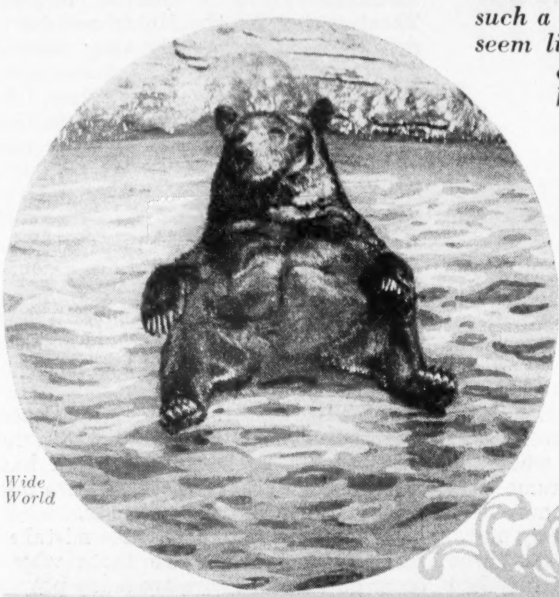
If you are a timid bather you put your toes in first to see how cold the water is. Which is just what the deer (below) is doing. Of course, it's bad form to have the tongue out so far



Wide World

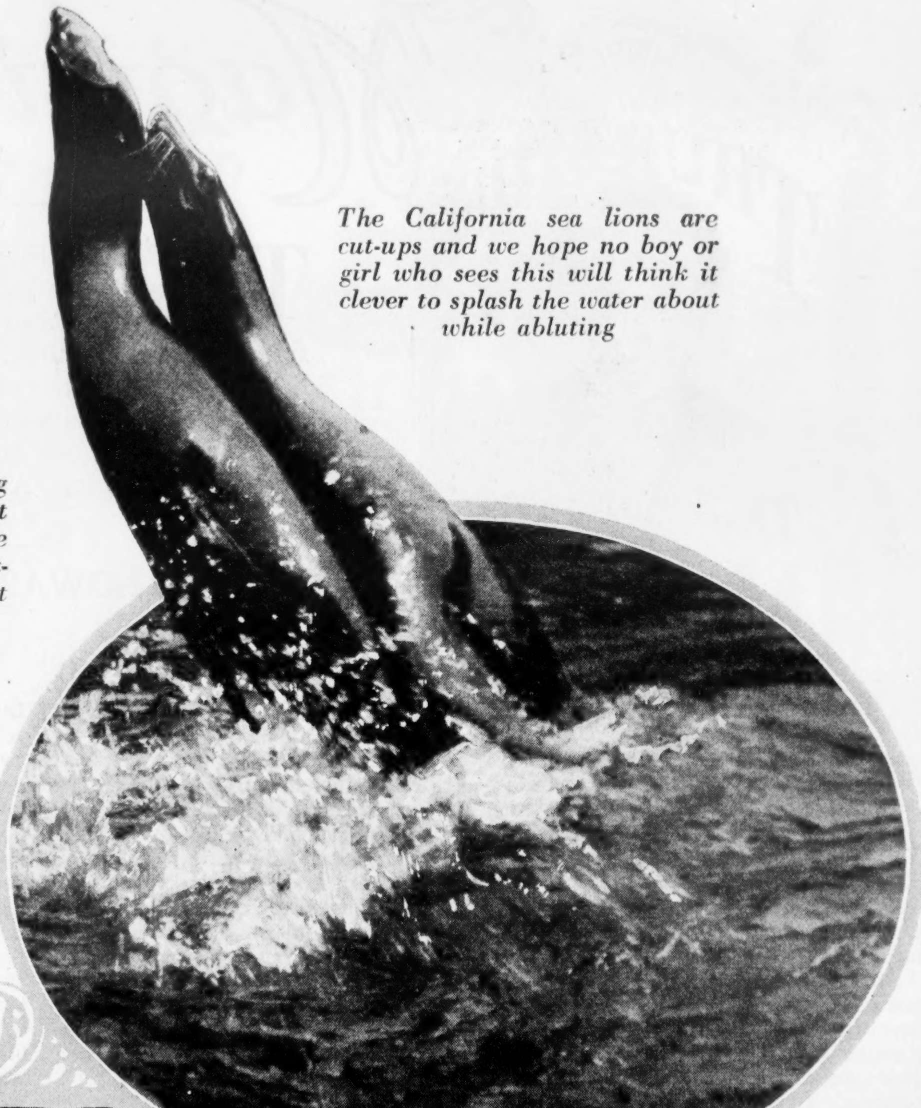
at the zoo

THE Saturday-night bath is a fixed institution among animals as among humans. Observing a growing laxity, the Zoo keepers recently instituted a Clean-up Week. These pictures show the results. Everyone, from the polar bear to the elephant, will be ready for inspection by the Sunday visitors, and hopeful of reward for good behavior.



This bear, "Teddy," is having such a good time that it doesn't seem like Saturday at all. He expects this floating exhibition to bring at least ten peanuts

Wide World



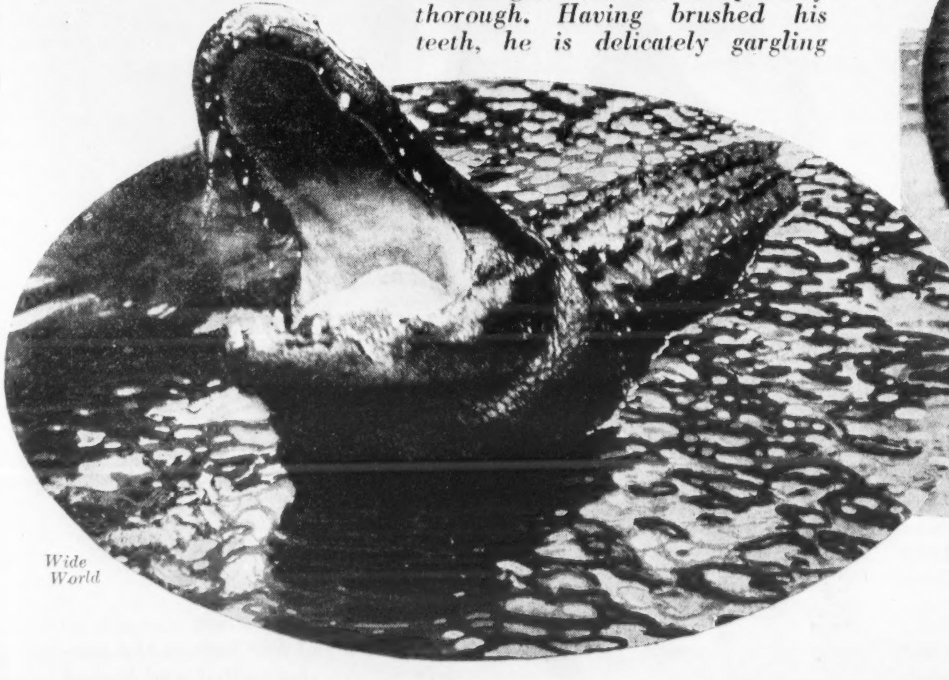
The California sea lions are cut-ups and we hope no boy or girl who sees this will think it clever to splash the water about while abluting

© Keystone

These water buffaloes at the left are obviously grandfathers and, like grandfathers the world over, they make the best of the Saturday-night ordeal

© National

The alligator (below) is especially thorough. Having brushed his teeth, he is delicately gargling



Wide World

The elephant is one of the most fortunate of animals. He carries his own shower bath permanently attached. That's the reason for the contented smile

THURSTON
The
MAGICIAN

Magicians do fumble

THURSTON tells you here—with surprising frankness for a magician—of some close calls he has had. Thurston has spent years mystifying audiences all over the world. But there have been times when the magician was more surprised than his audiences were. Some of Thurston's experiences have been amusing. Some have come near being tragic. All of them are interesting.

By HOWARD THURSTON

ANDREW VOLSTEAD once carried a flask of whisky in his hip pocket, but he didn't know it was there. When I lifted his coat tail and produced it he was the most surprised man in the world. But he made the joke better by asking me to let him keep the whisky.

As a rule, a magician finds celebrities more good natured than ordinary folk when they participate in tricks. I have startled staid statesmen by finding ladies' stockings and lingerie on their persons. They always take it as a good joke, although I have known of incidents where magicians have made mistakes which took a great deal of explaining.

The magician who relies solely upon his own skill and cunning has a decided advantage. If he makes a mistake he can redeem himself by passing on to some other item in his program. The illusionist, who depends upon the coöperation of a corps of assistants, can never tell when something may go wrong.

Some time ago I was presenting an illusion known as "The Glass-lined Trunk." A large trunk, mounted on a platform, was wheeled upon the stage, shown on all sides, and then opened. When the front of the trunk was dropped down the audience was supposed to see an empty trunk, lined with sheets of glass. But on this particular occasion the opening of the trunk revealed the form of a young lady, partly reclining in the trunk.

Acting on the inspiration of the moment, I made this announcement:

"One of the great joys of a magician is first to lead his audience to believe that they have discovered one of his secrets. This evening I have taken the opportunity to try an experiment. Perhaps one half or two thirds of you believe you have just seen the form of a young lady inside that trunk. The rest of you may not be certain of what you saw. I'll prove to you that your eyes have deceived you. The trunk is empty!"

My assistants wheeled the trunk around. Again it was opened, and seen to be—empty!

The audience gasped. And before the people had recovered from their astonishment I had closed the trunk and had it wheeled around again.

"Now," I resumed, "I will again prove that your eyes have deceived you. You're satisfied the trunk is empty. Behold!"

The trunk was swung open, and there lay the young lady.

The audience applauded; the illusion was a success. Why? I had adhered to the cardinal principle that governs all magicians: *never admit a mistake!*

The audience did not realize that one of my assistants had failed in an important task and had placed me in a most embarrassing predicament, which would have resulted in disaster had I not decided to carry it through without a moment of hesitation.

The late Harry Kellar prescribed the plan I follow—to make each piece of apparatus twice as strong as required, and double that strength.

No matter how perfect a big trick may be in operation, one must consider the human element. The illusion must be made fool-proof. Often not only the success of the trick is at stake, but the safety of one or more persons.

One time I was playing in San Francisco and presenting an illusion called "Ione," in which a girl revolved in midair. The girl had just started on one of her aërial somersaults, when she suddenly shot forward and fell ten feet to the stage, head first. An assistant had neglected an important item of preparation.

As I saw the girl fall, I rang down the curtain and rushed to her. For a few moments I feared her neck had been broken. But when she got to her feet she opened her eyes and took a drink of water. She was game, and held my arm as I led her before the curtain, where she smiled and bowed to the audience. The moment she was behind the scenes she fainted. Fortunately, the girl suffered no ill effects from the accident, and I do not believe that the audience ever realized the significance of what had happened. They evidently thought that it was a spectacular finish to the illusion. But I took care that nothing like it would ever happen again.

The Trained Stage Hand

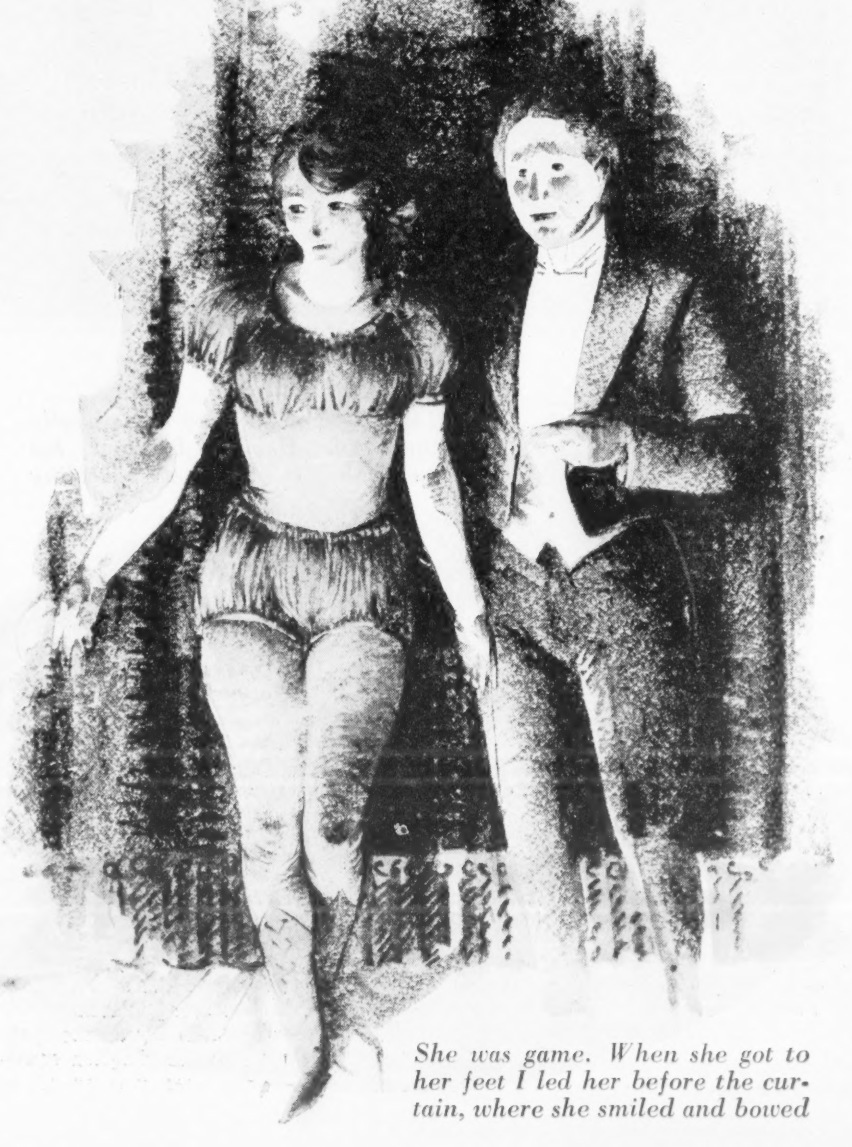
IN Sydney, Australia, some twenty years ago, I performed an illusion with a huge metal frame containing a sheet of plate glass ten feet square. After the illusion the frame, on a stand, was removed to the back of the stage, and I later worked a version of the "Levitation," or the "Floating Lady," directly in front of it. One night I had raised the girl in midair and was standing in back of her suspended body when I heard a voice call wildly from off stage:

"Look out for the glass!"

The huge frame had toppled forward and was crashing down upon my head. Instinctively I leaned forward and seized the girl, hoping to snatch her away and plunge forward to safety—a desperate attempt that never could have succeeded. Then, suddenly, I heard a sharp clang above me. The tottering glass did not fall upon my shoulders. I turned and looked behind me. There was the great frame, leaning at a dangerous angle, scarcely three feet from my head. I saw what had saved us. In the top of the frame were two metal rings which had never been used for any purpose. That very night, before the show, one of the men, who was a trained union stage hand, had tied the ends of safety lines to the metal rings, and thus fastened it from above. When the glass had toppled the safety lines stopped its fall—and saved two lives.

There are other than mechanical mistakes that magicians may make, especially before strange audiences. In Calcutta, India, I appeared before an audience (composed principally of Mohammedans) in a native theatre. Theatregoing for the Mohammedans is expensive, as invariably they take a retinue of wives. I've seen one man with thirty women—all his wives. In one of my tricks with live stock in this Calcutta theatre I produced a pig and he ran over the footlights into the audience. To my astonishment, the natives leaped to their feet, and, with wild cries, fled from the theatre. It was almost a panic, and I could not account for it until I learned that the Mohammedans considered a pig unclean and that to be touched by one would make it necessary for them to undergo religious penance to remove contamination. After that I advertised that the pig had been disposed of and would appear in no more of my performances. If I had not done so, I would probably have lost all my future native audiences.

Some of the most laughable mistakes made by magicians are those which occur off stage. There are many people


She was game. When she got to her feet I led her before the curtain, where she smiled and bowed

who regard a conjurer with awe and who take his work seriously.

In Nashville I once dined at the house of a friend, "Pink" Lawrence. The colored maid brought in a plate of biscuits. When she turned to leave I called her back, and, while her eyes were fixed upon me, solemnly broke open one of the biscuits and extracted a half dollar from it.

Mrs. Lawrence immediately lost a good maid. The girl turned, ran to the kitchen, and hurried out the back door as fast as her legs would carry her.

A similar story, with a different sequel, has been told of the magician, Alexander Herrmann. He was dining at a hotel, and chanced to be at the same table with Bill Nye. A head of lettuce was served to Nye, and Herrmann suddenly reached across the table and extracted a valuable ring from the lettuce. He laid it on the table, saying, "Pardon me. Is this yours?"

The humorist calmly picked up the ring and replied: "Yes, indeed, I frequently leave valuables in strange places. But I have no use for it." And he thereupon presented the ring to the waitress! Herrmann had a great time getting the ring back!

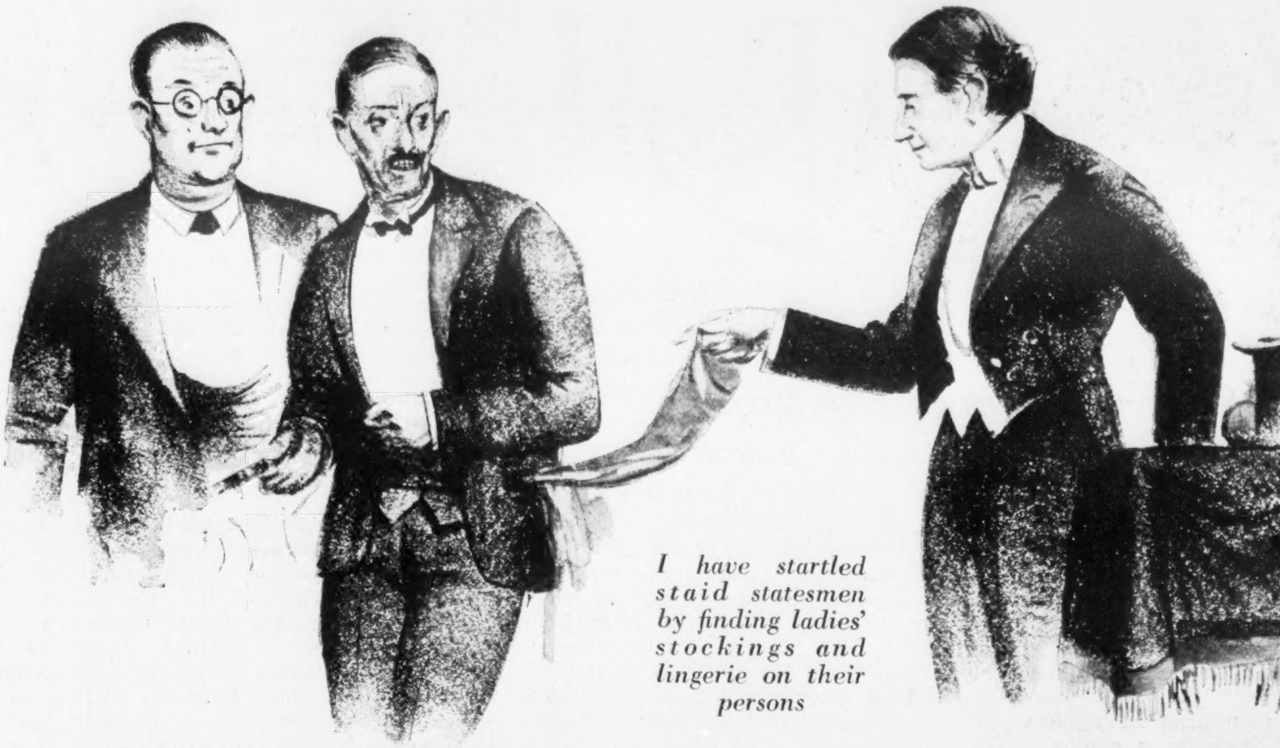
Once, when I was traveling from Butte City to Denver, our party stopped at an Indian camp. I proceeded to mystify the natives with sleight of hand, and terminated my performances by finding three twenty-dollar gold pieces in the pocket of an Indian. Delighted at the discovery of so much wealth, the Indian promptly claimed the money, and to my discomfiture the chief of the tribe agreed that the gold belonged to his henchman.

I didn't relish the idea of losing sixty dollars, so I stated that I could produce still greater wonders for the Indian.

I took the three gold pieces and apparently wrapped them in a handkerchief, which I tied in several tight knots. I told the Indian that the coins were multiplying, which he believed, as he could feel more than three coins through the cloth. I then added that he must sleep on the handkerchief overnight and not open it until the morning, otherwise the charm would be broken. The Indian guarded the handkerchief closely (it held $6 in silver), and had not opened it when we left the camp.

One time Servais Le Roy, the illusionist, was playing in Milwaukee. He ran out of rabbits—a serious situation for any magician. Le Roy found that an old German who lived outside of the city raised rabbits. He immediately went to the farm. The rabbits were there—plenty of them—and the required number was soon bought and paid for. Le Roy was so pleased that he pulled out a pad of his personal passes and wrote out one for the farmer and his wife. The German took one look at the pass, and his eye fell upon a picture of a devil that adorned the slip of paper. Then he seized the rabbits and threw the money back in Le Roy's hands. He would have nothing to do with any transaction in which the devil was concerned.

Many funny mistakes are made by magicians' assistants. I recently heard of an assistant who had to disappear from the stage, run around the corner from the stage door, and make his appearance in the front of the house. On a Monday the show arrived in a city where the theatre was located on a corner, but the entrance was several doors down the street. Between the entrance and the corner there was a small motion-picture house, which had a pretentious box office.



I have startled staid statesmen by finding ladies' stockings and lingerie on their persons

The assistant started from the stage door, rounded the corner and, seeing the box office of the movie house, mistook it for the entrance to his theatre. He pushed the ticket taker aside, rushed past the ushers, dashed down the aisle, fired a pistol, and shouted, "Here I am!"

Then he discovered his mistake.

Magic Has Its Tragedies

ONE winter in Minneapolis the bird net with which I perform a "pigeon catching" trick needed repair. I sent one of my assistants to have it mended, and he must have been a funny sight, carrying a net with a six-foot pole, with the weather twenty below zero.

He happened to pass a policeman. The officer of the law eyed him suspiciously; then asked:

"What's the idea of the net?"

My assistant was in a playful mood, so he held his finger to his lips, looked cautiously about him, and replied:

"Shhhh! Don't tell anyone. I'm going to catch butterflies!"

The policeman decided to humor him. "Come with me," he said gently, "and I'll show you a wonderful place to catch them. Pink ones—gold ones—spotted ones—big ones—"

Realizing that he had been taken seriously, my assistant decided to explain matters.

"I was only joking," he laughed. "This net belongs to Thurston, the magician. I'm taking it to be repaired."

The policeman was still incredulous.

"And what does he do with a net like that?" he asked.

The assistant saw an opportunity to describe the wonders of my show, so he replied:

"Why, Thurston uses it in his performances. He waves it in the air, and every time he does a live pigeon appears in the net, and he throws the bird in a basket. He catches pigeon after pigeon. They come from nowhere—"

The policeman grabbed his arm.

"Come along with me!" he said firmly. "Now I know you're loony!"

Not all the mistakes of magicians and their assistants have fortunate endings. There have been tragedies—grim ones—that have brought sorrow and ended brilliant careers.

For many, many years, magicians have presented a magical effect known as the "bullet catching" trick. This trick was originated about the year 1780. Philip Astley, an English equestrian, so the story goes, was an officer in a British regiment stationed in India. Two young officers quarreled and arranged a duel. Astley, who was something of a conjurer, obtained possession of the pistols, and arranged them so that the bullets could be secretly extracted. When the duelists fired, their charges were blanks, and neither man was harmed.

Upon his return to England Astley elaborated upon his experiment and presented the bullet catching trick, in which a marked bullet was put into a gun and fired at the magician, who, uninjured, caught it between his teeth. Other magicians duplicated the trick, and there began a long series of fatalities that have occurred over a period of more than a century.

One of the earliest tragedies occurred at Strasbourg, where a magician named De Grisy performed the trick in a William Tell tableau.

The magician placed an apple upon the head of his son, and shot a marked bullet into the core of the fruit. Unfortunately, the trick went wrong, and the boy was killed.

In November, 1824, a conjurer named De Linsky presented the trick at Arnstadt, Germany. His wife was the target of the muskets of several assistants, who were dressed as soldiers. In biting the cartridges the men were supposed to extract the bullets with their teeth. One of the "soldiers" neglected this important item. Madame De Linsky was killed.

One of the most famous of all magicians was the celebrated "Wizard of the North," Professor Anderson, who performed between the years 1830 and 1860. While appearing in England Anderson presented the bullet catching trick and on one occasion made the mistake of inviting on the stage a man who was acquainted with the secret of the trick. The volunteer assistant refused to let Anderson touch the gun. He loaded the bullet, and pointed the gun at the wizard, expecting him to throw up his hands in fright.

But Anderson was a real magician. He would never admit a mistake. He knew that his reputation was hanging in the balance. The audience had sensed that something unusual was on, and all waited in eager expectancy. The wizard was a man of iron nerve. With perfect sangfroid he stood before his would-be executioner and ordered him to fire!

Anderson knew he was facing almost certain death, but his indomitable courage won the day. The man hesitated, laid down the gun, and left the stage. Whereupon Anderson called for a man with more bravery and, when he had obtained a volunteer, carried the trick through.

Such famous magicians as Robert Houdin and Alexander Herrmann frequently presented the bullet catching trick and never suffered injury. Herrmann's gun illusion was a sensational feat. A squad of soldiers, under the command of a sergeant, comprised the firing party. The guns were loaded with cartridges which contained marked bullets. The soldiers stood upon a platform erected in the center of the theatre, and Herrmann stationed himself upon the stage. When the guns were fired at him Herrmann caught the bullets upon a plate and immediately passed them on to be identified.

One Too Many for Chung Ling Soo

HERRMANN'S stage manager was a man named Billy Robinson, a versatile genius whose knowledge of magic was universally recognized. After Herrmann's death, Robinson traveled with Leon Herrmann, Alexander's nephew, and was also with Harry Kellar for some time. Then he decided to appear as a magician, but met with no success until he adopted a Chinese costume and billed himself as "Chung Ling Soo." It was several years before the public learned that he was really an American.

Robinson featured the bullet catching trick for many years, and, near the close of the Great War, appeared with it in his program on the stage of the Wood Green Empire Theatre, in London. On March 23, 1918, he was accidentally shot while performing the illusion, and died in the hospital the next morning.

The coroner's inquest revealed that the rifle used in the trick was defective. It was of the old-fashioned type, with a hollow shaft underneath, for a ramrod. As the ramrod was not used, the end of the lower tube was plugged. When the gun was fired, due to wear, the explosion carried through the lower tube, and blew out the plug, causing the magician's death.

The best of tricks sometimes go wrong. A magician must always remember this and guard himself and his assistants against harm. No better advice was ever given than that which the great Harry Kellar passed to me, and which I now pass on to all magicians, present and future:

"Make your tricks fool-proof!"

RUTH

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

She was famous and successful, but she was also a woman

RUTH had just won a medal of some kind awarded by a scientific society. She is a chemist. I do not understand such matters, so Tom, her husband, tried to explain them to me during lunch at the club. He was fairly bursting with pride. He is a mechanical engineer and professional inventor, a genius, I am told. It was obvious that I ought to call on Ruth and offer congratulations. I did so and thus happened to see the queer room Tom calls her junk shop. Ruth's father refers to it as the joss house.

Ruth and I went to school together. I fell in love with her at the age of nine and have never quite recovered. She posed as the Goddess of Liberty when her class was graduated from high school. Ever since then I have been a bit maudlin on the subject of patriotism. And I do not greatly admire Bartholdi's statue in New York Harbor. It is, perhaps, good enough as art, but I have seen the living goddess.

When I announced that I would call, Tom said: "I want to hatch a little conspiracy with you. Try to get a peek at that junk shop of hers and then kid her about it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he replied, "if the story of that room ever gets out it will hurt her professional standing. I wish she would cut it out."

I was about to ask what this mysterious—and evidently offensive—room contained when Ruth's father appeared. He is also a chemist and biologist, something else I know very little about. Tom gave him a summary of our conversation, concluding with an appeal for him to join in the request just addressed to me.

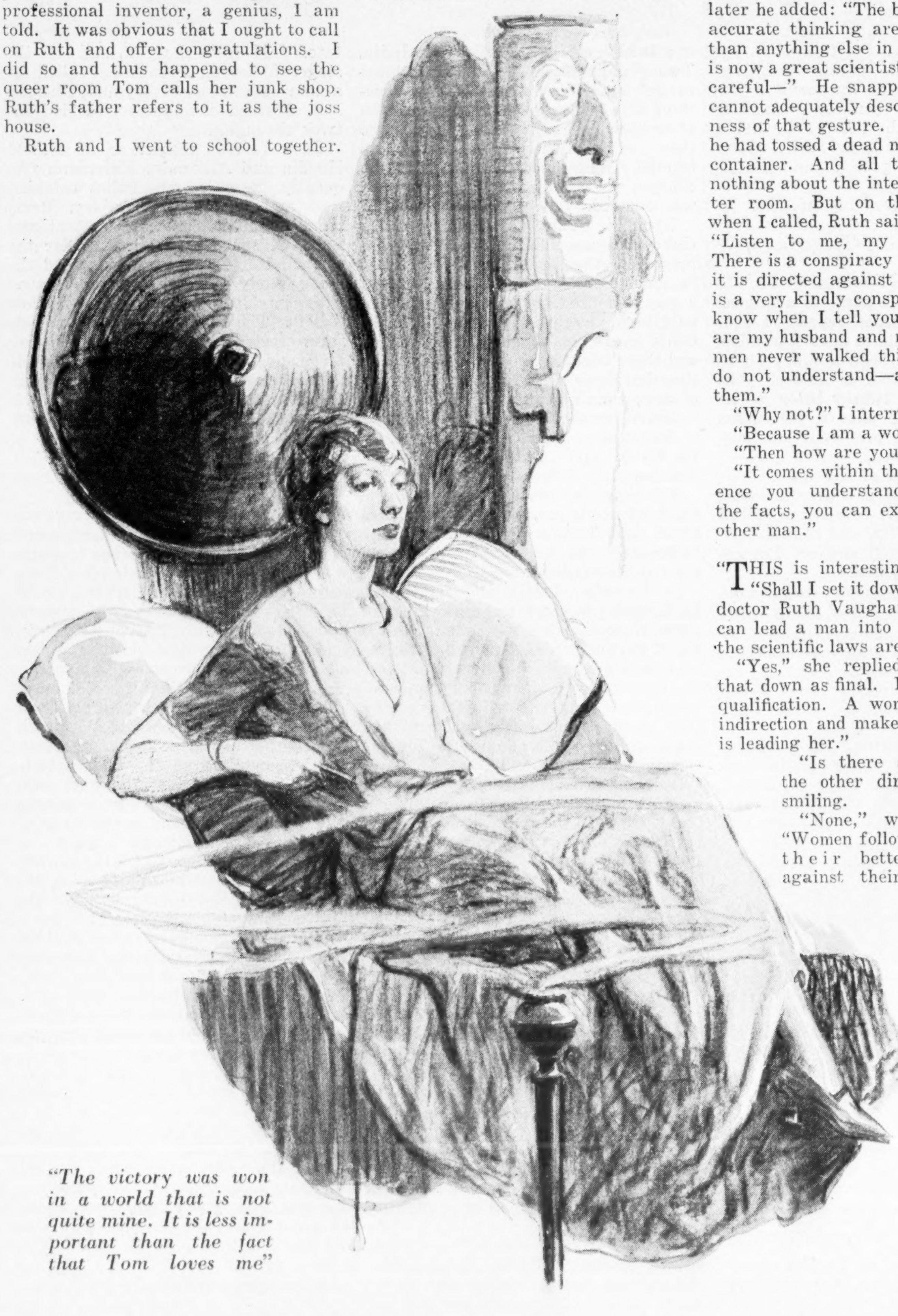
"By all means," he agreed. Then he said: "If Ruth isn't careful, she will be laughed at. Otherwise I don't mind. There is no great harm in it." His last sentence was not the truth. Ruth's father is a generous, tolerant, kindly man. It would be like him to say such a thing. But he didn't believe it. His expression betrayed him. A moment later he added: "The basic principles of accurate thinking are more important than anything else in the world. Ruth is now a great scientist, but if she is not careful—" He snapped his fingers. I cannot adequately describe the effectiveness of that gesture. It was as though he had tossed a dead mouse into a trash container. And all this time I knew nothing about the interior of that sinister room. But on the following day when I called, Ruth said, very earnestly: "Listen to me, my first sweetheart. There is a conspiracy in this house, and it is directed against your goddess. It is a very kindly conspiracy, as you will know when I tell you that the villains are my husband and my father. Finer men never walked this earth, but they do not understand—and I cannot tell them."

"Why not?" I interrupted.

"Because I am a woman."

"Then how are you to tell me?"

"It comes within the borders of a science you understand. Having heard the facts, you can explain them to another man."



"The victory was won in a world that is not quite mine. It is less important than the fact that Tom loves me"

"THIS is interesting," I commented. "Shall I set it down that the learned doctor Ruth Vaughan says no woman can lead a man into a new field where the scientific laws are strange to him?"

"Yes," she replied. "You may set that down as final. However, with one qualification. A woman may work by indirection and make the man think he is leading her."

"Is there any limitation in the other direction?" I asked, smiling.

"None," was her reply. "Women follow not only against their better judgment but against their positive knowledge; yes, even when they see the ears of a jackass flapping on the guide. They cannot help it." Ruth laughed, and so did I, after this speech. "It will not be that way forever," she added. "We women of this generation are paying a terrific price. We are the martyrs. We see things with open eyes; we read; men share their store of facts with us; some of us even think, but the ghostly hands of uncounted centuries pluck at our marching feet. Specters sneer at us in the night; they are jealous wraiths of long-departed female ancestors who were beasts of burden."

I LIGHTED a cigarette. Ruth stared at the blazing logs in the fireplace. Finally, after glancing at her wrist watch, she said: "I am going to show you something—a room, a sanctuary, a madhouse—call it what you will and think what you please, but do not laugh. We are going to spend an hour there. I want to tell you a story. After that—do as you please—but I think you will understand." She rose, and I followed.

A shaft of late afternoon sunshine glistened upon the polished oak door before which Ruth stopped; its glass knob was a flashing jewel until she took hold of it. The door swung open, and we looked into blackness pierced here and there by tiny dots of light like the eyes of cats in a dark cellar. Candles. The air was heavy with incense. We entered. She guided me to a chair that I could not see and then found another for herself; at the time it seemed that she merely disappeared. The first object that emerged out of the darkness was an enormous Alaskan totem pole reaching clear to the ceiling. Its malevolent green eyes contemplated me. I felt gooseflesh. Next I discerned a bronze Buddha more than life size. The air seemed cold. My feet and hands were chilled. I must have been very nervous. Looking around uneasily, I discovered some sort of Egyptian monster with wings, claws, and the mouth of an animal looming just behind and above me. Its dead, stone eyes were like the sockets of a skull.

Very gradually my own eyes adjusted themselves to the dim light, and I could see on the floor a geometric design done in fine sands of different colors. It was exotic, but had a weird beauty.

"What is that?" I asked, pointing.

"An Indian medicine man in New Mexico sold me those sands," Ruth answered, "also the pattern. It is a pattern that brings good luck." I recollected just in time to keep from laughing. On a low table near me there was a pile of little cards.

"May I smoke?" I asked.

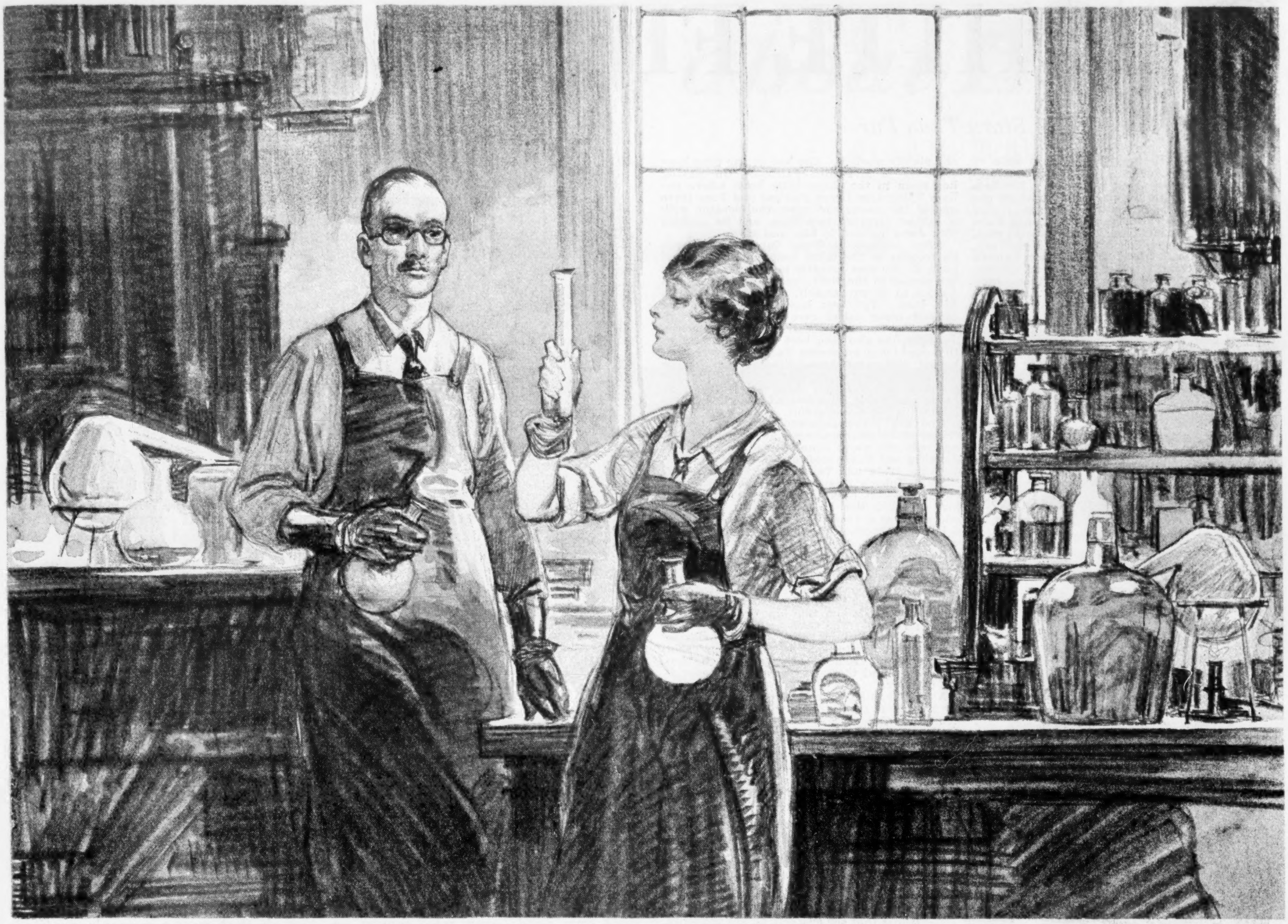
"Certainly," Ruth replied. I lighted a match and looked at the cards. They were covered with Chinese characters. Prayer papers, they are called. The room was filled with queer things.

"This is a very strange place, isn't it?" Ruth asked. Her voice was actually solemn.

"It is," I agreed, trying to speak casually.

"But not more strange than the world through which a woman walks," she added. "I am going to tell you a story." I waited perhaps fifteen seconds, but it seemed like a long time.

"When I was a girl and you used to look at me so adoringly," she began, "I worshiped my father. Any daughter would have done so. He was and is a sort of demigod, handsome, with the manners of a prince, marvelous in his chosen profession, sure of himself, a beautiful character. We worked together in his laboratory, and I did not realize at the time how much he was teaching me. He has hypnotic power with a woman. There are men like him. I have seen others. Such a man can pour his mind



"He has hypnotic power with a woman. It seemed that we would always go on working together"

into a woman so that she conceives not only his thoughts but his thought processes. He did that to me. It seemed that we would always go on working together; that chemists and biologists were the only important humans. All others were aliens; even insects.

"Later on, however, I began to wonder in a vague sort of way why we should devote our whole lives to this work. You see, he lived in and for science alone. I dared not ask him such questions. I was afraid he would vote me a fool. He was so sure of himself. But day by day I became less sure of myself. Something was going on in me that I couldn't express. One night we went to the theatre together. We were inseparable. After that I knew what was troubling me. I wanted to love and to be loved. For months I lived on romances of my own creation.

"And then I met Tom. The whole thing was mysterious and not of this earth. There was I, a romantic girl, dreaming of a handsome young scientist with charming manners—like my father—and in walked Tom! When he said he loved me I wasn't even astonished. I couldn't be certain that he was real—perhaps I had materialized him out of my dreams, somewhat as the fake mystics say they do. But that is only a part of the unreality. He thought I ought to go on with my work; that nothing should interrupt it. We spoke frankly of the possibility of children if we married and voted them out. He had his work to do and I had mine. We would be sweethearts all our lives. Can you imagine a more perfect lover for the girl I then was? And to make it the more complete my father warmly approved of Tom.

"I soared into love. Why do people say they fall into love? The sensation is precisely opposite. One soars. It is levitation, elevation; one swirls upward dizzily into unimaginable vistas of beauty. I was so happy that the fluttering of my own heart made me gasp.

"Well, we were married. I went on with my work. He went on with his. At that time none of us had much money. The chemical industry didn't amount to much in this country before the World War. And Tom had not yet perfected his first invention. He was on a salary. Father remained at home, but Tom and I lived in a little family hotel. Mother died, you recall, while I was in high school. The plan was for Tom and me to save our money so we could move east and find employment with larger firms.

"ONE afternoon when I was on my way home with my pay envelope, twenty-five dollars, I stopped in front of a shop window to see a display of aluminum kitchen ware. There was a saucepan I coveted. That window fascinated me. All the things in it seemed beautiful. There was an ice box. It was wonderful. I wanted all of those things. A sort of madness seized me. I stared as I have seen other women stare at jewels. I cannot tell you how much or in just what way I loved Tom. I wanted to cook for him. I recalled how happy my mother was when she cooked. It was her art. The table was always so beautiful. And her face—you could almost see the halo. So I bought that saucepan and hid it in my trunk.

"I continued to buy things, little odds and ends. Eventually my trunk was full. I hid other things in the closet, in the bureau drawers, everywhere. I became a silly magpie, always looking for a possible hiding place. And then I began to look at houses. On Sunday mornings I would read the advertisements of furniture shops. I did all of this secretly and with a feeling of guilt. During this time there was no question in my mind about the course Tom and I had planned. It was absolutely necessary for us to find a larger field. I knew I had no right to fritter away our money. But I could not resist. Sometimes Tom would find one of my purchases. All of them were not so cheap as saucepans. He knew I was wasting money, and quite a lot of it. He would say, 'You ought not to do that, Ruth.' But I had got hold of a habit-forming drug. I was in the grip of a vice. I was helpless. No one need ever tell me about the drug habit. I can understand how its victims suffer. Sometimes I used to wish that Tom would beat me, chain me to the bed, anything. My will power was apparently gone; at any rate, that is what I told myself at the time. No woman's will power is ever gone. As a matter of fact, I was indulging my will. We have that strange faculty of mind which makes it possible to blot out all obstructing facts. What we want we march toward. Reason in such circumstances deters our will, so we throw it overboard. Women can do that easily.

"Next I wanted a child. And I felt just as strongly about a child as about the furnishings for a house. It seemed to me that I would die—that I would choke to death if I could not have a baby. I used to visit an old woman who told fortunes with tea leaves and ask her if my children would be boys or girls. It was pleasant to talk this nonsense and listen to her. Another woman showed me how to read cards. It is absurd, of course, but I would spread them out and move them about, muttering a ridiculous incantation. But months passed and I was disappointed.

"ONE day I talked with a charming girl who had recently married. She was a Roman Catholic and informed me quite frankly that she was going to make a novena for a child. Now, you know, none of us have any religion, but immediately I asked that girl if I might go to church with her. Do you see how queer we are? I didn't believe in a novena, but I was none the less on fire with impatience to go with that girl. Well, we went to the church. That was in January. Louise was born the following November. I know nothing about novenas. On that score I have nothing to say. But the child was born just the same.

"Now the facts I have related are important only as they serve to point out to you that shortly after the wedding I was an entirely different sort of person from the girl Tom married. And mark this; I did

(Continued on page 42)

WHITE FIRE

By

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

The Story Thus Far

JUNE WYNNE, the lovely young wife of Tabor Wynne, of an old Philadelphia family, picks an unprovoked quarrel with her husband over a string of black pearls which she claims are imitation but which the reader surmises are real and the gift of Lance Fairless, a good-for-nothing young society man, who next day asks Tabor to go to New York, as a lawyer and friend, to buy back Lance's love letters from Jennifer Challis, an actress. That evening Tabor finds a note from June saying that she has gone to New York with her sister. Tabor follows but doesn't find her at her regular hotel.

Next day after cashing a check large enough to buy real pearls for June, Tabor calls on Jennifer, who proves to be very lovely. She returns the letters, refusing any money though she plainly needs it. She had at one time been sincerely in love with Fairless. On leaving her room in the cheap little hotel where she lives Tabor sees Lance Fairless and June leave one of the rooms and enter the elevator with a bellboy carrying two bags, and he realizes that June has lied to him and why.

After walking for hours in a pouring rain he returns to the hotel, scarcely conscious of his act. He sees Jennifer leaving. He follows her almost to the river, loses sight of her and decides to drown himself. But someone pulls him back. Ten days later he rouses to find himself being taken care of by Jennifer in the Maison Benelli, a theatrical boarding house. Jennifer had also been bent on self-destruction that night but on seeing Tabor had forgotten herself and saved him. Finding him ill she had secured rooms and introduced him as her husband, Tabor Drew. They decide to go on living under this arrangement though their relationship remains platonic.

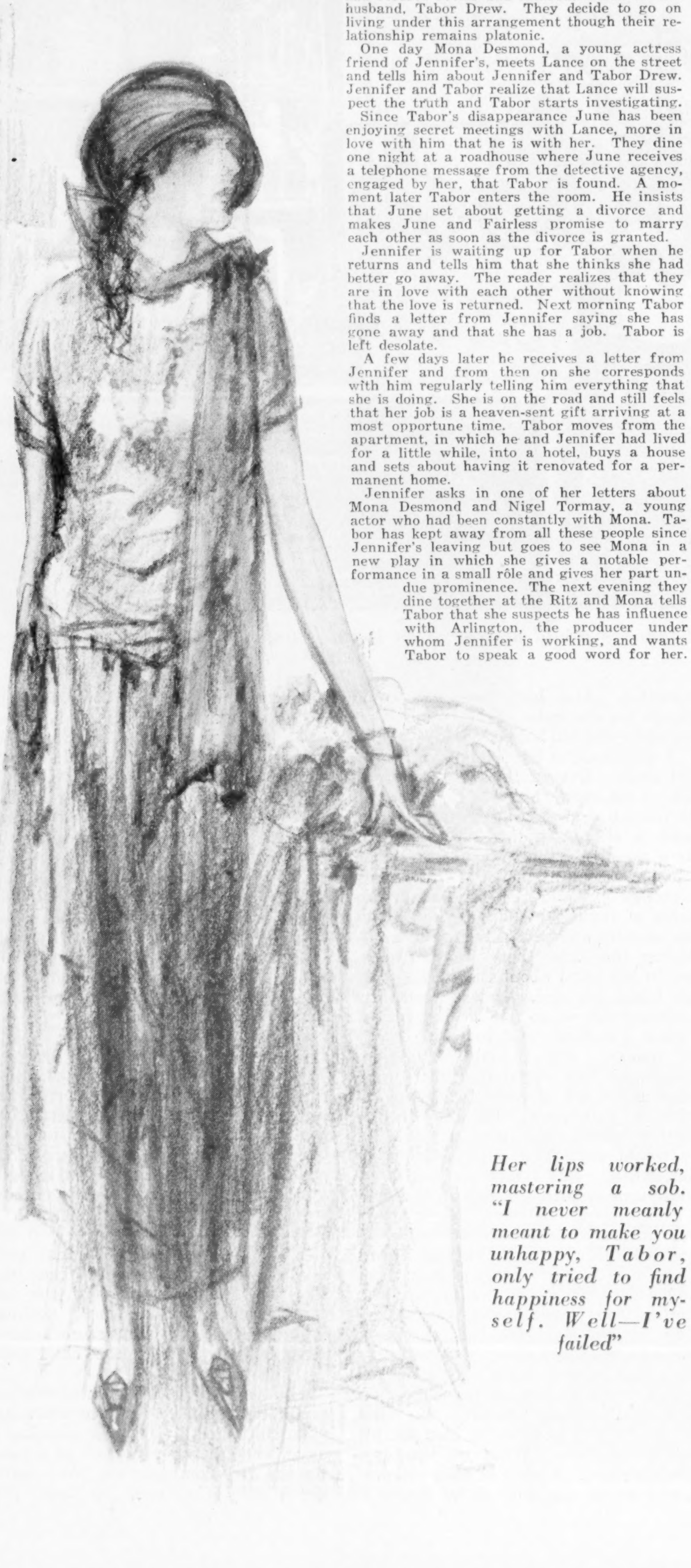
One day Mona Desmond, a young actress friend of Jennifer's, meets Lance on the street and tells him about Jennifer and Tabor Drew. Jennifer and Tabor realize that Lance will suspect the truth and Tabor starts investigating.

Since Tabor's disappearance June has been enjoying secret meetings with Lance, more in love with him that he is with her. They dine one night at a roadhouse where June receives a telephone message from the detective agency, engaged by her, that Tabor is found. A moment later Tabor enters the room. He insists that June set about getting a divorce and makes June and Fairless promise to marry each other as soon as the divorce is granted.

Jennifer is waiting up for Tabor when he returns and tells him that she thinks she had better go away. The reader realizes that they are in love with each other without knowing that the love is returned. Next morning Tabor finds a letter from Jennifer saying she has gone away and that she has a job. Tabor is left desolate.

A few days later he receives a letter from Jennifer and from then on she corresponds with him regularly telling him everything that she is doing. She is on the road and still feels that her job is a heaven-sent gift arriving at a most opportune time. Tabor moves from the apartment, in which he and Jennifer had lived for a little while, into a hotel, buys a house and sets about having it renovated for a permanent home.

Jennifer asks in one of her letters about Mona Desmond and Nigel Tormay, a young actor who had been constantly with Mona. Tabor has kept away from all these people since Jennifer's leaving but goes to see Mona in a new play in which she gives a notable performance in a small rôle and gives her part undue prominence. The next evening they dine together at the Ritz and Mona tells Tabor that she suspects he has influence with Arlington, the producer under whom Jennifer is working, and wants Tabor to speak a good word for her.



Her lips worked, mastering a sob. "I never meanly meant to make you unhappy, Tabor, only tried to find happiness for myself. Well—I've failed"

Part VIII

"I'M AFRAID," Tabor protested with an even more invalid show of brazening it out, no matter what—"I'm afraid you overrate the value of my acquaintance with Mr. Arlington. As a matter of fact, we are anything but old friends, and—"

"Snap out of it, Tabby! This is Mona speaking." That charming young person made a naughty face at him, but straightway made amends for it with a look that spoke almost too candidly of affectionate understanding. "You are an innocent, you know—precisely what Nigel used to insist you were—and I'm an old woman of the world. Why, my dear, if they ever suspected how much I know, they'd put me in jail for safe keeping."

Tabor, finding himself reduced to a rather sickly "Oh?" for all comment, tried to bolster it up with a brave smile and succeeded only in looking unspeakably apprehensive. He heard, however, no malice in Mona's laughter.

"Oh, don't be alarmed! I'm not going to make you unhappy telling you all I know; it wouldn't be decent—your poor dear inhibitions wouldn't heal up for weeks. I just want to tip you off, as a pal: forgetting that your little Mona is one wise dame won't get you anywhere."

"I'm not sure," Tabor feebly argued—"but this to me sounds suspiciously like blackmail."

"I know. But what would you? What's a young thing all on her own in a cold hard world going to do if she doesn't make use of her friends when she's got something on them? But I'm terribly fond of you, Tabby, I am truly; so I'm going to tell you something for your own good: even wise money on Broadway hasn't ever found out yet how to keep its secrets. Well, then: how much show do you imagine innocent money stands of edging into the show business without being caught in the act?"

"Don't you think," Tabor suggested, rallying a little, "you might take into consideration the educational advantages I lacked in younger years, Mona, and try to speak a tongue I can better understand?"

"Why, this is what I mean, Tabby: these foreign noblemen who hold the fate of the draymah in America in the hollows of their hands—"

"Sorry, but you will simply have to talk down to me, Mona."

"Oh, well, maybe they are mostly native-born or naturalized: all the same, Old Home Week to them means happy days in the Holy Land. . . . I'm telling you, these managers of ours spend a lot of their important time nosing out what the other guys are planning to do next and trying to beat them to it. Every guy that's got a show on his shoe string knows the chances are half his office force is on some other manager's pay roll too, and the only way he can break even is to go and do likewise. If you want to put all Broadway wise to anything private and personal, don't waste time broadcasting it by radio; just let it leak out in strict confidence in Arlington's or any other manager's office—you'll be surprised."

"I don't mind admitting I am," Tabor ruefully stated.

"Tell you what, Tabby, I'll make you a fair gambling proposition: If, when I meet you for dinner to-morrow, I can tell you how much money the No. 3 Marriage Market Company played to last week, and whose check went into Charley Arlington's bank account to make up the shortage and keep the troupe from being called in—will you promise to tell Charley, next time you meet, I'm a nice little thing with an affectionate nature and a widowed mama I'm awfully good to, and not only that but an artiste to my finger tips?"

"But if he should insist on my explaining in what way you're an artiste?" Tabor objected. "I'd have to lie like a gentleman—and you're making me believe I'm not too good at that sort of thing—or Arlington would refer me on to Police Headquarters with my information."

"Do stop trying to make yourself out such a dumb Otis, Tabby. You know perfectly well I'd never tell on you, no matter even if you hardened your heart and refused to give a poor working girl a lift."

REVIEWING this conversation as he walked home alone, Tabor inclined to suspect that the young woman had been rather more ingenious in dealing with him than her rattling form had led him to believe. It seemed probable that he had a guilty conscience to thank, more than the weird intimacy with his affairs which Mona had alleged, for the circumstance that she was now a full party to his jealously shielded secret. So he went to bed more annoyed than amused and woke up of a firmer mind, thoroughly decided that he would do nothing to seal with certainty the admission which he had let himself be tricked and bulldozed into making by default.

A secret shared with Mona, even though that young person's gratitude might be added, was hardly calculated to remain a secret long to Jennifer. Means must be found, other than one which would merely confirm her suspicions, to keep the girl so busy and content that she wouldn't be tempted to babble her mind to Jennifer. Arlington, Tabor didn't doubt, would be able to point a way out. For if the little he had thus far found time to learn had satisfied Tabor that all the ways of the theatre behind the scenes are dark, its politics a web of indirection, he was as well satisfied that in Charles B. Arlington he had found the most seasoned of guides.

But Tabor was reckoning without those imps of perverse humor, who are manifestly charged with the direction of most mortal affairs and who, recognizing the stubborn temper of the man, had, it transpired, already taken steps.

Arlington, being duly approached, proved disconcertingly replete with information and unsympathetic.

"You're too late, old boy," he interrupted when Tabor had worked round to a diplomatic mention of Miss Desmond's game. "Her business is being attended to already."

"Indeed?" Tabor blinked in mild bewilderment. "How do you mean?"

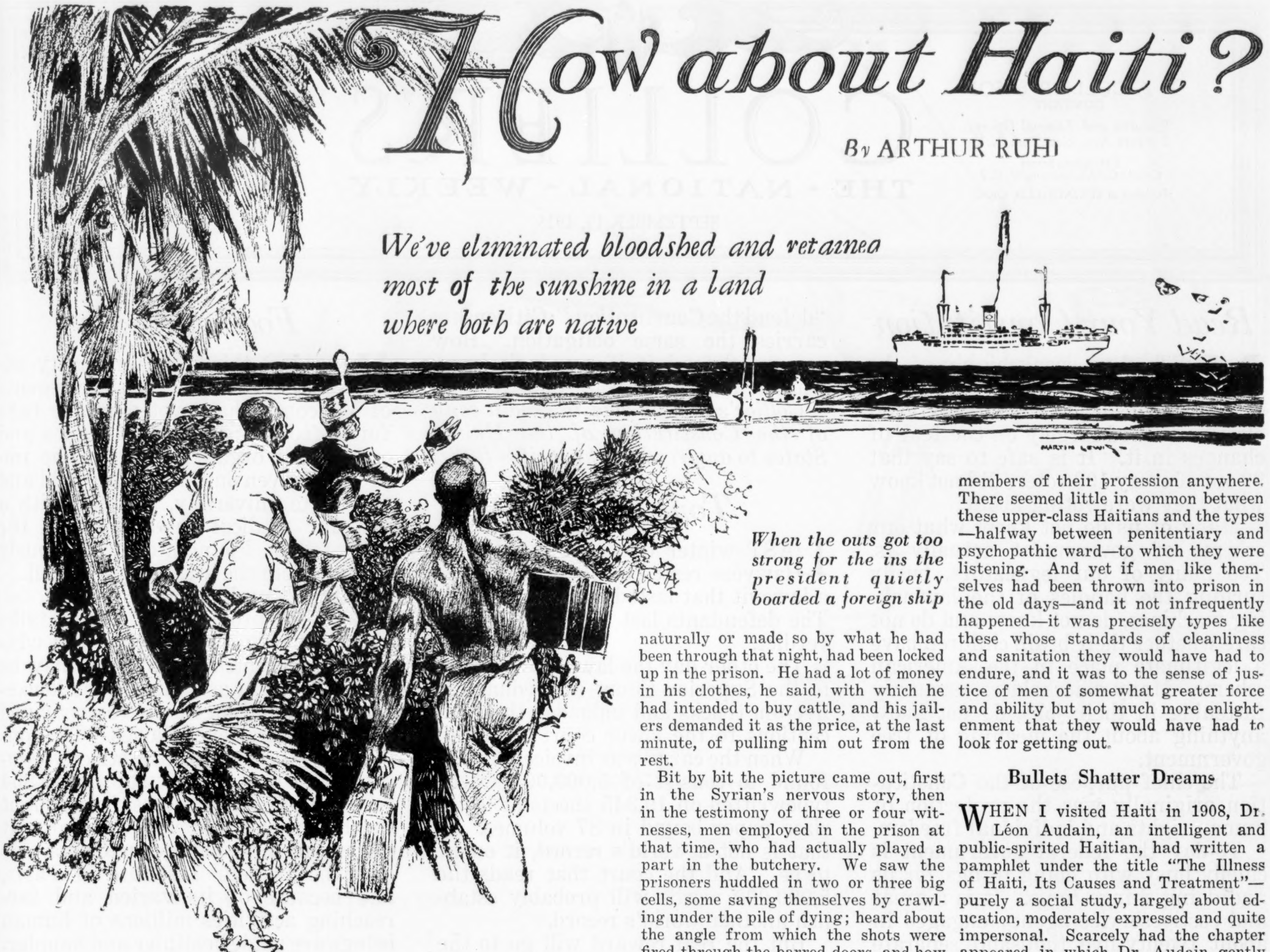
"She's in Billy Coin's office now"—Arlington named his first lieutenant—"signing up for next year and giving us an option on her services for five to follow—at a fair increase in salary per annum, of course."

"Oh!" Tabor's exclamation was hardly as enthusiastic as the manager had expected, and Arlington's eyes quizzically narrowed and the lips beneath his graying (*Continued on page 32*)

How about Haiti?

By ARTHUR RUHL

We've eliminated bloodshed and retained most of the sunshine in a land where both are native



When the outs got too strong for the ins the president quietly boarded a foreign ship

PEOPLE get up at the crack of dawn in Port-au-Prince, as they should in the tropics. By nine o'clock the sun is a blinding searchlight, and by noon you seem to have been up for a long time. After luncheon it is much less easy to work than to sit in the shade, gazing at the incredible lapis lazuli of the harbor and musing, a bit indulgently, perhaps, on the no less incredible civilization of skyscrapers and whirling insects left behind in the north. It was during this drowsy part of the blazing Antillean afternoon that I occasionally dropped into the Court of Claims.

They sat in a cool room opening on an arcade above the Rue Ferou—three judges, a Haitian, an American, and a Frenchman, gnawing methodically and with great decorum at the mountain of claims piled up during several generations of that vivacious and picturesque—if rather wasteful—Haitian political life that existed before the Americans came.

More often than not, the hearings consisted merely of the reading, at breathless speed, of long protocols in French and a curt reference of the case to executive session. But sometimes witnesses were heard, and one afternoon a curtain was suddenly drawn back from a midnight of ten years ago, and across the peaceful—if somewhat cramped—present the past drew its trail of smoke and blood.

A Syrian—there used to be a good many Syrian merchants in Haiti—was suing the government for $11,000 which he said had been taken from him as the price of saving his life from that general butchery of political prisoners which President Guillaume Sam ordered on a July night in 1915 just before he fled from the Palace to the French Legation. The custom in Haiti, when the outs showed that they were too strong for the ins, had been for the president quietly to board some foreign ship in the roadstead or seek asylum in the French Legation, and thence proceed to some of the near-by islands. It was the regular thing, and done so expeditiously that a "revolution" caused scarcely more disturbance, often, than would a hotly contested election. President Sam, however, seems to have had a sort of *crise de nerfs,* and before running ordered all the prisoners in the Port-au-Prince jail shot.

The Jail Runs Red

THE insane order was carried out almost automatically by underlings too depraved or too fearful for their own skins to do anything else, and something like a hundred, including members of some of the best families of the capital, perished miserably. The populace saw red, naturally, when the news got round, broke into the French Legation next day and killed Sam himself. It was this trespassing on French territory and the disorder which accompanied it which was the immediate cause of the landing of our Marines.

The Syrian, a glowering, wild-eyed man of middle age, either half-mad naturally or made so by what he had been through that night, had been locked up in the prison. He had a lot of money in his clothes, he said, with which he had intended to buy cattle, and his jailers demanded it as the price, at the last minute, of pulling him out from the rest.

But by bit the picture came out, first in the Syrian's nervous story, then in the testimony of three or four witnesses, men employed in the prison at that time, who had actually played a part in the butchery. We saw the prisoners huddled in two or three big cells, some saving themselves by crawling under the pile of dying; heard about the angle from which the shots were fired through the barred doors, and how the drain was stopped up to keep the blood from running into the street.

But it was not so much the story that clutched the fancy, for everybody knew the story, as it was the personality of these former prison employees—the actual living and breathing relics of a not unimportant part of those good old Haitian days. A hooded executioner with his dripping ax, or a band of Inquisitors with thumb screws and rack, suddenly materializing before some placid class in medieval history, could scarcely have rasped the fancy with a sharper sense of forgotten realities—however occasional they may have been—than did these cutthroats, unconcernedly dumping their horrors into the urbane sessions of the Court of Claims.

Two of them—a sawed-off, sullen, pock-marked Negro, and a tall one with jerky manners and shifty eyes—seemed "defective." Another, almost too much "all there," with his impudent fencing with his examiners and the smirking satisfaction with which he rattled off his story ("Does it seem possible," muttered one of the Haitian spectators, "that nobody has had the courage to kill him before this?") would have been, because of his comparative intelligence and more conscious cruelty, an even less agreeable overseer.

The Haitian member of the Court of Claims was the son of that distinguished Haitian of whom Lord Pauncefote is said to have remarked that he was "the ablest diplomat I have ever known." The lawyers presenting the claims were men of education and social experience who would have been at home with members of their profession anywhere. There seemed little in common between these upper-class Haitians and the types—halfway between penitentiary and psychopathic ward—to which they were listening. And yet if men like themselves had been thrown into prison in the old days—and it not infrequently happened—it was precisely types like these whose standards of cleanliness and sanitation they would have had to endure, and it was to the sense of justice of men of somewhat greater force and ability but not much more enlightenment that they would have had to look for getting out.

Bullets Shatter Dreams

WHEN I visited Haiti in 1908, Dr. Léon Audain, an intelligent and public-spirited Haitian, had written a pamphlet under the title "The Illness of Haiti, Its Causes and Treatment"—purely a social study, largely about education, moderately expressed and quite impersonal. Scarcely had the chapter appeared in which Dr. Audain gently suggested that a good deal of the country's vitality was being wasted on a standing army which was useless to repel invasion than President Nord Alexis suppressed the little paper which had published it, discharged its editor from his position as professor in the Lycée National, and exacted from Dr. Audain an apology, written as if the latter were some criminal begging forgiveness of the Grand Monarch.

President Antoine Simon having displaced Nord Alexis when I arrived at that time, the papers were just daring to mention the execution of the Haitian poet Massilon Coicou and his friends, which had taken place a few months before. Coicou had been *chargé d'affaires* at Paris and had had a play produced there. He ran a little magazine in Port-au-Prince and managed a theatre. "Denounced" for plotting a revolution, young Coicou and ten others were pulled out of their beds one night—seventeen more were executed next day—marched to the cemetery, shot and thrown into their graves. When the foreign ministers went there next morning the freshly turned earth was all that told how many had been killed, and it was not until months later that "Le Nouvelliste"—which never wearies now of attacking the Occupation—could refer to "the tragic night when the sweet dreamer who was Massilon Coicou fell, pierced by infamous bullets, without our being permitted to salute his memory with one word of regret."

Nobody likes to have his country run by outsiders. We, in a similar situation, would *(Continued on page 51)*

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Read Your Constitution

MOST of us speak highly of the Constitution. Few of us ever read it. A year ago the national election turned largely on the fear of changes in it. It is safe to say that 99 out of every 100 voters did not know what they were voting about.

Many of us do not know what our scheme of government actually is. Too many of our legislators, busily turning the handles of the lawmaking machines, do not know and do not care whether their brain children have a legitimate place in the American scheme. Many officeholders, earnestly fattening in their jobs, do not know anything about the meaning of free government.

The chief purpose of the Constitution originally was the protection of human rights and individual freedom.

To-day the federal government is chiefly busy with doing things *for* us and doing things *to* us. It is a great and costly service agency engaged in about twenty-five thousand separate and distinct occupations. It spends every year billions of dollars, and it has to spread them pretty thin to cover all the tasks that enthusiasts, cranks and selfish interests discover for it.

And while trying to help us with one hand, the government is spanking us with the other. Congress has passed about fifty thousand laws. No one could enforce them all. The desk of every federal attorney is jammed with cases which he could not prepare and bring to trial if he held office for fifty years. And the citizen goes his way daily wondering what laws he is breaking.

The debate over states' rights is livelier than ever. The dread of centralized power stalks abroad. One group cries out that we are suffering from "government by the courts." Another replies that the courts are our only bulwarks of Americanism.

There should be no rush and sudden changes in our system, but we know that changes must and will be made. Unless a majority of the people know what it is all about we shall go on prescribing cures which are worse than the diseases to be remedied.

Every officeholder takes an oath to "defend the Constitution." Citizenship carries the same obligation. How can we defend it if we don't know what it is? Read your Constitution.

Collier's will be glad to send a copy of the Constitution of the United States to any reader who writes for it.

Tons of Talk

LAST winter two crews of Boston lawyers rested on their oars after a lawsuit that lasted thirteen months. The defendants lost by a $10,000,000 verdict.

The other day the lawyers drove up to the Superior Court at Dedham in five-ton trucks and unloaded their exceptions to the lower court's verdict.

When the cargo was invoiced, it was found to consist of 5,000,000 words typewritten on 19,345 sheets of legal-sized paper bound in 87 volumes. If that is not a world's record, it ought to be. And the court that reads the 5,000,000 words will probably establish another world's record.

But the real reward will go to the automotive manufacturer who first comes out with a lawyer's brief truck.

The Open Gate

CAUGHT one morning sneaking into an amusement park high up on the Palisades, across the Hudson from his Riverside Drive home, they took Eddie Shields, a lad of sixteen, to the manager's office. He'd risked his life that way, crossing railroad tracks and climbing a cliff, for three years. And always in the morning.

"Well, sonny," said the manager, "don't you know there is no admission charge to get in this park up to noon hour each day the park is open?"

"For the luvva Mike!" exclaimed the boy as he slumped down in his chair.

Don't blame Eddie too much; he's cured. But almost every day one reads of expert and hard-working men who try to sneak into prosperity by forging, counterfeiting, bank burglary and like endeavors. That same skill and toil in business would land them much further inside the gates of success. You don't have to sneak in or crash that gate; in Uncle Sam's big park it's made to swing open.

Foolish Pride

WHAT'S this? A university refusing money? Yes, the regents of Wisconsin have voted not to take funds from "incorporated bodies and endowment organizations." The impression given out is that this bold and free state university, tempted with a gift for medical research from the Rockefeller Foundation, virtuously shrank from the sticky touch of oil.

That is probably not correct, although one prominent alumnus talks about "that fearless sifting and winnowing by which alone truth may be found." So far as we know, the Rockefeller Foundation has never cramped the style of its beneficiaries. The conditions it lays down are strictly educational. Last year it supported 864 fellowships. It has successfully fought the hookworm and yellow fever. It built a medical college in China. It aids the Pasteur Institute in Paris, and because of its varied and far-reaching activities millions of human beings are made healthier and happier.

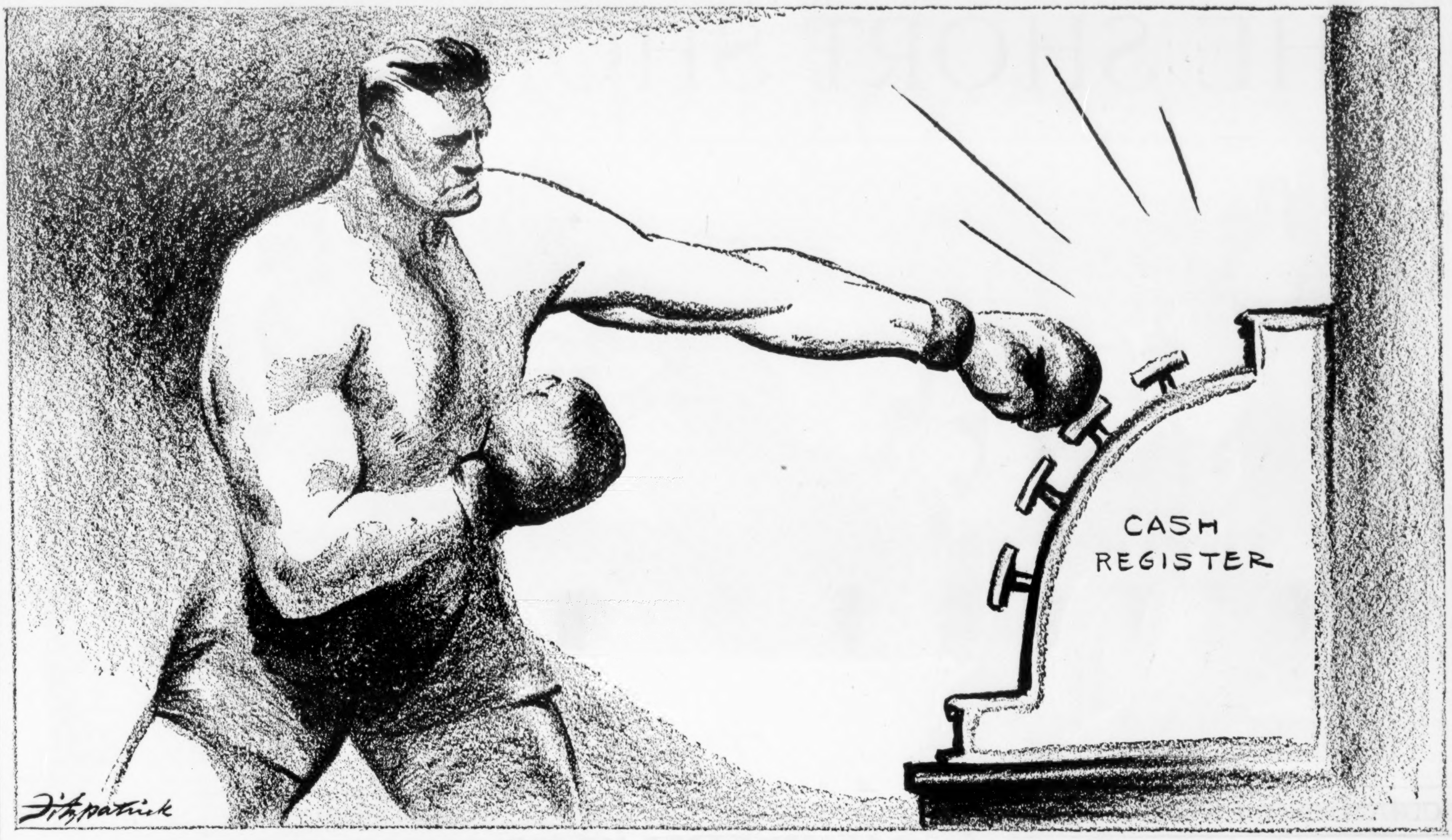
We are all for academic freedom. But we have no patience with a false pride which prates about "tainted money" and cries "holier than thou" to a useful and noble institution.

The Oldest School

IN DISTRICT number five near Forestburg, New York, Mrs. Mary Hickey teaches school. The school consists solely of her daughter Anna. Just the two of them!

In a Jersey backyard the other day lit a ring-necked pheasant followed by two of her brood. She taught them how to search the lawn for grubs and other food and how to take a dust bath under the little pear tree. Scholarship was rewarded with prize worms. Those birds were getting a thorough vocational education, combined with domestic science and recreation! All from Mother.

Daily from a hundred courtrooms comes the verdict that children go wrong not so much from learning evil as from lack of the good their parents might have taught them. Mother and child is the best and oldest school of all.



The Manly Art

Your New Doctor

BY DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND

United States Senator from New York

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THE old family doctor has served his day and generation well. When he goes, and in the course of events he will go, he will not be succeeded by the new family doctor. His work will be done by the health counselor, who will wear the same M. D. behind his name although its meaning will be different.

The doctor of the future will be a practitioner of preventive rather than corrective medicine; he will be paid and expected to prevent sickness rather than to cure it. Medical training of the most enlightened kind is pointed that way. A well-known teacher of preventive medicine once said that hygeia, the science of preventive medicine, has long been the Cinderella of the medical family. True. The effect has been that the average physician has failed to see as clearly as he should that he has a part to play in public health organization; that he is expected to support local authorities by coöperating with them in all intelligent movements for the elimination of disease; that the practice of medicine is an important community function; that private health is public business.

At many medical schools the doctors of the future are being trained in sanitary surveys—of villages, towns and small cities. Undergraduates study community topography, analyses of water supply, sewage, disposal of refuse, vital statistics, milk supply, hygiene, ventilation of public places, and similar subjects.

In brief, the aim is what I believe to be absolutely sound, absolutely essential—the training of the medical student in the knowledge of the physical environment in which the people live to whom he hopes to minister. It provides the student with a background for the practice of preventive medicine, which is in every way as important as the hospital interneship that concludes the usual medical course.

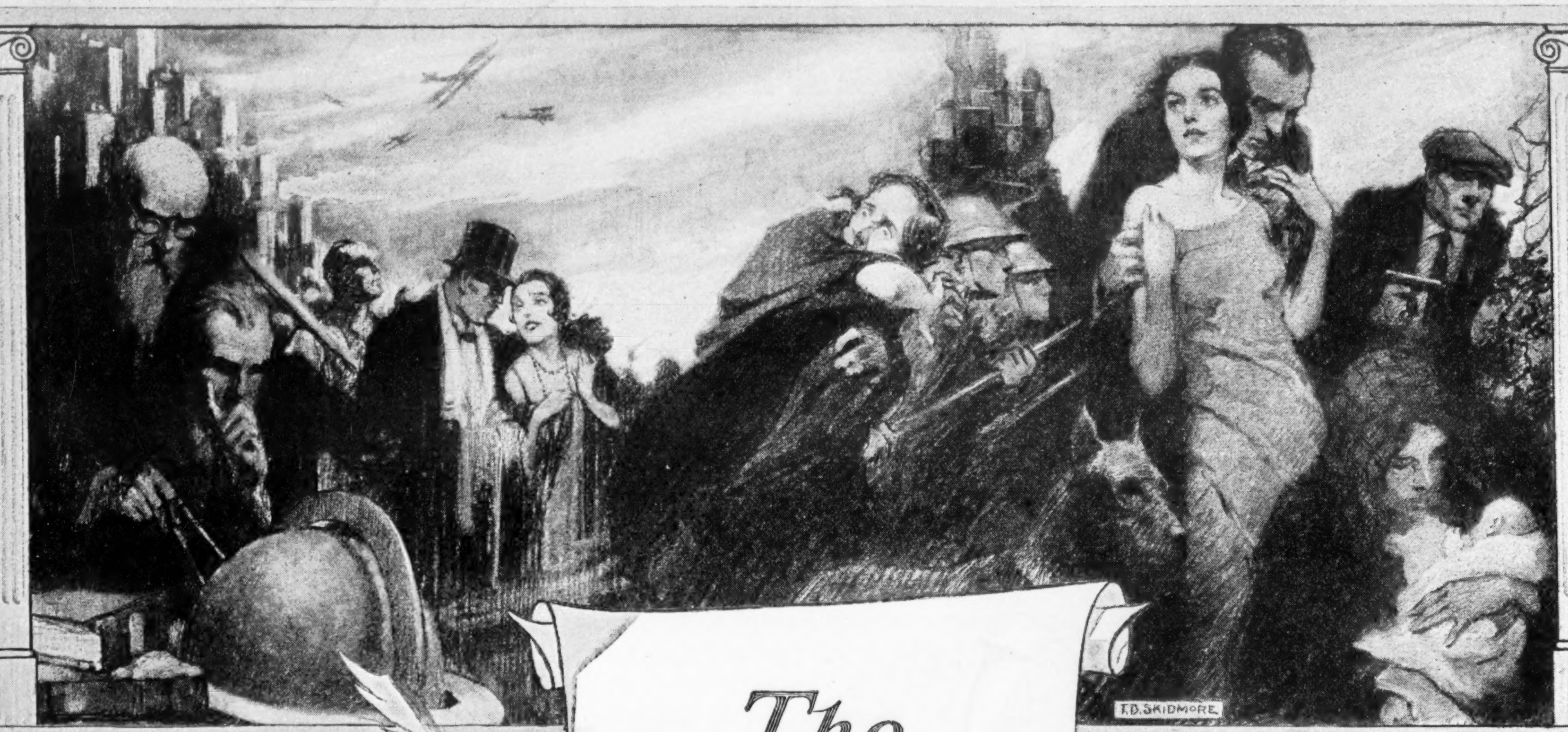
Before preventive medicine proved its claim to first importance among the most progressive medical schools, there had been a general superstition that rural life was inherently more healthful and wholesome than town or city life. The old family well, the athletic exercise with plow and hoe, the mental serenity coming from direct contact with nature were lyrically extolled. But along came the men who believe that while facts may be less beautiful they are more valuable than lyrics.

Examination of half a million school children in rural districts revealed the truth that physical defects occur more frequently among them than among city school children. What was the solution? Preventive medicine and the operation in rural districts of physicians trained in preventive medicine.

It will not be enough for the doctor of the future to be able to read surface symptoms and prescribe medicine to that reading. He must know how his people live, what is wrong with their manner and method of living and how the wrong thing can be righted. He will know that, in preserving health, modern sanitation goes further than old-fashioned sympathy. The work in lecture-rooms and laboratories of the medical student of to-day, who will be the doctor of the future, will be supplemented by practical experience in the field.

By thus studying not only the human body but also the physical conditions of living that necessarily affect that body, the doctor of the future will be equipped, as he should be, to make private practice a contribution to the public good. And the patient of the future will learn that it is more profitable to pay to be kept well than to be made well.

THE SHORT SHORT STORY



OCTAVUS ROY COHEN ZONA GALE RUPERT HUGHES SOPHIE KERR

The Charivari

By
ZONA GALE

The greatest innovation in modern short-story publishing links the four famous authors named on this page. Each week one of them will present a masterpiece. Next week: Rupert Hughes

IN ONE of the smallest farms in Caledonia Hills lived Obald Bronson, alone, and known down the countryside as the strange man who walked in town to spare his one horse and who slept with no pillow. The people smiled at Obald when they met him walking to town. And he was so awkward and timid that they scorned him. Seventeen years before he had come among them from Norway, and that was all about him that they knew.

One day as a young Scotch farmer of the hills, Edward Muir, was driving on a load of grain by Obald's house, he saw a little smoke curling from a window and when he ran in, calling and shouting, fire was eating at a wall and Obald was not there. It was a woodbox fire, no more, and Edward was able to put it out. He had never been in Obald's house and few of the Caledonia farmers had been there. He saw the room bare, neat, painted; food on the shelf, corn drying on a sunny board. Edward walked to the door of the inner room, wishing, or, so he said to himself, to be sure that all was safe, and saw the bedroom, neat and tended and with no pillow, as they said. But it was the look of the third room which held him. For Obald, it seemed, had made himself a parlor. He had a willow table, a willow chair, two painted chairs, a book, a china vase, and a new mahogany clock, ticking away. And under the window was a chest, whose walnut had been painted in wide orange bands so that, in the sun's reflection from the white wall, the stripes shone like gold. On its lid also there was rudely painted a bird, blue and pale blue, and a large blue letter C.

Edward stood staring at this chest when Obald entered the kitchen.

"Neighbor," said Edward, "a little matter of fire brought me in here, but now I am staying because of this chest."

As Obald listened to an account of the fire he said, "That was probably caused by my corncob pipe which must have fallen into my wood box!" and then he grew greatly excited and cried: "But for you my chest might have been burned! What can I do for you that have saved my chest?"

So Edward Muir, who was young enough to have boy's curiosity and not old enough to be hypocritical, answered: "You must not talk of payment, but you can show me, if you like, what is in the chest."

At this Obald Bronson's face changed, he looked frightened and on his forehead a red scar stood out which did not often show. Edward, seeing him so, cried: "But some other time, for my horses will not stand," and ran back to his grain, but not before he had seen the relief on Obald's face.

Edward told about the chest. He told his father, who thought that he must have mementos; and his neighbors, who guessed papers or currency; and one wit who guessed bones. This man meeting Obald on the road, walking to save his old horse, cried out to him: "Obald! What is in your chest?"

Obald halted in his tracks and said: "What is that to you?" This tormentor made his look knowing and drove on.

Obald, who had trusted everyone, now had his door fitted with a lock, and set nails on his three windows. Now he went seldom to the town, and when he went he rode the old horse, and rode him hard. One morning the animal was dead in the pasture. After that Obald was seldom seen on the road.

Because of this, and hearing from the locksmith about the new locks, the people talked the more, saying: "Either Obald is a miser or else. . . ." And shook their heads over him. Now, if they saw him, more than one cried: "Obald! We are coming to your house one night and find out a thing or two."

Such words he never answered. Only his face grew red and his scar showed. Then they said: "Who knows how he came by that scar?" Some asked him this question, and laughed. They liked Obald too, but he was so timid and awkward.

Some boys of the neighborhood, having heard the tales, came boldly one night and rapped at the glass, crying: "Give us some money. You've got lots of money!" Obald, whom no man had heard in anger, shouted at them to be gone, and so terrible was his voice that the boys were charmed. It was then that they said to one another:

"Let's cha'vari Obald."

This custom of the countryside offered to the newly married was the highest form of romance, next to love. So they prepared the bones, combs, tin pans, the cow bell, and the horse fiddle. And one midnight, gathered about Obald's old house, they broke into such wild turbulence and clangor that for miles about the farmers heard the scraping, the groaning and the shrieks.

But apparently Obald did not hear. He did not come to the door or to a window. This angered the boys, who had wanted no more than to torment him into giving them money for a drink, so they pounded on his door shouting: "Obald! Give us two dollars from your chest!" But still he made no sign.

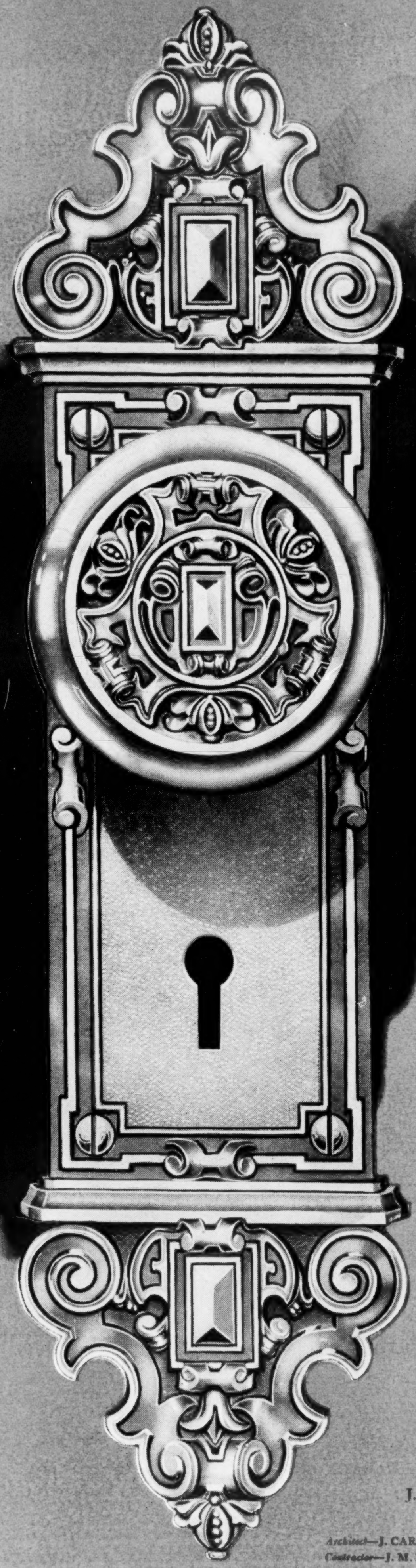
For two days there was about the house no look of life. On the third day Edward Muir came with his neighbors, and they broke down the door. Obald was lying dressed on his bed, but not these men and not the coroner could tell how he had come to his death.

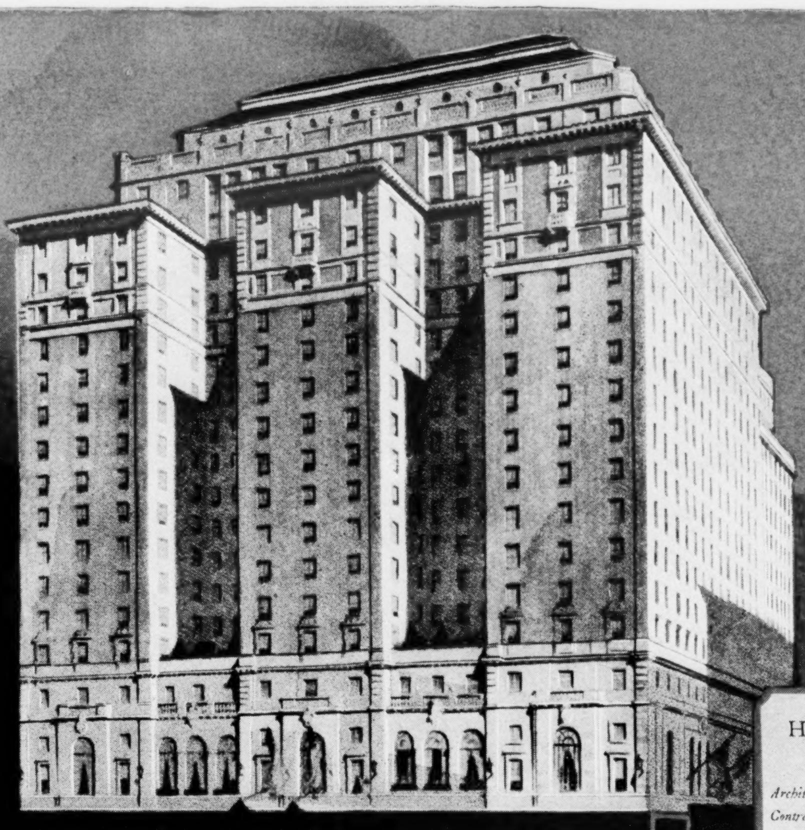
In his mail box a quarter of a mile down the road they found a letter, which had been there for five days. It was from Finmarken and they read:

"When this comes to you, I shall be on the ocean. I will come straight to your town and you can meet me because I will send you a telegram. Oh, Obald—we have waited for seventeen years, and now the time that is so short seems so long. My love is the same—it is more, Obald.

"Christopha."

Then they knew the meaning of the things that they had found in the chest: the fan, the mirror, the silver chain, the linen, the cloth for a woman's dress.





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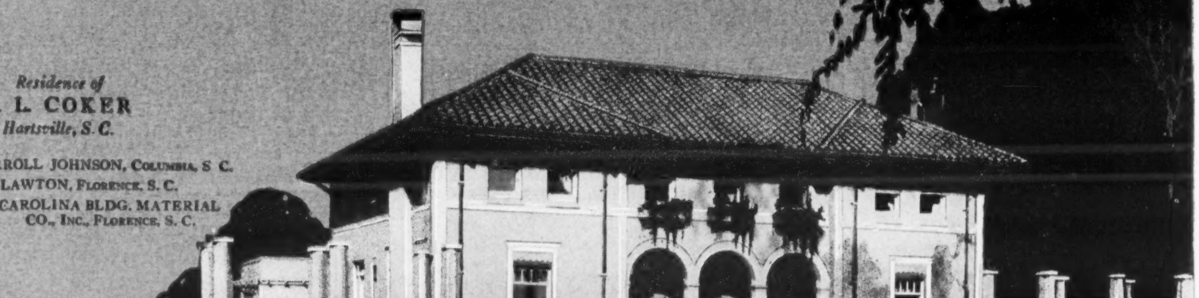

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Architect—J. CARROLL JOHNSON, COLUMBIA, S. C.
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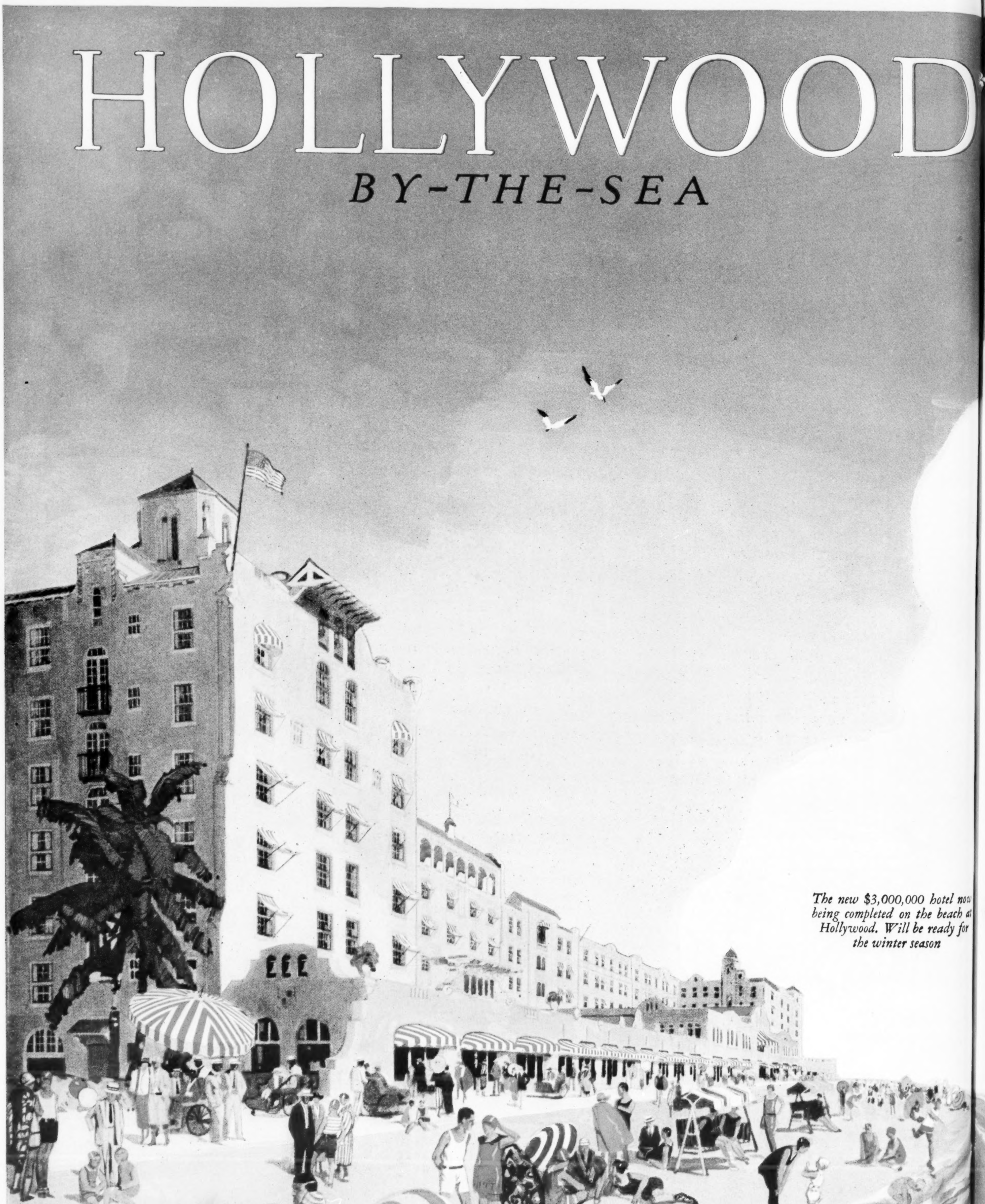
BY-THE-SEA



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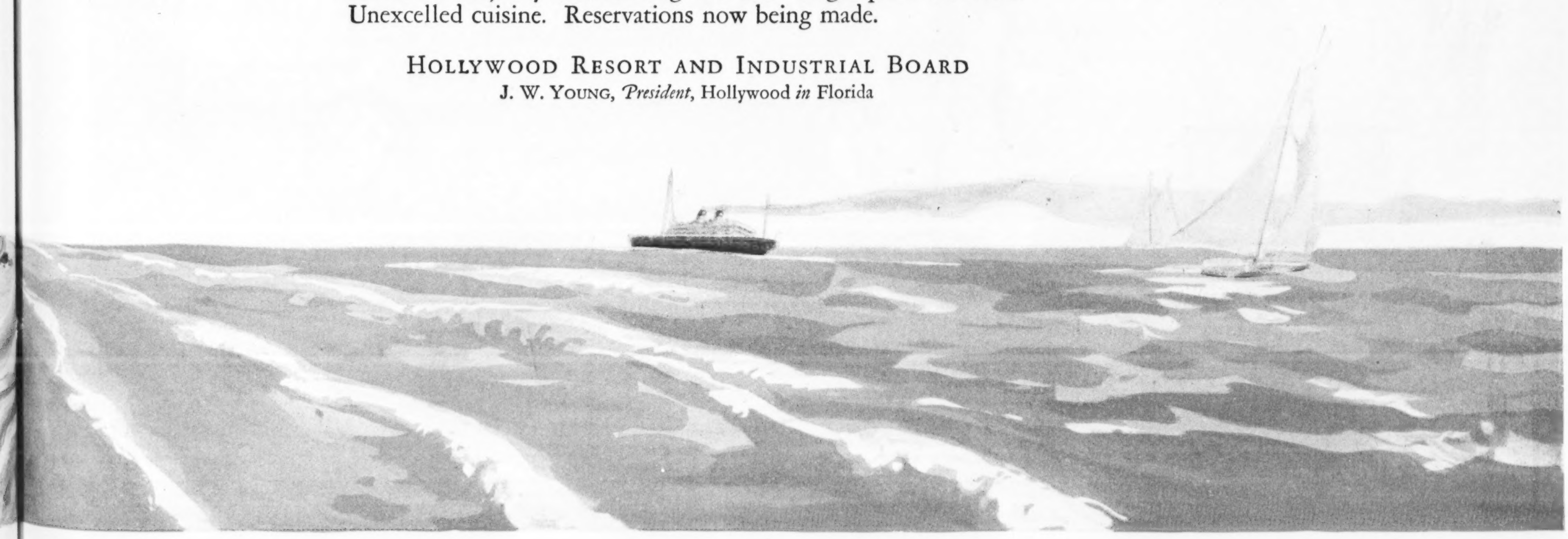

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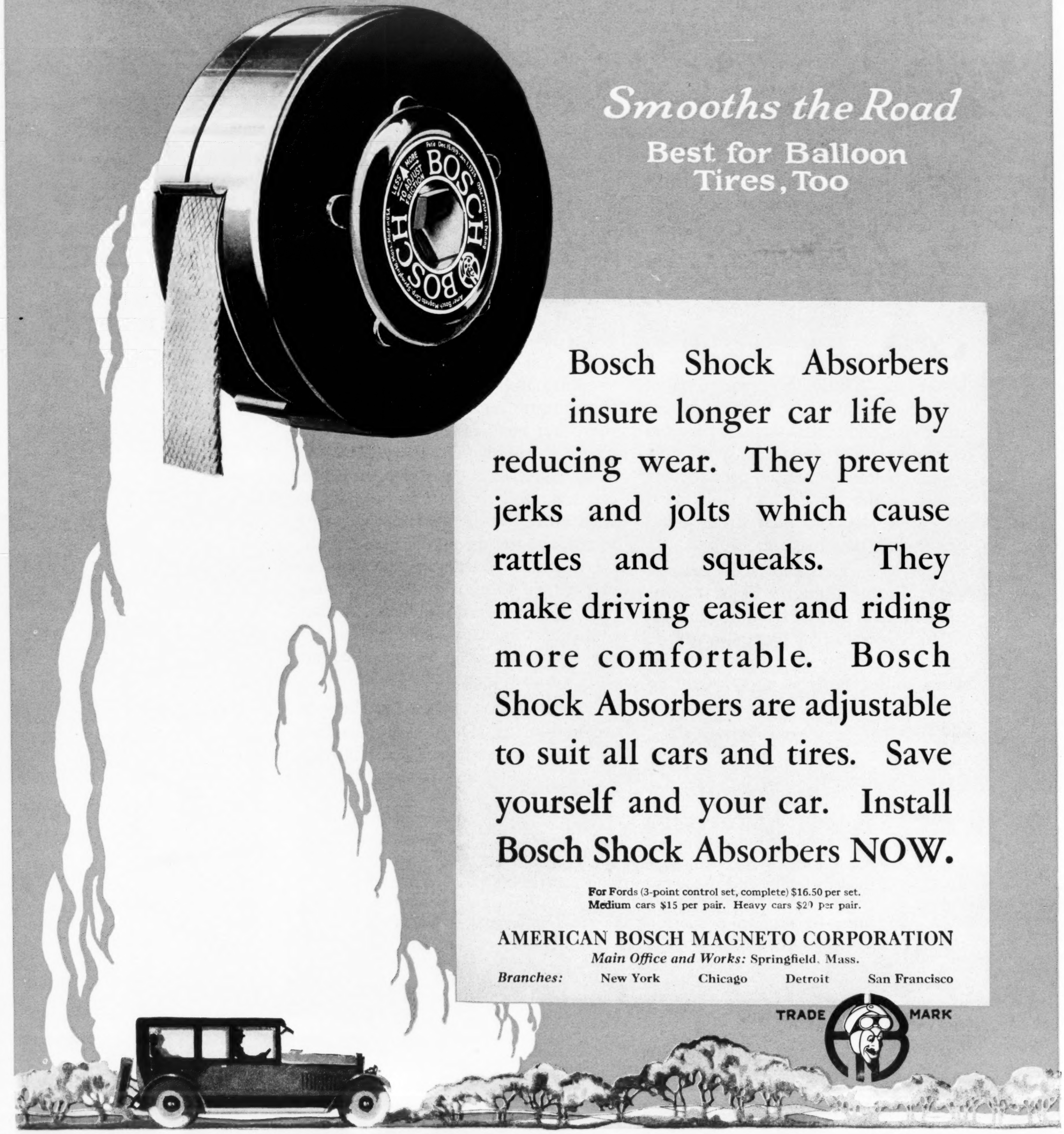

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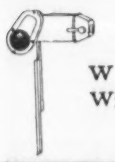

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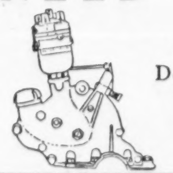

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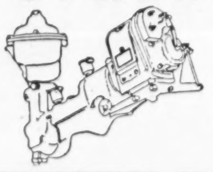

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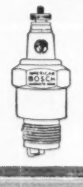

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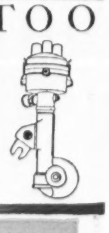

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Trial by marriage

"We talk a lot about our water-power, forests an' oil lands," says Uncle Henry, "but love is our greatest natural resource. Every husband and wife should be taught not to waste it"

"HERE'S a preacher that says we're comin' to a state of barnyard morality," commented Mr. Stubbs. "He claims there's almost as many divorces as marriages."

"I shouldn't wonder," said Uncle Henry. "Every court in the country is crowded with mismated men an' women, fightin' over alimony an' the custody of the gin. Darned if I know what to make of the Rockefellers! They squander millions of dollars searchin' for the cause an' cure of every human ill from cancer to Congress, but never have they spent a cent on huntin' out the trouble with marriage.

"As a consequence, I've been forced to dig into the matter myself, an' while makin' no pretense to bein' a scientist, I think I've found the answer. Husbands an' wives make the mistake of lettin' themselves go *stale*. Jes' like a baseball pitcher who thinks he can take his turn in the box every day, an' suddenly realizes that he hasn't got anything left but his glove.

"Sooner or later the husband dreads the evenin' hour that sends him to his home. Can he work up the old enthusiasm that used to set the doormat on fire? Will he be able to put the usual amount of fervor in his embrace, the same degree of passion in his kiss? Can he keep the keen eyes of the Dearest Little Woman in the World from discoverin' that his fast one is now a lob?

"You hear a lot of talk about married men makin' love to their secretaries, an' there's a general disposition to look on it as an act of infidelity. Why, 'Lonzo, I can't imagine a more touchin' proof of conjugal love. All that the poor devils have in mind is to get a few practice swings—a sort of warmin' up, as it were—in the hope of regainin' somethin' of their old form before reachin' home.

Stale Kisses Wreck Unions

"IT'S much the same with wives. A mornin' dawns when they are startled to realize that they can kiss their husbands good-by an' at the same time watch for the postman, plan improvements in the lawn, an' wonder where the woman across the street bought her curtains. Instead of clingin' to the manly neck until a ligament gives way, they discover that they are in favor of clean breaks.

"What puts most unions on the rocks, if you ask me, is nothin' more or less than staleness. Kisses reach a point where neither one can get 'em over the net, an' before long there come the long evenin's when husband and wife sit in despairin' silence, watchin' the play of each other's Adam's apple with growin' distaste, an' wonderin' how on earth it was they used to have so much to talk about.

"Children, of course, alter the case materially. When the home holds little ones, it is always possible for the father to throw down his newspaper, an' mutter somethin' to the effect that it's high time *he* took 'em in hand. The wife, instantly spurred into animation, makes an apt rejoinder, an' for the rest of the evenin' there is no lack of brisk and sparklin' conversation.

"When there are no children, however, the one salvation lies in cards. It never fails to amaze me when I hear preachers attack card playin' as wicked an' immoral, for it's done more than any other one thing for the preservation of the home. Speakin' as a successful husband—so regarded by outsiders, at least—I want to say that there'd be a lot more divorces than there are if it wasn't for double dummy, cassino an' rummy.

A Sure Card

"INSTEAD of knockin' cards, preachers ought to hand a brand-new deck to every newly wedded couple along with the marriage license, an' there ought to be a law compellin' engaged people to take a medical examination to see whether they've got card sense. When it's found to be lackin', the union should be prevented at all cost, for otherwise it's only a question of time when the critical faculties will swell up and fall into a state of chronic inflammation.

"The man begins to count the number of times his wife rocks to the minute, or the woman notices that her husband has a habit of suckin' his teeth even when corn on the cob has not provided him with a legal excuse. She watches him to see what he is goin' to do with his tobacco ashes, hopin' for the worst, an' he keeps one venomous eye peeled to catch her drummin' her nails on the arm of the chair.

"When two people can't think of anything to say an' have nothin' to do but sit an' look at each other hour after hour, even the most pleasin' prospect is bound to pall. If Venus de Milo an' Apollo Belvedere were married, an' didn't have some two-handed card game to kill the evenin's, inside of a week he'd be wishing for a wen to break the monotony of her beauty, an' she'd be thinkin' he looked more an' more like a collar advertisement.

"When I first began to consider this problem of marital dullness, an' how to relieve it, I must confess that I was enormously impressed by what we may call the *interest* value of crime. You yourself must have noticed how a murderer's wife sticks to him. Pick up any newspaper, an' there on the first page, first column, you can read the story of the Brave Little Woman's devotion.

"The reason, of course, is obvious. At last they've got somethin' to talk about, an' what with givin' interviews, arrangin' the flowers that he gets, hirin' witnesses, sittin' for newspaper photographs an' considerin' movie offers, life regains its old zest. Moreover, since murder is not a bailable offense, except in Pittsburgh, they don't have to spend the evenin's together.

"Yessir, 'Lonzo, there's no question that a major crime is a short cut to the restoration of marital interest, an' I was almost on the point of urgin' husbands to take the first train for Chicago an' lose no time committin' a Crime of the Century. However, I came to the conclusion that the large percentage of risk would keep a lot of people from takin' advantage of the plan. Not everyone is able to hire lawyers an' alienists, or take the necessary appeals, so that there's always the danger of havin' murder taken seriously.

"What I've finally decided, therefore, is that we've got to get right down to first causes. Before a marriage license is issued, the engaged couple should be made to attend a track meet. If you've ever watched a mile run or a marathon, you'll remember that the runners never start off at top speed, but always save themselves for the finish. That's what they call judgment of pace.

No More Honeymoons

"AN' IT'S what the average bride an' groom haven't got! The minute they leave the altar they act as if they had to cover the distance in ten seconds flat, so, naturally enough, the end of the first year finds 'em puffin' an' blowin'. They go off by themselves on a honeymoon, an' take each other to pieces until their interiors look like the fag end of a bargain sale, an' have about as much novelty as a last year's calendar.

"What's got to be done, 'Lonzo, is to fit marriage up with four wheel brakes, or else detail traffic cops to see that love is kept down to fifteen miles an hour. Honeymoons should be done away with entirely, an' the first year's conversation should be most carefully watched to guard against excessive confidences an' undue self-revelations. Now that the government has taken full charge of individual life, it'll be easy to install dictaphones in the homes of every newly married couple.

Plenty of Love to Last

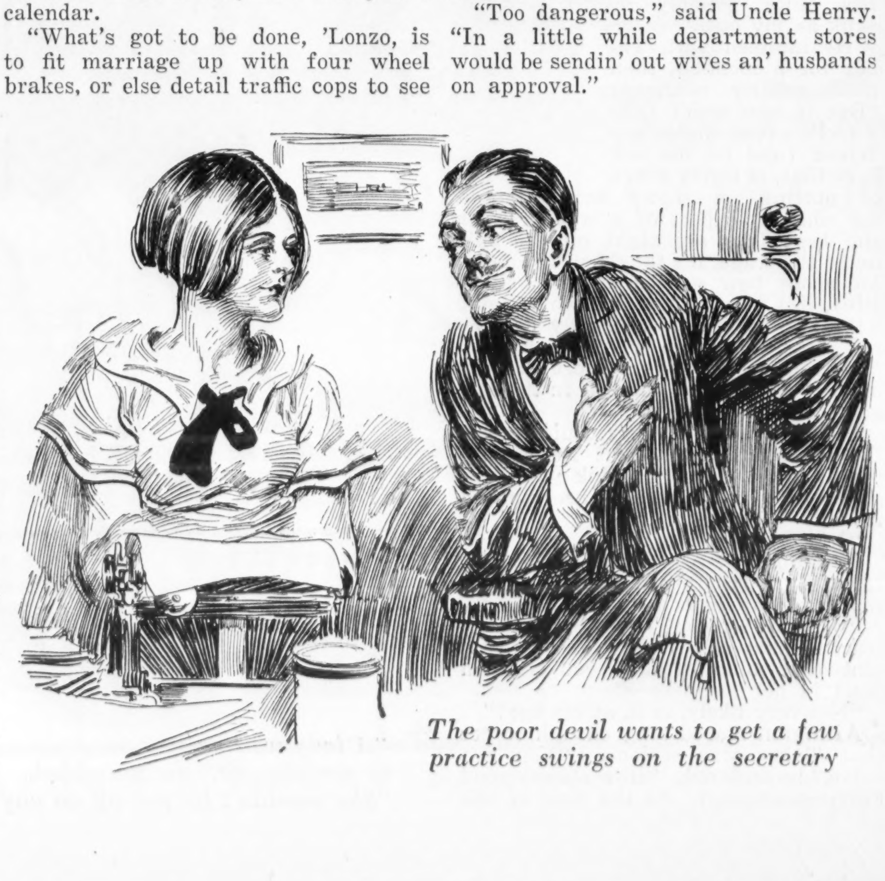
"THE groom must not be permitted to go further than to say 'You have your good points,' an' the bride shouldn't be allowed to come back with anything stronger than some guarded expression such as 'You are not without appeal.' The minute the baby talk is heard the police should bust in the front door an' take 'em off to solitary confinement. Ten minutes a day may be allowed for discussion as to when each began to love the other, but no more.

"Embraces will have to be regulated. Censorship boards decide jes' how long a screen kiss can last, so why not go a step farther an' lay down rules for real life clinches? There's nothin' more true than the old sayin' that constant kissin' wears the home away, for unless a slow pace is set at the start, a feelin' of effort is bound to come.

"Conservation, 'Lonzo! That's the idea! We talk a lot about our water power, forests, oil lands, but when it comes right down to it, love is our greatest natural resource. Every husband an' wife starts out with enough to last 'em all through life if they can only be taught not to waste it."

"What do you think of trial marriages?" asked Mr. Stubbs.

"Too dangerous," said Uncle Henry. "In a little while department stores would be sendin' out wives an' husbands on approval."



The poor devil wants to get a few practice swings on the secretary

White Fire

Continued from page 22

mustache worked a little. "You don't lose much time, do you?"

"Can't afford to in this business, competition's too keen for anything that shows promise in the shape of an actress. Billy Coin caught two acts of the show last night and phoned me the little Desmond had everything but control. I told him to have her here to see me this morning; and her address from twelve-thirty to two-thirty any week day after this, or I muff a guess, will be the holy of holies in the Algonquin, so the bandar-log-rollers can get saturated with the charm of her personality and all set to go into raves about her opening performance next season. She's a neat little trick, my friend; and if she overlooks any bets from now on, I'll be much surprised."

"You really think the girl will prove a paying investment?"

ARLINGTON shrugged and chuckled. "Bless your heart! *I* don't know; I haven't seen her on the stage yet and if I had I wouldn't risk a nickel on my judgment—it's Billy Coin's I'm backing. He's only wrong six out of every ten guesses; while I'm never right except by accident. I'm such a rotten clocker, it wouldn't surprise me a bit if your Jenny Challis romped home a winner the very next time she comes to the tape of a Metropolitan course. If I had been able to detect one little glimmer of promise in the performance she was giving in Altoona, last January, I might be able to see some sense in your hedging with a bet on this Mona Desmond."

"Which," Tabor plucked up spirit to assert, "is the last thing I had in mind. I didn't call on you to ask you to give her a job, but to beg you not to."

"Don't get it. . . ."

"I wanted you to persuade some other manager to give Mona a chance—I particularly didn't want her to think I had any influence with you."

"Well," the manager chuckled—"if that's the way you feel about it, I don't mind telling the little lady the truth, to oblige you—that you haven't. I'm too hard-boiled to engage any actress to do a friend a favor. And my being willing to let you put your good money —in my name—back of the career, if and when any, of Jennifer Challis, simply means that I'm ready to cut in on the profits if Jenny makes good—not that I have an atom of confidence in your ability as a picker. It's quite possibly as rank as my own."

He laughed with Tabor for a moment, then more soberly resumed: "But if you won't take a fool's advice amiss, my friend (and let me say here that, if thirty years of putting on shows hasn't taught me what to expect of a woman when she begins to act right out in public on the stage, it's taught me an awful lot about how women act in private life), if I were you, I'd watch my step with the Desmond. She may or may not come through a winner under my management, but she's the sort that will make a good life for herself in the end, and hang the expense."

"Many thanks." Tabor couldn't help the trace of starch that formed his gesture then. "But I think your misgivings on my account are unwarranted—"

"No offense, I hope?"

"Oh, no. . . . And I'm in no way interested in what Mona's life, when realized, may have cost."

"Don't be too confident. She's an attractive jade, and if she makes up that pint-sized mind of hers you'd be an asset in her business—"

"Not very likely, is it, at my age?"

Arlington stared long enough to see that Tabor was serious. "You are naïve," he declared. "How old are you? Forty-something? At the time of life when women find a man most interesting—"

"Women as young as Mona?"

"Young and old. A man doesn't have to be young in the show business—if he is, God help him!"

IT RESULTED from this that Tabor took some misgivings to the Ritz at the hour of his appointment with Mona. She turned up punctually—in itself a bad sign, he reflected, who had at least observed that women in general make it a point to be on time only with men they aren't sure of but mean to be—and, what was more natural, in a mood as radiant as her appearance.

"You are a darling, Tabby!" she declared as soon as they were settled at table and she had, while Tabor was ordering, satisfied herself that no woman present outpointed her in any respect but that of jewelry. "I'm so happy, I just can't tell you."

"Mind telling why, just the same?"

"There you go, letting on you don't know! Have I got to tell you that Arlington signed me up to-day for a term of years at hard labor?"

"I'm not surprised," Tabor gravely asserted. "But why lay the blame for that on my shoulders? I'll wager you anything you like Mr. Arlington made up his mind about you without a word from me."

"I never bet on a certainty; it's wicked." Yet the girl was fixing Tabor with a gaze that held a question. "Tell me something, Tabby—that's a dear. You may as well, because I'm bound to find it out before long, anyway." She bent her head nearer to his without releasing him from the play of eyes that were disturbingly kind. "What is your real name?"

"That's a strange question," Tabor fenced in dismay.

"Think so? I don't. It isn't Drew; I know that. I asked Billy Coin to-day, and he never heard of any Tabor Drew. And then the head waiter, when we came in just now, mentioned your name; I just missed catching it, but it wasn't Mr. Drew he called you."

"See here!" An attempt to carry off vexation with a laugh resulted rather in a nervous cackle. "Aren't you going to let me have any secrets from you?"

"I don't know. . . ." Mona made believe to weigh the question seriously if briefly. "I don't know if it's wise. If I let you keep secrets from me, Tabby, you'll likely get all swole up with sense of power over women and hard to handle. I'll have to think it over."

"Good of you, I'm sure."

But sarcasm so seldom pays comfortable dividends. Mona waited only till they were momentarily disembarrassed of prick-eared waiters. "It isn't," she said then in a tone of innocent speculation—"it doesn't happen by any chance to be Wynne, does it, Tabby?"

"Confound you!"

"That isn't pretty, Tabby, sounds too much as if you meant it." Tabor preserved a silence of somewhat sulky dignity while Mona ruminated on a mouthful of melon and achieved an aggrieved expression. "A person can't help hearing things, can they? Do you think it's quite nice of you to get so snooty just because God gave me ears?"

"Who told you?"

Ostensible hard labor of memory brought forth a specious blank. "I forget. Must've been a little bird, or something."

"Blaine, I daresay."

A notion that his tormentress rather jumped at the cue was contradicted on the face of her response. "How did you guess? I don't mean he said anything to me; it must have been Nigel he told, that day he came snouting around Benelli's with half a bun on, looking for a clue to his new-lost daughter. That old swine," Mona observed with complete unconstraint, "certainly can give the best imitation of a bereaved daddy ever—when he sees what he probably thought was going to be a permanent meal ticket go glimmering. The poor old crook."

A change of course gave the girl excuse to hark back when they were again without audience. "So you're the disappearing-act-artist the papers found such a lot to print about last winter!"

And the undivided devotion to his chilled soup, which was all the reply that Tabor made, brought a sympathetic hand to rest lightly for a thought on his sleeve. "Forgive me, Tabby; I didn't go to make you stuffy. I was just thinking. . . . I mean, it's only I'm so fond of you two. . . ."

"Oh, I suppose you may as well know," Tabor sighed, resigned if nothing delighted: "The fact that Mrs. Wynne is now suing for a divorce has nothing whatever to do with that mistaken experiment which Jenny and I tried. It was merely an experiment, nothing more serious, an attempt on the part of two unhappy people to set up some sort of a modus vivendi on the foundation of simple friendship. The arrangement failed for a number of reasons that had little or nothing to do with my domestic troubles; but since it had been an arrangement of friendship only, it left us good friends when it failed. I know of no reason why Jenny and I should not go on being good friends all our lives."

"And nothing else? Oh, Tabby!"—what he was invited to read as vicarious emotion made the violet eyes unusually big and bright and soft—"I can't help it; you're both of you such dears. You don't mean you and Jenny won't tie up when all this is over?"

"I BELIEVE," Tabor said, "it's customary good manners, when that particular question is put, for the gentleman under suspicion to give the lady the first right to brand the rumor a canard as well as an impertinence."

"And only last night you calling me for talking a foreign language! Is this high-hat line your idea of getting even, Tabby?"

"I mean to say, I think, if you ask her, you will find Jennifer isn't thinking of marrying anybody, much less a man so much her senior."

"My God!" Mona exclaimed in a throaty tremolo, and held a moment of effective stare—"the poor nut believes it!"

"I am unaware of any reason why I should not."

"Listen, Tabby." The insistent hand refound his sleeve and this time its caress was lingering. "There's only one cure for a bird who gets that crazy idea into his bean—"

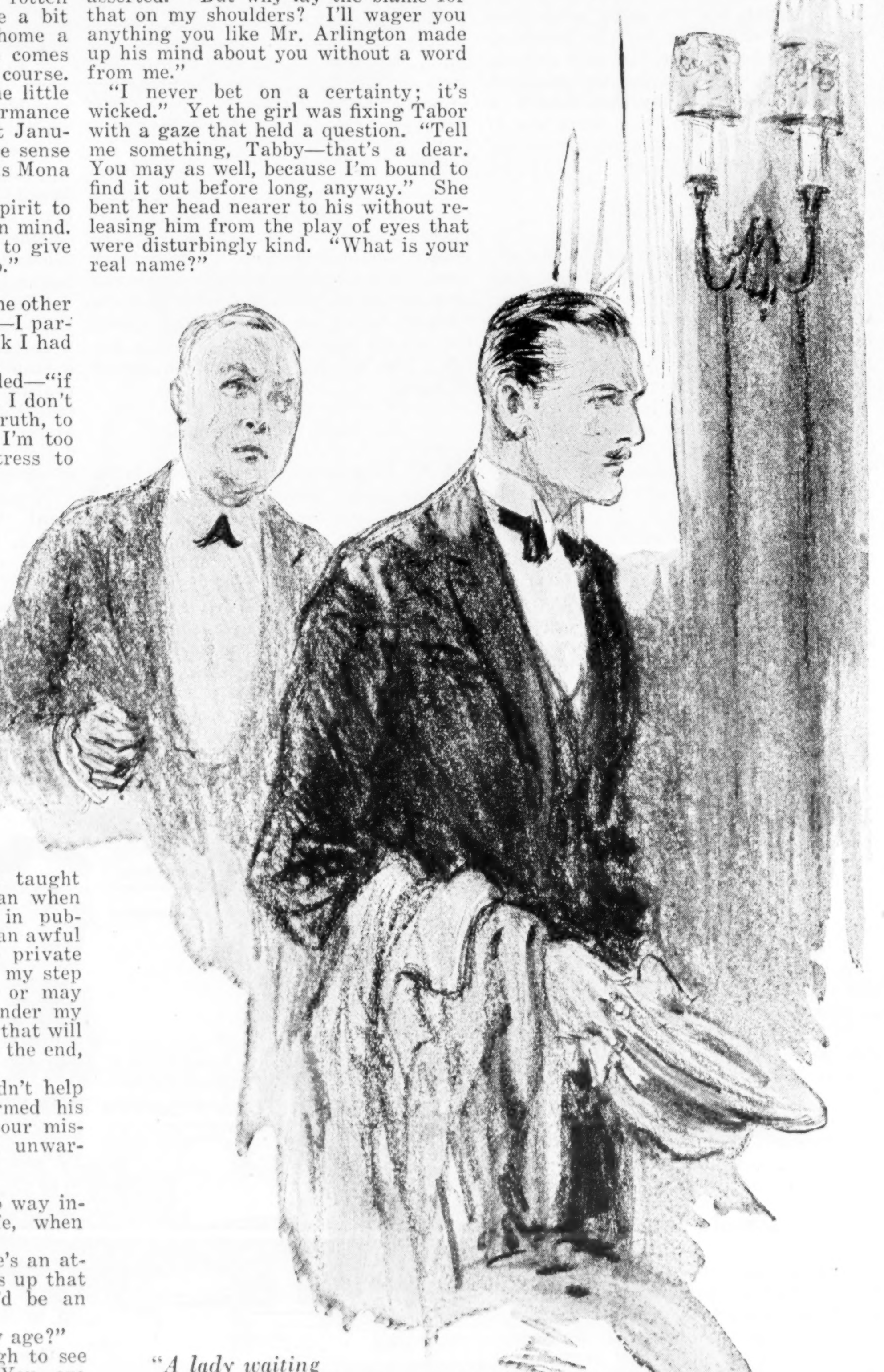
"What crazy idea?"

"That simply because he's seen trouble enough to bleach a few hairs at his temples every Jane a few months younger thinks he's too old to be loved up to. Why, you poor dear, a man's got to get about your age before any woman with a brain in her head will consider him old enough to know his own mind. Forty years is the least time it ever takes to make a monogamist out of a natural Mormon—which is what most men are born."

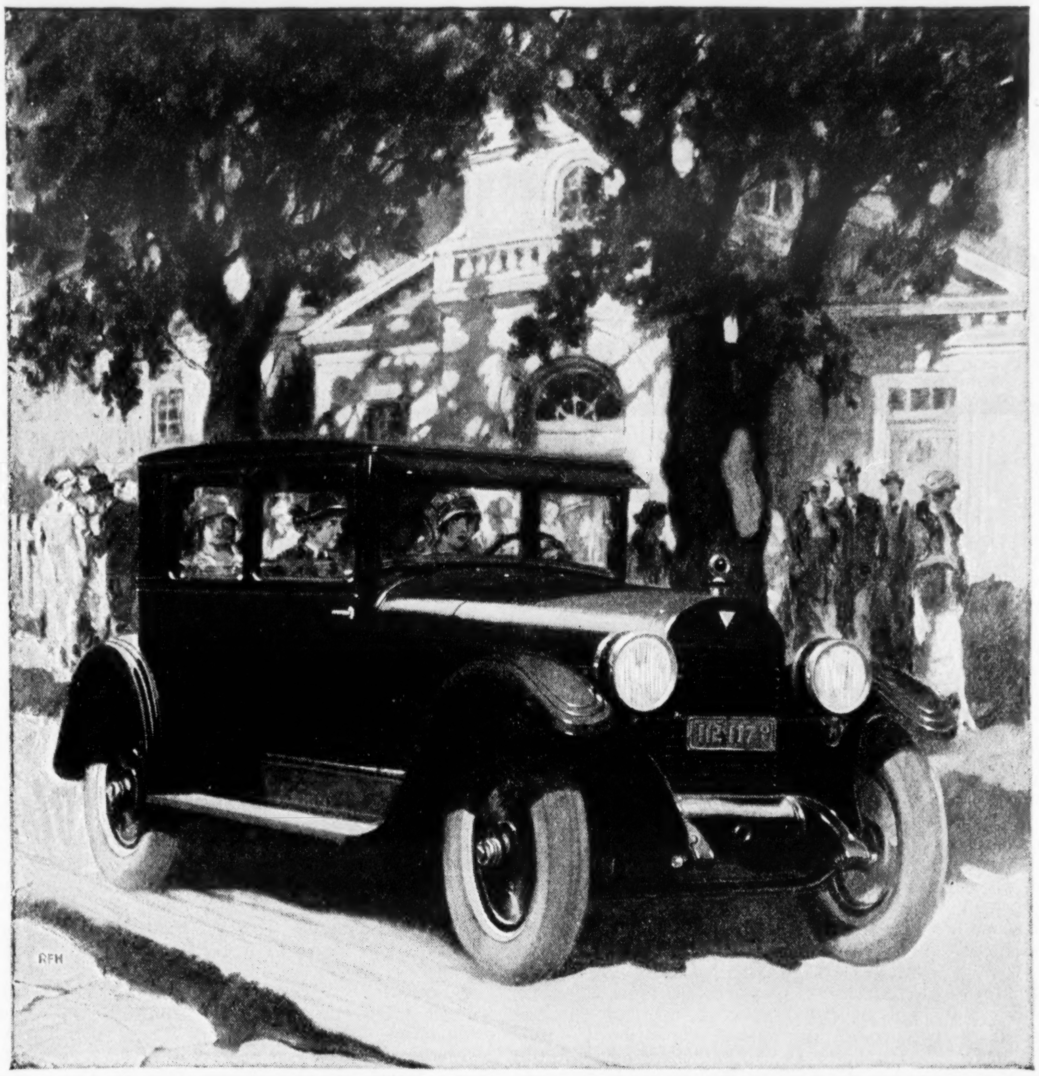
"But I think you mentioned a cure. . . ."

"Yes; but now I'm not so sure I'm going to give it away. Doctors write their prescriptions in sign language, somebody told me once, because the

(*Continued on page 34*)



"A lady waiting to see you, sir," he mumbled. "She wouldn't be put off on any account"



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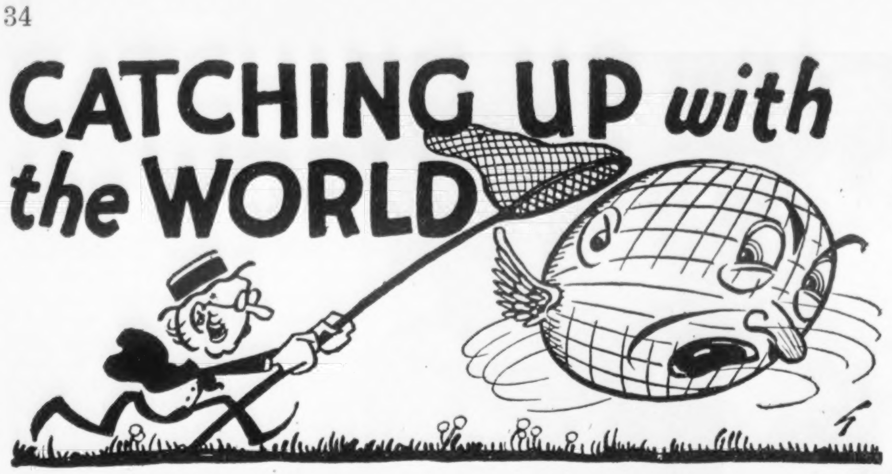
CATCHING UP with the WORLD



By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director "Science Service"

HAVE you ever seen the green ray? If you never have, look for it at the first favorable sunset or sunrise, for it is both beautiful and perplexing.

Assuming that you decide, for unspecified reasons, that the sunset is a more suitable occasion than sunrise, watch the sun as it disappears below the distant horizon.

Don't look straight at it. This may seem an unnecessary warning, but several persons were blinded, temporarily or permanently, by incautiously staring at the sun with naked eyes or field glasses before the last eclipse. So keep watch of the sun's descent from the corner of your eye or through a photographic negative or smoked glass.

Just as the last bit of the sun's rim vanishes look at it and, if you are lucky, you may see the final ray as a bright emerald-green flash, very striking and strange.

You are more likely to be lucky if you make the observation from the top of a hill or mountain, especially in the clear dry atmosphere of the Rockies, or where the horizon line is smooth and distant as over the ocean or desert plain. Many Europeans have looked for the green flash in vain because they unfortunately live in a damp and misty atmosphere.

The causes and conditions of this curious apparition are still in dispute. But it is due in the main to the bending of the light rays by the atmosphere. This enables us to see the sun after it is set and before it rises.

But all the rays are not bent to the same degree. The long waves of red and yellow are bent least and so disappear earliest behind the horizon. The green rays, which come next in order, then flash out. The last to vanish are the shortest waves, the blue and violet, and if you look sharp under favorable conditions you may discern a violet ray following the green.

The green ray lasts less than a second ordinarily, but an aviator flying westward and upward at sunset might keep it in sight longer. Or if the sun is setting behind a sloping mountainside one can continue to see it by walking rapidly in such a direction as to keep the edge of the sun just on the horizon. The setting Venus also gives off a green ray which may be observed with an opera glass or small telescope.

I should be glad to have readers who have observed the green ray in the sun or Venus write to Collier's telling under what conditions they saw it.

IN SCIENCE as in life it sometimes happens that those who seek for something fail to find it, while the reward falls to those who are disinterested and after other aims.

For two thousand years the alchemists, mostly from mercenary motives, tried to convert mercury into gold. Modern chemists, striving to solve the riddle of the atom, are likely to accomplish the transmutation of the elements as a by-product of their pursuit.

A photograph of a spot of gold just received from Professor Nagaoka, who has for over a quarter of a century held the chair of theoretical physics at the Tokyo University, shows thousands of specks. These microscopic specks of gold, he tells me, he obtained by concentrating a current of many million volts on a narrow space in the immediate neighborhood of the surface of the mercury. The mercury had been previously purified by distilling it several times in a vacuum at the lowest possible temperature so as to free it from the trace of gold that mercury commonly contains.

The spot of gold he got is yellow when looked at and green when looked through, as we have all noticed in the gold leaf used for window signs. It also answers the chemical tests for gold.

Of course the cost of the current consumed in these experiments was vastly more than the value of the gold produced, and probably making gold will never be a paying process. But this does not bother Professor Nagaoka, who was not after money but knowledge, which is more to be desired than much fine gold.

Professor Miethe of Berlin University has reported finding traces of gold in mercury lamps after they have been run a long time, although their current was as low as 170 volts.

Several American chemists are working on the problem, but have not been able so far to confirm either the German or the Japanese results.

THE French Government is planning to run air lines across the Sahara desert. The airplane can make more miles in a minute than the old ship of the desert could make in an hour.

But since France is short on gasoline, French engineers are hoping to run the airplanes with Diesel engines fed by vegetable oil. The Diesel engine is the most efficient of motors since it works at the highest temperature and pressure. It has been employed on automobiles in Europe and may be found adaptable to aircraft.

For fuel any heavy oil can be used. Palm oil and peanut oil have already been found fit fuel for Diesel engines on motor boats in the French and Belgian Congo, and the supply is literally inexhaustible since a crop can be grown every year.

While we are pumping our oil wells dry and quarreling over our scanty reserves, the victorious allies may be raising their own oil, not with pumps, but with palm trees and peanut vines that work in twenty-four hour shifts without wages or strikes.

Dr. Diesel, shortly before his mysterious disappearance on the eve of the war, made a remarkable prophecy, that the supremacy of the sea, in commerce or warfare, will go in the future to that power which holds the most tropical territory for the growing of fuel oil. What has occurred since 1914 apparently brings Diesel's forecast nearer to fulfillment.

White Fire

Continued from page 32

mystery's the best part of the medicine. This cure I'm telling you about is the kind you can't take all by your lonesome; somebody's got to give it to you. I'm going to give me a good think about it, and maybe, if you're 'specially nice to me from now on, Tabby, I'll decide to take your case under treatment."

"I almost hope you will"—it was not possible to be resentful of impudence so refreshing—"though I'm a little doubtful of my ability to meet your fee."

"My fee!" Mona darkly laughed. "Leave that to me."

She chose to be reminded, apropos of nothing that Tabor could surmise, of Nigel, who, she said, was trying his luck out in pictures on the coast, and that reminded her that the picture she had been working in last winter was to be given its first run at the Rialto next week, and maybe Tabor would care to take her to see it Sunday afternoon; and it was not till their cab was nearing the theatre where Tabor was to drop her that she cast back to the subject of their first discussion.

"There's one thing I wish you'd tell me, Tabby. I haven't got any right to ask it of you; but you've been a perfect gentleman thus far and haven't boxed my ears or anything; so I'll take a chance."

"Oh, Lord!" Tabor moaned. "What now?"

"If it's on the level, what you've been telling me to-night about how things stand with you and Jenny—well, I don't just get the large idea of your playing the secret angel to her ambitions."

"You don't believe a great deal in simple friendship, do you, Mona?"

"Listen, Tabby: I was born and brought up in the theatre; and, if you don't know it, the stage door is the place where friendship ceases."

"If you must know, then: I consider myself in debt to Jennifer for my life, for actually saving my life. If it hadn't been for her, when she brought me delirious to the Maison Benelli and nursed me all those weeks. . . . There's nothing I know of in my power to do for her that can ever wipe out that score."

"And that's why you're doing this? Honest to Lee and Jake?" The young woman sighed as from a bosom hugely disburdened. "That's all right, then."

"But what is all right now?"

"Oh, nothing. . . . Only, I don't believe in poaching on other folks' property."

Tabor shot a startled look askance which was met by a violet gaze just possibly a shade too melting. The only proper response to that was a twinkle.

"Are you aware you're threatening me with an interesting old age, Mona?"

The violet eyes protested to high Heaven. "And he lets on he thinks a man his years is running down."

SHE was even better than her promise. The lonely soul thought it far from disagreeable to have such a spirited and sightly young thing to give a late luncheon to on Sunday and then squirm through the inevitable afternoon crush at a popular Broadway cinema house; and when they wandered idly out into warm spring sunshine, after viewing six reels of gray incoherence for the sake of a few fleeting glimpses of Mona, all that had survived a cynical cutter's shears of two months' devotion to a camera, and Mona shamelessly thought out loud that it would be nice to pick up a car and run up the Hudson somewhere for dinner—even that seemed not too much of a pleasant thing. After all, she was winsome and friendly and paid her way in the rarer currency of wit. Not only that, but she behaved herself so wisely and demurely that misdoubts were soothed away and it seemed only reasonable, as well as rather witching, to find, as their hired car slipped home through the cooling dark, a round and firm young shoulder lightly resting against his and cool fingers gliding to rest in his grasp—reasonable, at all events, taking into account the good excuse she had to offer.

"I hope you don't mind, Tabby. It doesn't mean anything, of course, only that I'm pretty much in the same boat as you are, pretty much a lost kid in a lonesome world; and it's hard to be happy-tired without someone you like to share it with. It's been a wonderful day, Tabby—you certainly do know how to be a prince to people."

Making fair allowance for the mood of such hours, Tabor felt it would be churlish to refuse the temperate assurance of fellow feeling which made up the whole of her modest demands. And Mona's hand was his for the remainder of that drive.

All the same, he inclined to question whether the Tabor Wynne he had been not so long ago would have proved as tolerant a mind; and in the morning woke up to entertain a dim suspicion that Mona had demonstrated herself to be what she would surely have termed "a fast worker."

A LITTLE of that sort of thing was all very well, provided it was made to go a long way. Tabor determined to lay himself open to no further advances; and, to do a sportswoman justice, Mona had the intelligence to let the infatuated man measure his own rope. He heard no more of her till a round week had done its reactionary work and he began another tempting Sunday by asking himself what earthly sense there could be in his self-denial, with whom human companionship was an aching want, to whom it was unconditionally available. It wasn't as if a man who knew his mind and heart as Tabor did had any reason to be wary of a tolerably obvious baggage.

And having thus managed to put himself on his mettle, he resorted to the telephone and was speedily gratified to be assured, by cheerfully impersonal accents, that Mona wasn't doing anything special with that excellent afternoon and wouldn't mind. . . .

Town was emptying itself of everybody whose means ran to homes and diversions well removed from overheated streets. The few faces that he had begun to depend on for friendly greetings one by one dropped out of Tabor's daily ways. Even Arlington, with whom he had struck up a genuine friendship, sailed presently for his annual shopping tour of European playhouses. The No. 3 Marriage Market Company disbanded, and Jennifer joined the Murdock McGuire stock organization in Minneapo-

(*Continued on page 36*)

WALLACE IRWIN

"The Shah's Silver"

"Girls don't apologize any more," said Pidgey Dawson to Mike Callahan, who simply had to prove that men didn't either.

In Next Week's

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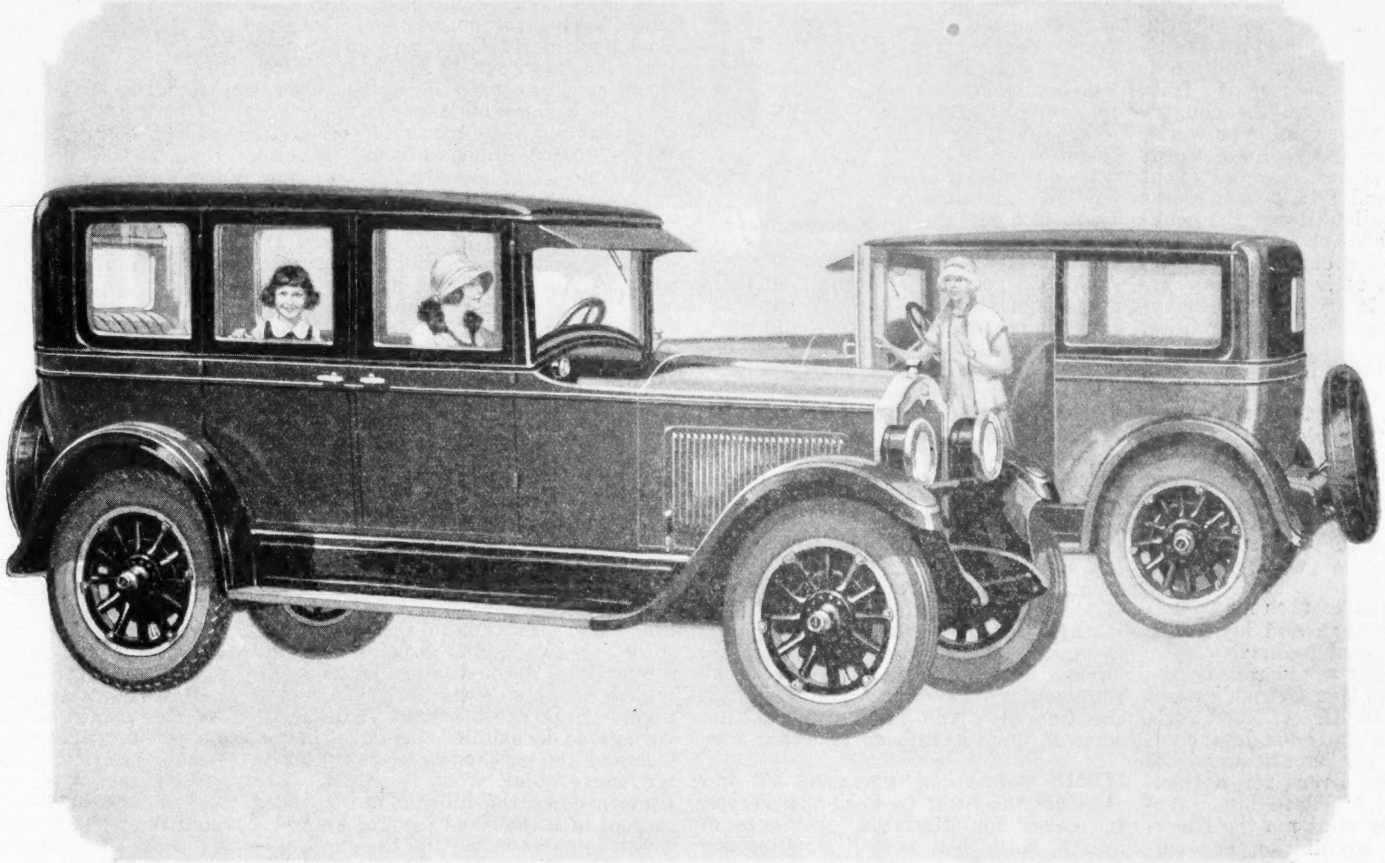

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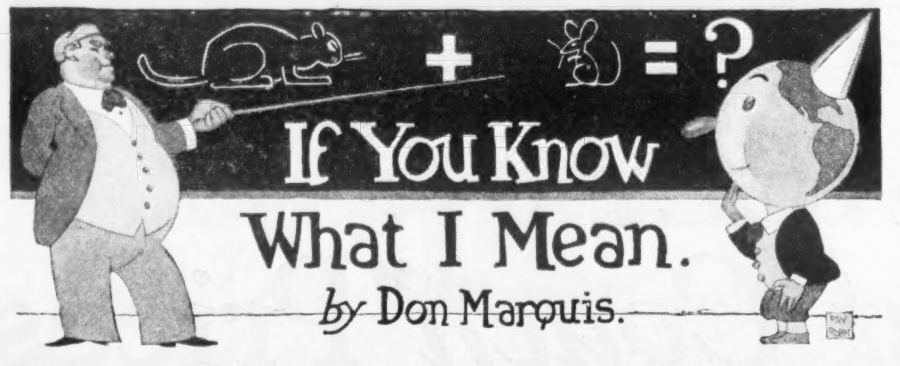

If You Know What I Mean.

by Don Marquis.

I'D LIKE to know the truth about prohibition, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I'm against the amendment, as a matter of principle, although I am in favor of temperance. But I am unable to make up my mind as to whether prohibition is winning out or whether it isn't, whether the condition of the country is, on the whole, better for it or worse. I read hundreds of thousands of words written by people who know all about it, so they say, and I talk with scores of persons from all parts of the country. And my prohibition friends tell me that the benefits of prohibition are inestimable and that it is succeeding because it deserves to succeed; my drinking friends tell me the exact opposite.

THE confusing thing is that each side is able to prove its point to me with facts and figures, statistical curves and financial and psychological charts, which I find it impossible to controvert . . . indeed, I find it impossible even to understand them. The last person who talks to me always convinces me. Statistics awe me. I find it easier to accept them than to argue about them.

ONE propagandist assures me that if all the vanity bags and hip flasks in America, male and female, were laid end to end they would reach from Hollywood, Cal., to Tex Guinan's night club in Forty-ninth Street, New York, and that they contain enough uncivilized liquor to fill the hepatic wards in hell with hobnailed livers for a thousand years. And I believe him. Another one solemnly slips me the cheerful thought that prohibition has salvaged from breaking enough Mothers' Hearts to fill the Grand Canyon of the Colorado; and I believe him too—I sob with emotion and I believe.

Big Business Men tell me over their cocktails what a blessing and a boon the passing of the barroom has been to the thousands of laboring men directly and indirectly under their control, and I applaud their kindly and philanthropic interest in their brethren who sweat and toil, credit their statements, and listen appreciatively while they describe in detail how they got hold last week of seven cases of real pre-war gin. I see many acquaintances, who started to drink themselves to death before prohibition came in, resolutely going on with their life work at a somewhat accelerated pace, and do not know whether to blame the bootleggers or what The Old Soak calls the Anti-Saloon Leggers.

DEWY flappers anxious to part with their bloom and freshness, modern young grandmothers, and bob-haired spinster aunts who were really cut out to be enthusiastic Church Workers—just the kind of people who used to be prominent vertebræ in the Moral Backbone of the Nation—now come rushing at one with the pinch bottle and the siphon before one is well inside the front door. One Sweet Old Thing who made my life miserable, fifteen years ago, trying to pin a white ribbon on my coat, now has an ambition to get me soused every time she sees me. On the other hand, thousands of persons have quit drinking hooch and thinking hooch entirely because it is sometimes rather difficult to get, usually not very good in quality, and always outrageously expensive.

PEOPLE who don't believe in the law break it without the slightest qualm of conscience; they cannot respect it because so very many of the politicians responsible for its passage and enforcement have no respect for it as private citizens. If all the congressmen and senators and enforcement agents who violate the Volstead Act, while helping to keep it on the statute books, were laid side by side in the gutter, they would reach from the Treasury Building in Washington all the way up Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol. And from time to time some of them have been laid that way.

THIS widespread disrespect for law is *not* the Stuff to Feed the Troops. It makes for dizziness, shortness of breath, botts, boll weevil, shingles and flaccidity of the well-known moral fiber in the Body Politic. At the same time, in the Good Old Days when the rum demon had a sink of iniquity on every other corner, respect for the law was not one of the most conspicuous virtues of the organized liquor forces; there never was a liquor law, anywhere in this country that I ever happened to be, that wasn't covertly or flagrantly violated. This is one bit of statistical dope that I am absolutely sure of, for I frequently assisted in the violation. Liquor never respected laws in this country; it didn't when they were mildly restrictive; it doesn't now that they attempt to be totally prohibitive; it won't if there are modifications permitting light wines and beer.

I DON'T know what the real situation* is to-day; and whatever it is, I don't know the answer. But I have the notion that a general widespread temperance movement, conducted reasonably and without bitterness or intolerance, would be a pretty good stunt to try. You may win a man to temperance where you can't force him to abstinence: and whether liquor is procured legally or illegally, the important thing is to build up in the individual the desire and the ability to contròl himself. A man who quits a thing because you make him will start again when you are looking the other way; a man who quits because he wants to will stay quit.

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*EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Marquis will have a clearer notion of "what the real situation is" regarding the attitude of Americans toward prohibition enforcement when the results of Collier's questionnaire shall have been tabulated. Elsewhere in this issue Mr. Shepherd describes enforcement *conditions* as seen by an unbiased observer. Collier's questionnaire will furnish the first index we have had to enforcement *opinion*.

White Fire

Continued from page 34

lis, and began to be very much occupied. She wrote with considerable enthusiasm at first, relating a favorable reception at the hands of the McGuire clientele, and likewise the circumstance that young Tormay had been engaged to play opposite her. But it was grueling work, Tabor knew, and he reminded himself of its exacting demands when Jennifer's letters began to be less regular, colorful and unconstrained. All the same, he did miss them, and now and again was moved to speculate on the reason why Tormay, after figuring prominently in their content for a time, had been dropped out altogether. And then, early in June, he moved into the new home, and found it an emptier place than he had been looking forward to, long evenings with books alone in it tedious beyond his anticipations. He soon drifted into the habit of giving Mona dinner, either at home or in the cooler nooks of the city, two or three times a week.

They dined at Longue Vue on a July evening that was at once windless and unquiet with premonitions of thunder, then tarried a while on its lawns, that slept in sheeted moonlight—not a long while, but long enough for the girl to develop a mood that was ominously pensive. On the way home she stuck with unwonted sedateness in her corner of Tabor's car, and, though she was ready enough with responses whenever Tabor hit on a fresh topic of gossip, offered no conversation on her own account but indulged instead spells of musing silence which spoke for themselves.

The car merged duly into the unresting flow of traffic that follows Riverside Drive of summer nights. The heat was more than ever oppressive, the air dead and stale. Tires innumerable turning in unison twanged from the driveways a sustained drone that was not to diminish in volume till long after midnight. Folk afoot ambled listlessly in variegated deshabille beneath the lamps, lovers on the benches were content to let the world think what it would. The Hudson down the hillside was a jaded serpent of a thousand jeweled eyes.

Ten minutes more, and the car would be pulling up at Mona's door.

SHE stirred suddenly, shifting over to the middle of the seat, so that her upper arm came into contact with Tabor's, and he couldn't well be indifferent to the near neighborhood of the rest of a body that was clothed in tissue-weight stuffs and not too much of them.

"Tabby," a tired small voice said—"be nice to me. I feel like an orphan child to-night."

"How is that?"

"Oh—you know—neglected and homeless and all. Nobody loves me, and that's not fair." A trustful hand that crept into Tabor's found its palm already occupied in part by a box wrapped in glazed paper. "Tabby! What's that?"

"It's been waiting there for you a long time," Tabor informed her. "It's for you."

"A present, Tabby? How perfectly thrilling!"

"But not to be opened till you're alone." There was a disobedient noise of paper rustling and tearing, but Tabor's fingers stayed the girl's. "Please. It won't be long now. It's just a trinket, a thing of nothing—to remember me by."

A small silence prefaced a sober echo: "To remember you by!"

"I'm sailing on the Berengaria tomorrow."

"Oh!" Another small silence, then a rather casual voice: "Running away from me, Tabby?"

"Well! not to put too fine a point on it. . . ."

"Afraid," the girl concluded. "I've been too rude and modern."

"That well-advertised first law of nature will be observed."

"Oh!" wailed Mona in immense and bitter mutiny—"Hell!"

"Never mind; it won't be very long now before you'll have rehearsals to attend and no time for scalp collecting."

"Well!"—the young woman shook out a chuckle of remarkable vivacity—"anyway, you can't blame me for trying."

Her pensive time had passed. She was alive now with frank inquisitiveness, wanting to know all about Tabor's plans and making no more reference to her chagrin till the car was taking the corner of the street that led to her hotel. Then she lifted the little box to the light of passing lamps.

"I'm simply dying to know, of course—but of course I know already it's something lovely. If it wasn't, you wouldn't have picked it out for me, Tabby. And I truly am no end grateful—I mean, for everything." She leaned over and put deliberate lips to Tabor's. "And jealous," she ruefully added, sitting back—"I mean, envious. Some people do certainly have all the luck. But I guess I mean jealous too, maybe. I'll never forgive Jenny—or forget you."

The bright maw of her hotel took the girlish figure at a gulp, but at the last instant she in turn gave Tabor something to remember her by, a flashing smile over shoulder that was to be to him a fadeless souvenir and danger signal.

HE DIDN'T need to call up his Congreve for assurance that he had left behind him a charming fury.

That was not his fault, perhaps; it was lamentable, all the same. Mona's enmity could hardly harm him in any material way. But that it bracketed Jennifer with him, he dared not forget. That was another and a serious matter.

The Europe to which he turned for sanctuary—that Europe which the restless and romantic American adores because the magic of his extravagances has made it over so largely in his own image—seemed curiously vapid and undistracting, curiously impoverished of its charms of those too-well-remembered yesteryears. Wherever he turned Tabor met ghosts that walked old ways with wistful eyes for him. What was less endurable, he met at every other turning memories quick in the flesh of friends and acquaintances, well-meaning folk who were visibly smitten with consternation to find that they had remembered just in time not to ask how June was and what hotel the two of them were stopping at, and who were subsequently studious to bear in mind that the poor old dear's life was blasted and it was only common kindness to ask him to dinners at which the mere mention of Philadelphia was taboo.

These and all their ways he fled in the end to join Arlington, on his cordial invitation by telegram, in Budapest, where the perverted humor which animated that entrepreneur was keeping him busy contracting for the entire future output of every Magyar dramatist of average visibility; not, Arlington explained to Tabor, that he looked to realize bankers' profits on his investments, but merely that it amused him to corner a market which his brother producers back in New York, gone Molnar-mad to the last man, had come to yearn upon that year.

And for weeks thereafter Tabor had his being in a strange world, in garish and fictitious walks of life where, as a familiar of one who was a world-known fountainhead of American royalties and salaries, he was courted by the women and fawned upon by the men of half the theatres of middle Europe, Italy and France.

This palled too soon; Tabor was fain to let Arlington sail in the semi-royal state that was made his wherever he went, whether he relished it or not, and lingered almost contentedly several more weeks in London, for no particular reason other than because he found there, as he had nowhere on the Continent, as the Anglo-Saxon male is apt to, a feeling of spiritual freedom as well as a social atmosphere of *laissez-faire* no less comfortable to live with, and

(*Continued on page 38*)

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Yes, Mennen has another winner. Mennen Skin Balm is fracturing every record of sales growth ever made in the man field.

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You squeeze a little of the silky balm from the tube (no bottle to leak or break). You rub it for half a minute into the skin just shaved.

First you feel a tingling bite, instantly followed by a surge of cooling comfort. Then you smell a brisk, refreshing odor that clears your head and delights your nostrils.

No trace of Skin Balm is left, but there has been definite antiseptic action, and your skin looks and feels better than ever before.

Get a big 50c tube of Mennen Skin Balm at the drug store and call on me for your four bits if you aren't happy with your purchase.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SKIN BALM

White Fire

Continued from page 36

because he was utterly unanxious to see New York again while it held for him nothing but a hollow home. Jennifer's stock engagement in Minneapolis was not to end before Labor Day.

Tabor had planned at the outset to return just one week later. Most of the last night at sea he wore out trudging the starboard deck or lounging on its rail, watching the lights of Long Island wink across the waste, on such a rack of impatience and insecurity as schoolboys know in the throes of their first sweethearting. He was altogether unconscious of having found anything that he had gone abroad in quest of, not knowing what he sought or, indeed, that he sought anything, but had been forbidden rest by a gnawing sense of lacks. He had yet to find the solace of that "great and immoral truth" which Leonard Merrick once enunciated, that man renews his youth as often as he falls in love.

HE FOUND—what he bitterly told himself he might have expected to find—disappointment waiting at his door. On top of a sheaf of accumulated mail lay an envelope bearing the advertisement of a hotel in a small up-state town of New York and a special-delivery stamp:

"Oh, Tabby Dear!—I'm heartsick and tiredsick. I try to believe it's good enough for the likes of me to know you're back, and somehow it is in a way, but goodness only knows when I'll see you and New York again. I feel already as if I'd been in exile a couple of centuries and won't know my way around any more than you will know me when I do get back, if ever! And everything's gone as wrong as it possibly could, you'd think.

"I don't know what's happened to the Barry Pemberton piece Mr. Arlington promised to give me a part in; I don't see anything about it in the papers, and Mr. Arlington wired me, the day before Labor Day, to join this company in Buffalo instead of coming on to New York. So instead of a week or two of rest and then a nice, exciting time rehearsing in town, with everybody all worked up over the opening of the season and first nights going off all around like fireworks, which is what I'd been living in hopes of all summer long, I had to stop off at Buffalo and pitch in rehearsing right away to take the place of a girl who hadn't made good in this new piece. I might have expected something of the sort would happen, of course—you'd think anybody who came of theatrical people would know better than to expect anything in the theatre to work out as planned, wouldn't you?—but I was foolish enough to think maybe things would be different and go right this once.

"We are doing a play by Cuthbert Stevens, 'The Ring,' and as soon as it gets whipped into shape we're supposed to bring it into New York. But it's an English piece—maybe you saw it in London, it's had a good run there, they say—and Mr. Stevens, who is with us, has been changing and tinkering with it to make it more palatable to American audiences, but doesn't seem able to satisfy himself. He rewrites a few scenes almost every night, with the result that we start rehearsing from new sides every other day! Burchell Brown is staging the piece, and he and Stevens get along together just like two rattlesnakes. Altogether, it's a grand party!

"Mona is with us, has been with the show ever since it went into rehearsal, playing a comedy ingénue part. But she's in love with someone, she won't tell me who, and is terribly fussed about it, and upstage most of the time anyway because of the hit she made with the critics in that piece that had a few minutes' run in New York last spring. So she isn't the company to me she might be.

"I'm not very happy, Tabby. I don't think I'm doing very good work, though Mr. Brown doesn't find much more fault with me than with anybody else in the cast. But it's mostly something else that's bothering me. Maybe you can guess. You are clever, you know, at reading between the lines, and I know you must have noticed my letters haven't been—well, natural, I suppose, for some time. But I can't write about it. I only wish there was some chance in sight of my seeing you soon again, so we could have a long talk. I do want someone to tell me what I ought to do. And there isn't anybody like you.

"Oh, dear! we do make funny muddles of our lives, don't we, Tabby?

"I'm afraid it's a slim chance, though, our meeting any time soon. There's a rumor round the company now that we may be switched into Chicago for a few weeks' run before we finally come in to New York—if that ever happens.

"Pray for me, Tabby—I need all the help I can get.

"Bless you!"

Tabor's immediate reaction to this letter took the impulsive form of a decision to journey to Jennifer by the first available train. But she had neglected to send a route list; and, reflecting in time that the company might have moved on to another stand, he called up Arlington for more definite information, and thus learned that "The Ring," for a patient which had been so elaborately operated on, was doing quite as well as could be expected, and further that the rumor concerning its presentation in Chicago was without foundation, since the production was definitely booked, after another fortnight's grooming in the nearby provinces, for its New York opening; while of Jennifer's performance Arlington had heard no complaints.

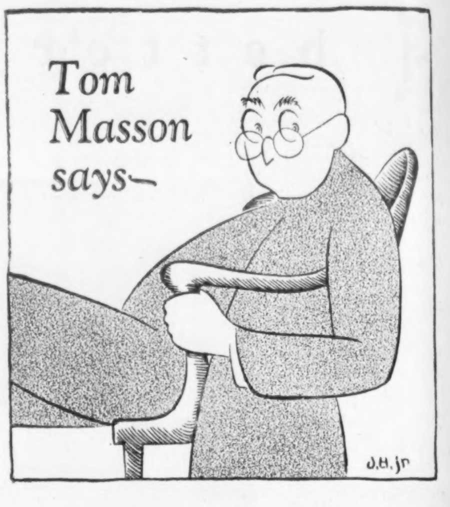
Production of the play in which Mr. Barry Pemberton was to be starred had, it appeared, for reasons which Arlington didn't trouble to state and which Tabor was not interested to inquire into, been postponed till after Christmas; and this had left Jennifer available for drafting into the Cuthbert Stevens comedy to fill a gap caused by an error in terms anything but uncertain. "But I wouldn't tell her that, if you happen to be writing, old boy. The more unsure of herself she feels, the better—the surer we may be that she'll come into New York keyed up to concert pitch, determined to put her part over the footlights or bust something. The time to praise an actress is after a successful first night—and then you don't have to."

It seemed more sensible, then, to content oneself with a consistently friendly letter in acknowledgment of the special delivery: she knew she needed only to send for Tabor if there were any way in which he might be useful.

NEITHER did painstaking review of letters bearing earlier dates yield any clue to the nature of the distress which Jennifer flatteringly had assumed that Tabor, being "clever," might have surprised "between the lines." Her confidences had notably grown, with the aging of summer, ever more sketchy, her freedom of mind with Tabor less constant; there were hiatuses to be remarked which no amount of speculation served to fill in; but the one conclusion warranted, in Tabor's understanding, was that something had been bearing on the girl's conscience to make her mistrustful of a transparency of which she had not been guilty.

He tried not to worry, for the time would not be long now; but men who think themselves too old for love are ill cattle to comfort. He knew more than one bad day in the course of that long fortnight.

And circumstances seemed to put themselves out to encourage this disquiet of his mind. Unaccountably, as he took it, Jennifer wrote nothing more. Pride wouldn't permit of his writing again or discovering any uneasiness to Arlington and his staff. He could but fret and get out of all temper with himself for being such an old fool. And then, coming home in the middle of an evening whose most stirring event had been the dinner of a solitary in a club



Tom Masson says—

THE *cross-word puzzle is still popular with tourists at the junction of five roads each with a different signboard.*

* * *

William Beebe has discovered a fish which is so transparent you can see what he eats. When he wishes to know whether his stomach is full or not, he uses a hand mirror.

* * *

Can it be possible that bobbed hair is the mother of the permanent crime wave?

* * *

It is almost as hard for us to find out the facts about Russia as it is about New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago.

* * *

Individual milk bottles are now labeled the day the cow is milked. How about having fish signed up this way?

* * *

Here it is several months before December 25th and we are already beginning to experience a sense of shame over the Christmas card we know we are once more going to forget to send out.

* * *

The expense of belonging to golf clubs is getting to be so great it is proposed to confine the membership only to those who can play golf.

* * *

A Chinese general says that his countrymen have been treated with great brutality by Christians. That's nothing. He ought to see the way we treat one another.

* * *

At New Orleans the Episcopal Church boiled down the ten commandments to nearly one half their usual length. If the same thing is done to the Star Spangled Banner we might induce somebody to learn them both.

* * *

Henry Ford says that English ought to be used all over the world. The next step will be to get it into our public schools and newspaper offices.

* * *

In one year divorces have increased 11 per cent and marriages only 8.4 per cent. We are weak at figures but at this rate it looks as if in the course of time there will not be anybody left to get divorced from.

* * *

A society woman in New York is managing a motion picture theatre in which all the work is done by women. Their husbands are back home making the beds.

* * *

Vilkjalmur Stefansson says that the Eskimo eats less than the Scotchman. He must have been observing an Eskimo on a visit to a Scotchman.

* * *

The federal jails are now so overcrowded that all those about to commit crimes are warned that they will have to wait their turn.

too good to be popular, he found the drawing-room holding a caller for him, the least welcome he could have thought of as well as the last he had dreamed ever again to see.

His man Ridge didn't give him time to open the front door with his own key, and had a nervous countenance ready when Tabor crossed the threshold.

"A lady waiting to see you, sir," he mumbled.

"A lady?" Tabor puzzled, giving up his hat and coat. "What lady?"

"Name of Mrs. Wynne, sir. At least, so she says. That's how I come to let her in to begin with, thinkin' she must be some relative likely; and once inside she simply wouldn't hear of leaving before she saw you. I'm sorry, sir, but. . . ."

TABOR swung sharply into the living-room and the door closed in that apologetic face.

June!

She rose slowly from the straight-backed chair in which she had been comfortlessly posed, to receive Tabor in a silence that lasted the full term of his first amazement—and to Tabor it seemed that several minutes were lost before he could trust his tongue.

He did not know this woman. And yet she was but imperceptibly changed, not a day older by any sign that he could fix. Her face possibly a shade thinner, her eyes shadowed by a sobriety foreign to their ancient look, her beauty was undimmed. He was struck, as of old he had been so often struck, by the uniquity of her elegance. He had seen in all Europe not one who was a match for this woman. The simplicity of her poise and its spirit, the perfection of her taste in dress, her sheer, unduplicatable loveliness, were such as one woman in a generation may boast: he recognized them, gave them ungrudging admiration—and was as little stirred as if he had been gazing on a manikin in a waxwork show. When he had last spoken with her in that roadhouse outside Philadelphia he had been cold and unmoved. Now he was less even than that little in his emotional reaction.

He perceived it was not June who had changed, but himself. This June of tonight was one with the June of yesterday: it was another man who stood to her in the place of that ancient Tabor: a man utterly disenchanted, but more than that, a man hopelessly otherwise enchanted, whose life belonged altogether to another woman. . . .

He heard himself asking without the least passion to lend his bluntness a color of incivility: "What do you want?"

"I had to see you." June for the first time since her start up from the chair stirred: a gloved hand gave an uncertain flutter, described the barest sign of an entreaty; it was quickly withdrawn. "I hope you won't be annoyed with your man. He tried to get rid of me, but"—Tabor began to hear strained precision in the woman's speech—"I gave him to understand what wasn't true."

"That you were still my wife? But I am told the court gave you permission to resume your maiden name. . . ."

June slowly nodded. "I'm sorry—I had to see you. Please don't be angry. . . ."

"I am not. But I am wondering," Tabor mused aloud. . . .

"If I ever was your wife?"

He found such swiftness of intuition surprising. "Well—yes. It seems rather difficult to appreciate. . . ."

"I know. I have the same feeling, I suppose. Somehow—I don't think I ever was—not wholly." Another slow nod affirmed June's sincerity. "And I am glad you are—cured. I hope you will find someone else to be to you what I should have been. What I did try to be!" Her lips worked, mastering a sob. "I never meanly meant to make you unhappy, Tabor, only tried to find happiness for myself. Well—I've failed." Tabor saw her sway a little, rest a hand for support on the top of a console, and sink down to the chair again. Her head drooped, but for a moment she made no sound. He stood in some stupidity looking on. It seemed not only that June was no more a woman to him but that what she said meant nothing in his life of any moment. He had to whip his wits into seizing the sense of what she had said.

"Have you married Fairless yet?" The bended head was slightly shaken. "When—?"

"I don't know," June said without looking up.

He began to understand. "Fairless is holding back in spite of his word?"

"I don't know." Her head lifted, and he saw pain stabbing her eyes. "I don't know where he is. I telegraphed as soon as I got my decree. I don't know whether he ever received it or not, because I started east the next morning, expecting a telegram to catch me on the train. But he didn't answer, and he wasn't at home when I got back. Nobody would admit knowing where he was. They simply said he hadn't been home in several weeks. I've waited till I can't wait any longer, Tabor. If something isn't decided very soon, I'm afraid I'll go out of my head."

"It means so much to you?"

"It means everything," she declared —"life or death!"

"And you come to me!"

"It was you who made him promise—"

"I was in a hard temper then. Today I am an older man; I no longer wish to punish you."

"Then help me—"

A wag of his head silenced her prayer. "I'm afraid I no longer care enough what happens, one way or the other. Besides, what can I do?"

"You can help me find him, and then. . . . Have you forgotten how you threatened him that night?"

"Aren't you forgetting what it would mean to you if I should carry out my threats in order to force his hand? It would involve my suing to have your decree set aside and for a divorce on statutory grounds, with Fairless named —your name dragged through the gutter."

"I don't care."

He comprehended that she was prepared to endure every humiliation if only in the end she could clutch to herself, even against his will, this man who was using her so contemptibly.

That too, he supposed, was love. . . .

"But I hardly see how I—"

"You know where to find that girl, that Challis woman Lance was mixed up with before we. . . . You do know where to find her, don't you?"

"But what has that to do—"

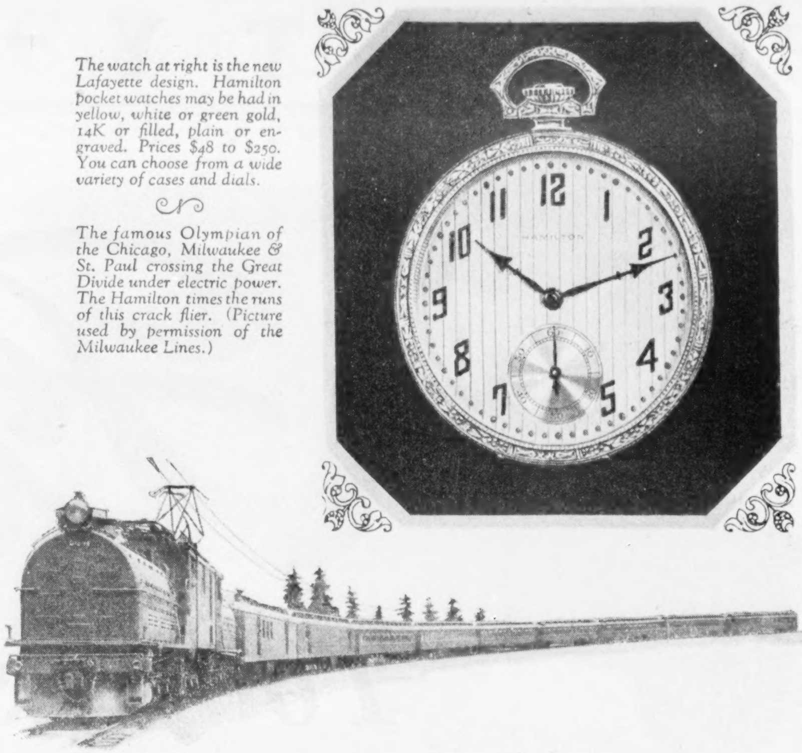
"Simply this," June said in a voice of flat despair: "I am sure you will find Lance where she is."

(*To be continued next week*)

Konrad Bercovici

has written a story, laughable, and serious too, about an Italian family in America. When we read it we exclaimed: "Here's the only story of immigrants worth having—because it's the only *typical* story. They do get on!" *Look in next week's Collier's for*

"GOATS"

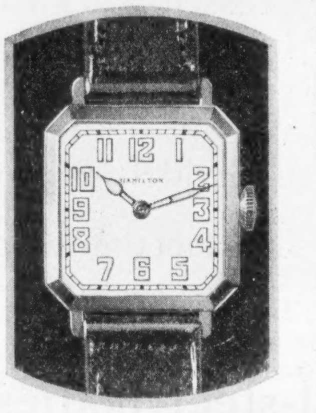


The watch at right is the new Lafayette design. Hamilton pocket watches may be had in yellow, white or green gold, 14K or filled, plain or engraved. Prices $48 to $250. You can choose from a wide variety of cases and dials.

The famous Olympian of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul crossing the Great Divide under electric power. The Hamilton times the runs of this crack flier. (Picture used by permission of the Milwaukee Lines.)

The watch that times America's famous trains

—be as sure of Your time as the railroad conductor is of his...



At the left—The Hamilton Strap Watch for men. Square Model. A timepiece of remarkable convenience plus Hamilton accuracy. Green or white gold, 14K or gold filled. Leather strap and luminous dial. Prices $55 and $85.

"WHAT time have you?" Ask this question of a group of business men. Out come their watches. One watch is three minutes slow, another five minutes fast, and so on. But ask this question of a group of railroad men. If there is any variation it is usually only a matter of seconds. Yet it is so very easy for every business and professional man to have a watch as unfailingly accurate as the railroad man's.

When you buy a watch, get the make he uses. For thirty years, there has been one watch which has been generally favored on America's railroads, a watch that has earned the unique distinction of being called "The Railroad Timekeeper of America." This watch of accuracy fame is the Hamilton. It rides in cab and coach of such famous fliers as the Twentieth Century, the California Limited, the Broadway Limited, and the Olympian.

The secret of Hamilton's accuracy is capacity to take infinite pains. With us every watch is an individual piece of fine mechanism, tested and re-tested until final accuracy is obtained. No Hamilton leaves our factory until it has proved itself worthy of the Hamilton name and is ready to serve you as an accurate timekeeper.

When you buy a Hamilton you can do so with the profound assurance that, with proper care, it will give you accurate time for long years to come.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Hamilton today. He can show you Hamilton pocket and strap watches for men, and charming wrist watches for women. Send for a copy of our new illustrated booklet, "The Timekeeper," Dept. 2-F2, Hamilton Watch Co., Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

Hamilton Watch

The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

BEAUTY-COMFORT

Ford

Today's High Peak *in* Motor Car Value

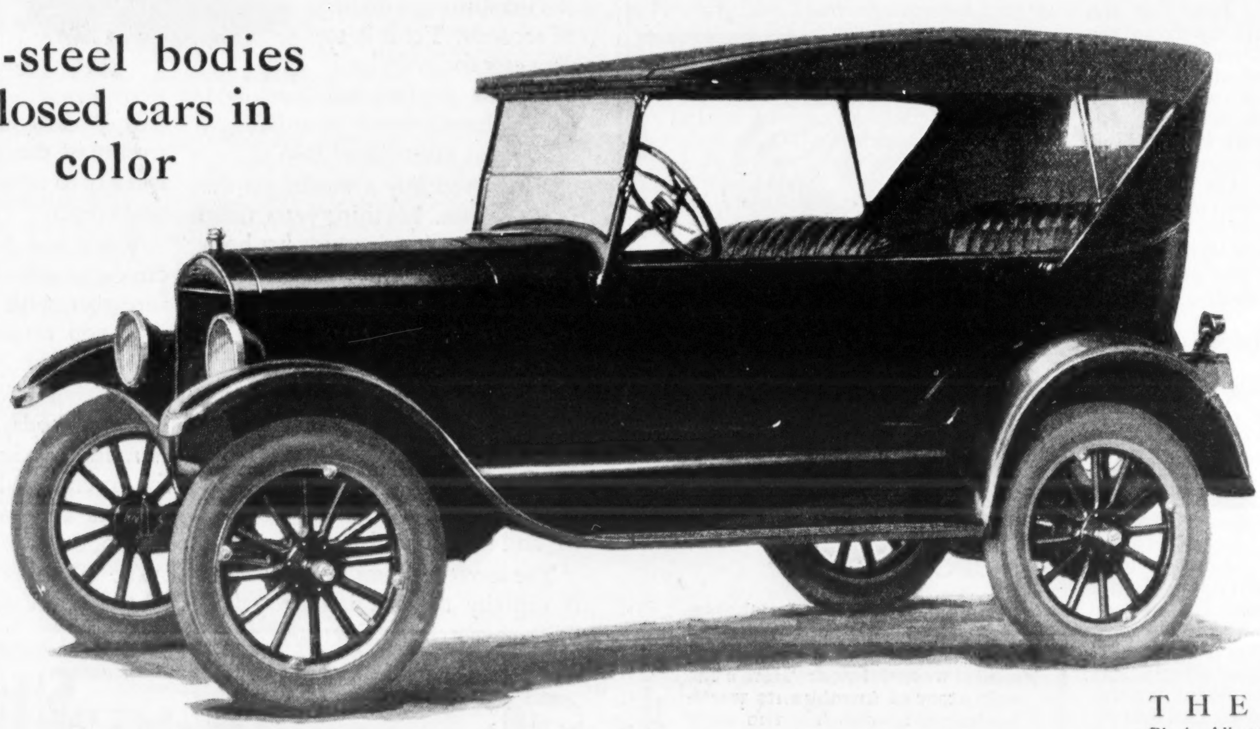
DISPLAY rooms of all Authorized Ford Dealers are thronged with those eager to see the latest Ford body types. Admiration for these attractive cars is expressed everywhere. The low stream-line bodies, the increased roominess, the greater riding comfort and the many convenient new features are advantages which are widely welcomed and appreciated.

The fact that all this has been accomplished without raise in price is even more impressive. Ford value, for years holding unchallenged leadership in the motor car market, now reaches a new high peak, through Ford production—its volume and economy of manufacturing methods.

Demand for Ford cars has exceeded all previous records during summer months. Now it is sure to outstrip even the huge production Ford facilities permit.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY DETROIT

**All-steel bodies
Closed cars in
color**



THE TOURING

Black. All-steel body. One-man top. Weatherproof side curtains opening with all four doors. Four cord tires, nickeled head lamp rims, windshield wiper. Starter and demountable rims $85 extra. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

$290

CONVENIENCE-UTILITY

for BEAUTY

Chassis has been lowered; bodies have also been lowered and lengthened. This streamline effect is further emphasized by the raising of radiator and head lamps.

Closed bodies in color are unusually pleasing; the Fordor Sedan comes in a rich Windsor Maroon, while the Coupe and Tudor Sedan are finished in deep Channel Green; new and finer upholstery gives an artistic harmony to the whole car.

Bright nickeled radiator and head lamp rims feature closed cars. On open cars, head lamp rims are also nickeled.

Fenders are larger, longer and more attractive, conforming to stream-line treatment. The hood also is longer; louvres on sides are redesigned and increased in number.

Rear deck of both the Coupe and Runabout has a full sweep of line which greatly improves these cars' appearance.

for COMFORT

Seats are set further back, lowered and redesigned to permit easy relaxation.

Lowering of the car's center of gravity tends to give greater sense of security and to increase roadability.

Improvement in both the transmission and rear wheel brakes, with wider drums and bands, makes braking smoother and more positive.

One-piece ventilating windshields in the Tudor Sedan and Coupe give greater visibility.

Running boards are wider and nearer the ground; doors are designed for easier entrance and exit.

for CONVENIENCE

In the Tudor Sedan, Coupe and open cars, gasoline tank is under the cowl and may be filled from the outside.

Brake and clutch pedals are wider and more conveniently spaced. Steering wheel is larger and lower.

Coil box and gasoline sediment bulb are placed under hood, where they may be more conveniently reached. Improved fan bracket simplifies adjustment of fan belt.

for UTILITY

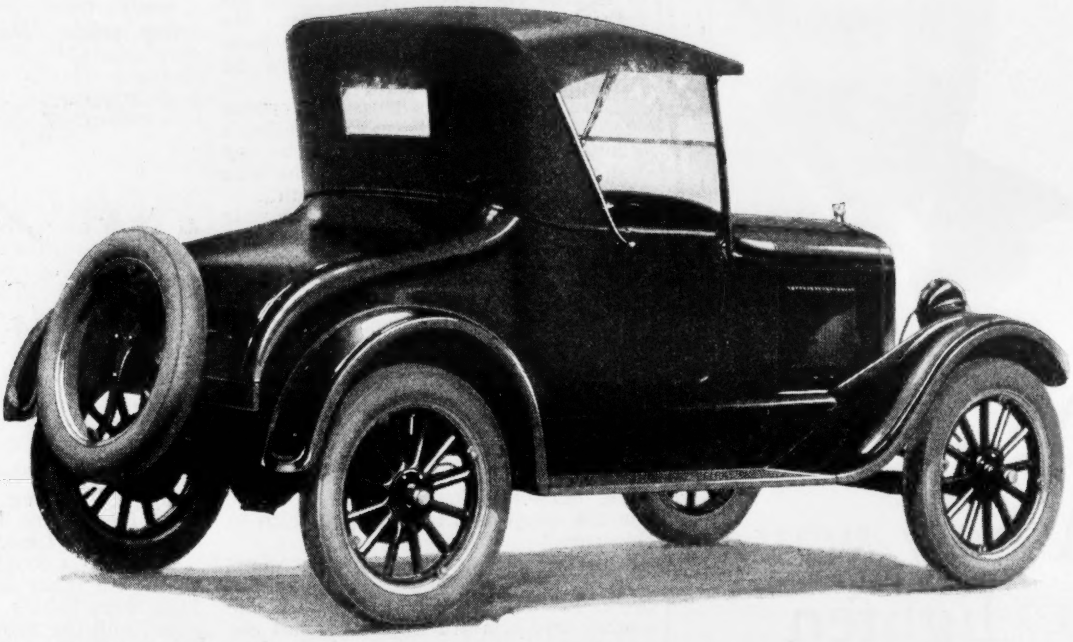
Bodies of all-steel construction mean longer wear and lower upkeep.

The Touring Car and Runabout have removable storm-curtains opening with all doors.

Compartment space under the rear deck of the Coupe and Runabout has been greatly increased.

There is added capacity in the gasoline tank of the Tudor Sedan, Coupe and open cars.

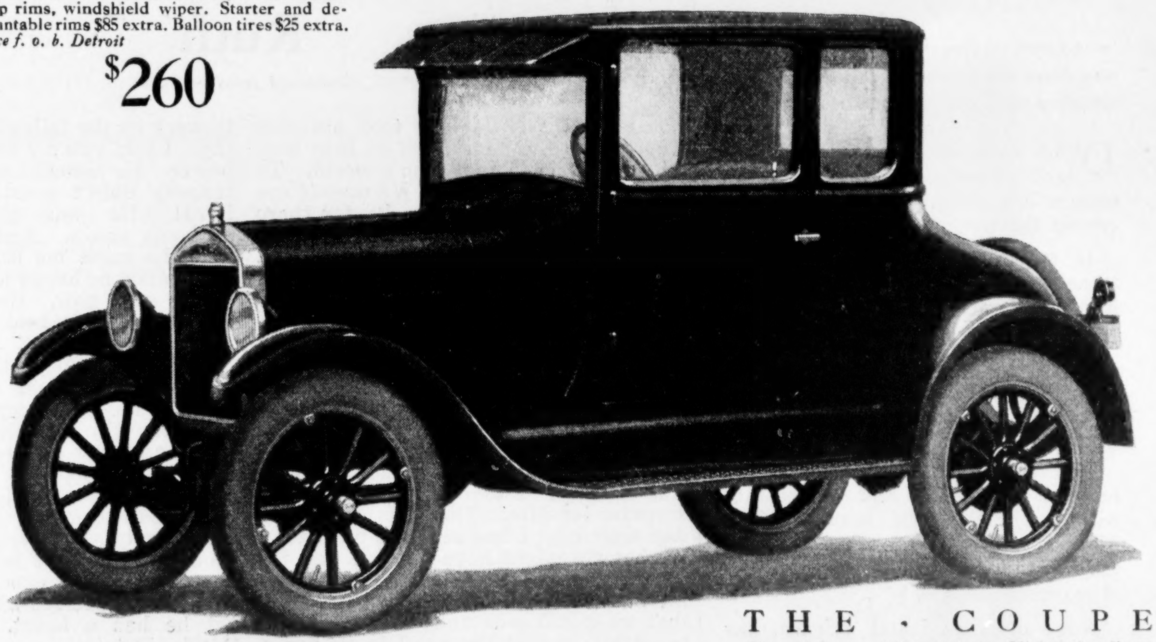
No increase in prices



THE RUNABOUT

Black. All-steel body. Large compartment under rear deck. Weatherproof side curtains opening with both doors. Four cord tires, nickeled head lamp rims, windshield wiper. Starter and demountable rims $85 extra. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

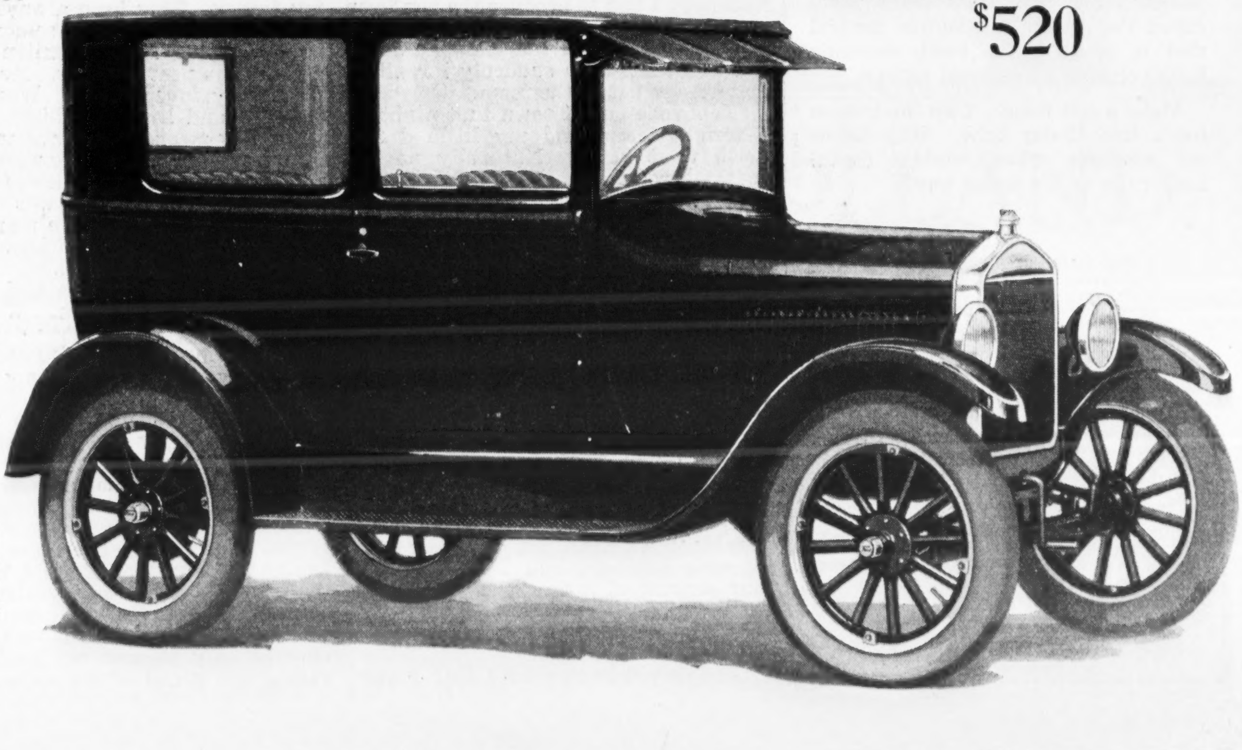
$260



THE COUPE

Channel Green. All-steel body. Nickeled radiator and head lamp rims. Large compartment under rear deck. Starter, four cord tires, demountable rims, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

$520



THE TUDOR SEDAN

Channel Green. All-steel body. Nickeled radiator and head lamp rims. Starter, demountable rims, four cord tires, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra. *Price f. o. b. Detroit*

$580

10-Day Test FREE, *Mail the Coupon*

Now!

A new way to lighten cloudy teeth

—and without bleaching or harsh grit. The way foremost dentists now are urging for dazzling teeth and firm and healthy gums.

DULL teeth, dingy teeth, teeth that lack gleam and luster—modern science has discovered a new way to correct them.

In a short time you can work a transformation. In ten days you can have whiter, more gleaming teeth than you ever thought possible.

Film is that viscous coat you feel, that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It hides the natural luster of your teeth.

It also holds food substance which ferments and causes acid. In contact with teeth, this acid invites decay. Millions of germs breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now modern dental science has found two new combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. They are embodied in a new type tooth paste called Pepsodent—a scientific method that is changing the tooth cleansing habits of some 50 different nations.

Make a test today. Clip the coupon for a free 10-day tube. Why follow old methods when world's dental authorities urge a better way?

Protect the enamel

Pepsodent disintegrates the film, then removes it with an agent far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

FREE
Mail this for 10-Day Tube

Pepsodent REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
The New-Day Quality Dentifrice
Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 84, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

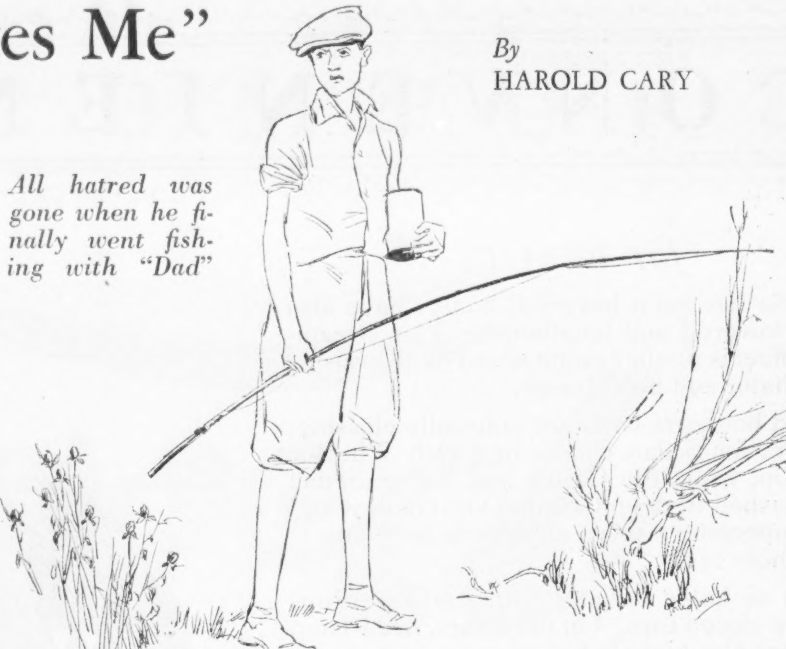
Name……………………

Address……………………

Only one tube to a family. 1890

"My Boy Hates Me"

By
HAROLD CARY



All hatred was gone when he finally went fishing with "Dad"

"WHEN I ask my child to do something for me he yells back, 'No' at me. The boy hates me!"

He was a deeply troubled father as he told me about it. The boy he spoke of is nine years old. And I think his father is a mighty fine fellow too. He never whips the boy, but he does believe in plenty of discipline. I know he loves his son very much.

The case disturbed an otherwise peaceful home and it hurt the father's feelings dreadfully every day. The boy had violent fits of anger and he was sullen when his father was around.

We watched the case and, like a pair of detectives, we tried to see what caused the boy's rages. His mother helped by talking with him about it, and we found that the little chap was a victim of violent jealousy of his father!

When the father came home from work the boy saw how much his mother loved her husband. Both parents are demonstrative, and they had teased their son by being affectionate with each other, before him, while he raged.

As Dr. Douglas A. Thom of Boston says, "The emotions of childhood are far too dangerous to be toyed with in this way."

Our cure was simple. All ostentatious affection between husband and wife in the child's presence was dropped. The mother told him over and over that she and Dad loved him a great deal. The father brought him little gifts, stopped completely giving orders, praised him more freely, and left discipline to the mother for a time.

I wish you could have seen them together the other day when I met them. They were fishing for rock bass off the point, and the youngster yelled at me: "Looky! Dad's caught two and I haven't had a bite. Mother said we had to get home at six, so we have to stop. But Dad's going to teach me how to clean 'em!"

I almost collapsed with astonishment. And the boy has gained five pounds in weight. His father is lyrical about him. He knows the little fellow doesn't hate him any more.

Ruth

Continued from page 21

not will it so. Reason told me that Tom was right. I wanted to help him. This, my friend, is a man's world. To a woman it is all crazy. We women are still peering at it timorously, for there are dragons abroad.

"But I must get on with the story, for we are coming to a dragon; and you, being a man, will like that. As soon as I was sure that there would be a baby I rented a house and bought the necessary furniture. Yes, I did that. Poor blind fool that I was, it seemed to me the baby would justify anything. I spent every cent we had. Tom always left the money in my care, just as my father had done. Well, it was terrible! I told Tom that I had a surprise for him. That was on a Sunday morning. I had saved it until then so that we might have a whole day together in our new home. It was my intention to tell him, during the day, that we would eventually be parents. I lured him out of the hotel to go for a walk and then led him to the house.

"When I opened the front door he must have guessed what I had done. Naturally I had to produce the key from my purse. Anyway, when I walked in he did not follow. I was chirping about this and that when suddenly I realized that he was not in the room.

"Tom rode out of town that night on a freight train, and my little dream world went black. Naturally no one knew where he was. Weeks passed, and we did not hear from him. I went home to my father. Nothing seemed more natural to me than that my father should be very angry with Tom. There are ways of tracing a man; I was afraid my father might find him and do something violent. Therefore I hastened to confess all my offenses, hoping this might reduce his wrath.

"But he wasn't angry. It was perfectly clear to him that I had violated the code of a man's world. I had broken my word and misappropriated money intrusted to my care. He could understand that perfectly. Any man can see it. When I had told him the whole story he said: 'Well, Ruth, you have now tried the wife business, and I gather from your account of it that you struck out. Forget it. Let's go to work in the morning. I'm glad to have you back with me again. I've missed you.'

"And do you know what I did? I went to work on the following Monday morning. I told you my father has hypnotic power. He actually made me think this tragedy didn't greatly matter. Good Lord! He was glad to have me at home again. And because he was glad, he made me believe that I must necessarily be happy also. He does such things even now. He seems always to have a strangle hold on life and fate. Nothing rattles him. The world, just as it stands, is apparently comprehensible to him in its last detail. He looks through the microscope and sees order. He looks through the window of his study and sees natural law ruling the universe. Lord, what a man! There is no mystery in anything. I struck out. A baseball term. To him my marriage was merely an experiment. He makes thousands of tests in the course of a year—he doesn't expect all of them to succeed. Therefore why should I? And yet he has a heart. He is kindness itself. But it is a man's heart.

"BUT I tell this story too slowly. Some months later Tom wrote a letter to my father. They have always been the best of friends. He had sold the patent rights of his first invention and the second was nearly ready. He was now financially independent. Would I like to come and live with him? You see what this means? All was well in his man's world, and now the woman might enter. However, please don't think I am speaking ill of Tom. He was very right in all he did, for this is a man's world. Tom must meet its conditions or it will grind him to mincemeat.

"Well, I went to him and we have lived happily ever since. We have a house, as you see. Every day I cook. Not every meal. But still I cook for the man I love. And I have my children. Also my work. You came to-day to congratulate me because I have won that award. Well, my dear first sweetheart, I am glad I won the award. I do not underestimate its importance nor the value of chemistry to the human race. But the victory was won in a world that is not quite mine. Therefore it is less important than the fact that Tom loves me and that Louise is beautiful. I try to be vain about my little medal, but I am not. In the last analysis, I am a chemist only because my husband and father are proud of me as such. You could never guess what I was doing when the doorbell rang and you were announced. I was standing in front of my mirror, holding the medal in my hand, and I said to myself, 'You female!' For that is what I am.

"My little baby, my Louise, is going out into this world very soon. She is engaged to be married. And it frightens me. Therefore I do what all men have done when frightened; I try to turn to God. Chemistry cannot help me now. I do not know what to tell Louise. Does any mother know? Will any mother ever know? My dear friend, I am not religious. I have never been religious. Tom and my father are afraid that some crazy superstition is at work in my mind—that I am becoming a mystic. I know what they think. I have lived in their man's world so long that its reasoning is perfectly clear to me. In chemistry there exists only cause and effect. One must think in a straight line. Once you begin looking for miracles in a chemical laboratory it is time for a strait-jacket. But I have two minds. In one, I am a woman; in the other, a scientist. The two do not merge and jumble as they would in a man.

"If life were organized sanely, I could say to the bridegroom, 'Here is my Louise. She is composed of so many parts water, so many parts lime, so many parts sulphur. Therefore she is soluble in this, that, or the other.' But I do not know what elements are in her. Nor can anyone say what elements are in the young man. And, worst of all, the elements will not remain constant. Now stop and consider for a moment what it means to me as a scientist when the world tells me that a young man and a young woman are usually soluble in each other, but not always. Good Lord! If that were true in my laboratory, I should go crazy some day and jump out of the window. Do you wonder that I turn to a silly totem pole? I care not a jot what anyone thinks so long as these things comfort me. Anyway, I am just as good a chemist as ever. Surely it does not hurt me to come here and hope for my daughter's happiness. She will soon be sailing a sea that no man has yet charted. So I pray for her.

"We will go now. I make no request, but if you feel that it would be right, perhaps you may have an opportunity to say something to Tom and my father. Something that they will understand. I cannot. When they speak I know they are right, for they are men and I am a woman."

The Land of Losing Men

Continued from page 11

four men were suffering from starvation, and Taylor was sick. Fort McPherson, distant 140 miles.

Eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth days. Temperatures varying from 47 to 62 degrees below zero.

Heavy snows had filled in the trail. Eight dogs eaten, seven left for the sleds.

The diet of dog meat was making all four men ill. Taylor and Kinney near to complete exhaustion. All feet swollen from repeated frostbite. Nevertheless the gain is forty-seven miles.

On February 3, 1910, Fitzgerald wrote in his diary:

"Twenty-six below. Killed another dog to-night. Men and dogs very thin and cannot travel far. We have traveled about 200 miles on dog meat and have still about 100 miles to go. I think we will make it all right, but will have only three or four dogs left. Made fourteen miles to-day."

The next day the mercury fell to 52 below. Eight miles.

It is February 5, 1910, and Fitzgerald is writing in his diary:

"Forty-eight below with strong S. E. wind. We left camp at 7:45, nooned one hour, and camped eight miles down Trail Creek. Just after noon I broke through the ice and had to make fire. Found one foot slightly frozen. Killed another dog to-night. Have only five dogs now and can go only a few miles a day. Everybody breaking out and skin peeling off."

* * *

He will write no more in the diary, and the little book will be found when his body is found.

Three weeks later a rescue party will be sent out from Dawson when alarm is felt because Fitzgerald, Carter, Taylor and Kinney have not arrived.

They will find that the four crept on six or seven days after that last entry in the diary.

They will find that Fitzgerald and Carter could have reached Fort McPherson by simply abandoning Kinney and Taylor and pushing on.

In an open camp on the bank of the Peel River, only thirty-five miles from Fort McPherson, they will find the bodies of Kinney and Taylor, covered with blankets as their comrades had left them. The remains of a fire, a partly empty kettle with a soup boiled out of the moose-hide dog harness, were all that Fitzgerald and Carter could do for these two before pushing on in a last effort to reach Fort McPherson and send back help.

* * *

Fitzgerald and Carter had kept Kinney and Taylor with them too long. Their dying effort could carry them only ten miles in two days—ten of the thirty-five miles to Fort McPherson.

Fitzgerald laid out Carter's body and in a last lingering of consciousness contrived to scrawl a few words leaving everything he had to his mother.

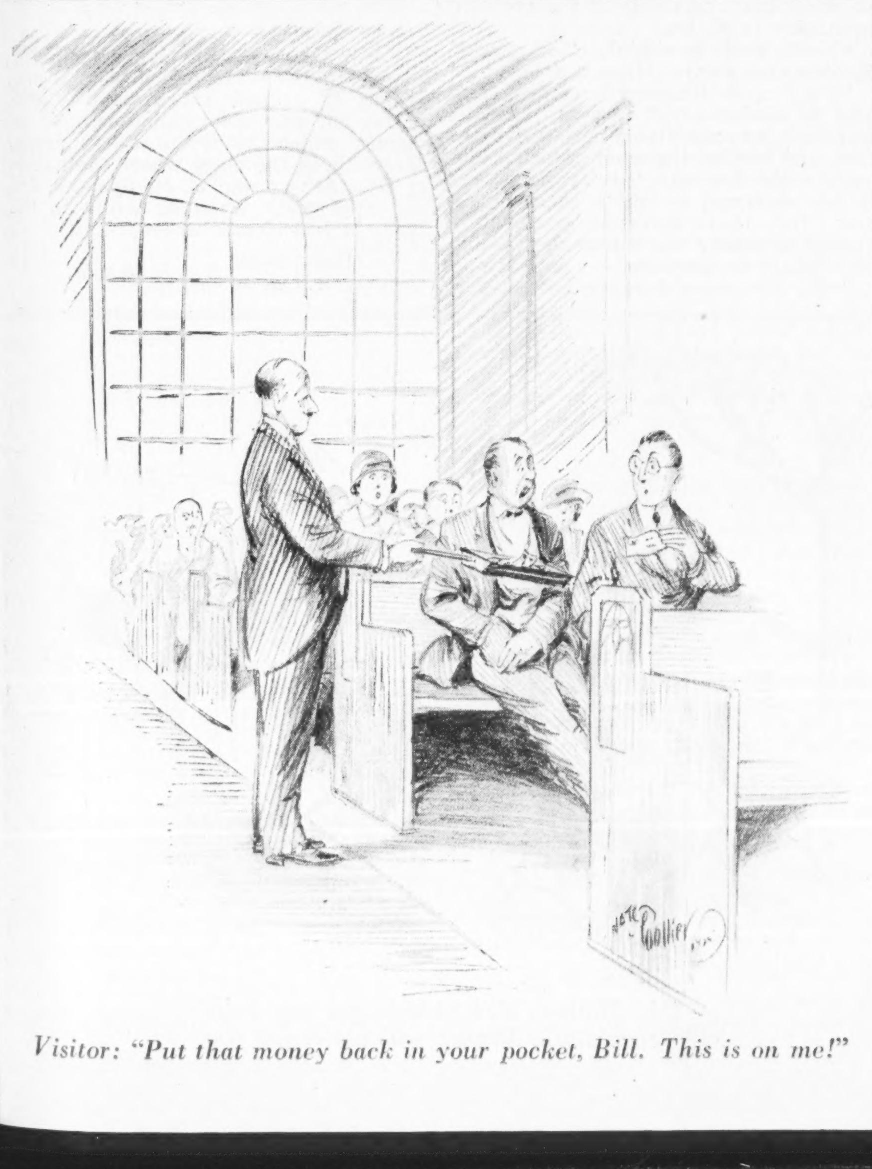
Then, or before, in the open camp on the bank of the Peel River, Kinney having died, Taylor shot himself.

THESE four men will be interred with military honors in a little cemetery at Fort McPherson.

In Barracks Square, Dawson, Yukon Territory, there will be raised in their honor the only monument in Canada erected by public subscription to men of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police. Of hewn granite blocks, it will survive rain, frost, wind, snow and cold.

And once a year the story of The Four will be told to the children in every public school throughout the Dominion, because there is something in life that is greater than life.

Another true story of the Mounted Police—"How Heroes do Their Stuff"—will appear in next week's issue



Visitor: "Put that money back in your pocket, Bill. This is on me!"

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A Rough Shave

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With that I got out a new blade, slipped it into my Twinplex and gave it a few turns. Kilbourne watched me, his face a picture of skepticism.

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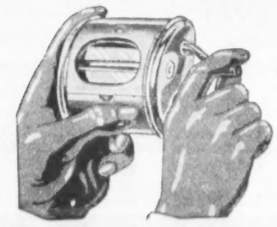


Twinplex Stropper

Never Up—Never In

Continued from page 15

have been angry with him. So they only saw one another at a distance for ages.

Then, one Sunday morning, when he was waiting to have a club fixed, she came along, and he looked so wretched that she couldn't stand it.

"Hello!" she said. "Haven't you been away? I haven't seen you for weeks—"

He felt as morose as he looked. It had always been worse, he remembered, when they were kind!

"Been busy—rush—" he mumbled.

"I thought you were going to take me in to see those pictures—" she said.

"I asked you," he countered, sulkily. "And you were busy—"

Her eyebrows went up. That was, perhaps, the first hint of the truth that came to her.

"Well, I was," she admitted. "But, Bill, I do want to see them—"

"When?" He snapped the word.

"Why—why—any day next week," she said, meekly.

"Thursday?"

She hesitated only a moment. After all, it wouldn't be any worse to break Thursday's engagements, whatever they were, than those of any of the other days. She nodded.

"All right!" he said. "I'll drive in that morning—so we can have the car to come home. Can you meet me for lunch at one, and then we can do the pictures, and have dinner, and take in a show, and dance afterward—as long as we won't have to bother about a train?"

She gasped. But: "Yes!" she said. "I'd love to. At one—at—oh, Pierre's?"

"All right," said Hammond. And his tone had changed again, because Ted Spencer had just driven in, in his usual breathless fashion, and he'd marked the way Janet's eyes had lighted up, and the way she had waved to him. He couldn't know she was just gloating because she'd won a bet by getting to the club first. He was in the depths again as he watched them drive off. No girl ought to play golf as well as Janet. As for Ted, he'd been intercollegiate champion, and he'd carried Sweetser to the third extra hole in their match in the last national.

THURSDAY, though, was all right. He forgot about Spencer and the whole younger generation and concentrated on Janet. He was a little suspicious, at first; he was a little like a small boy who is unexpectedly taken to lunch at a real restaurant and suspects that he will be taken on to the dentist afterward. But Janet warmed him, even before the lunch was done, into mellowness, and the rest of the day was simply one of those days.

That day did a lot for Hammond. It made him feverish with hope again, so that he forgot about his advanced years, and didn't give anyone but Janet a thought. She liked that, of course, just as she liked finding out she really had been right that first night. And for a while, after that day, his behavior to and about and with her was such as to lead one to credit him with a degree of intelligence practically human. He saw more of her than did Ted Spencer and all her other young men put together, and two or three times he almost asked her to marry him. But he either lost his nerve or she wasn't quite ready to have him do it. But one night when there was a moon, or something, he did grab her and kiss her, amateurishly, but thoroughly. He was so ashamed of himself at once, though, and so incoherently apologetic, that even Janet, who really did have a marvelous disposition, lost her temper.

What could a girl do with a man like that? Janet didn't know. She couldn't even imagine why he dropped out again. And all she could do, anyway, was to wait and see what happened. Something would; something always did. Ted suggested a solution; he kept on suggesting it, in fact, whenever he got her alone. He had, among other admirable qualities, the sort of doggedness that enables a man to break the record for chinning himself. If you could have melted him and Bill Hammond up and made two men from the pot. . . .

But, in the end, of course, something did happen.

It began happening one night when there was a dance at the club. Hammond wasn't going. But there was a meeting of the governors, and they telephoned to him, because he was needed for a quorum. So he went—abandoning a comfortable chair and a book. He had been reading poetry—specifically, Browning. Even more specifically, "The Last Ride Together." You know the poem, of course? About the rejected lover who asked his lady to ride with him just once more, and she said she would, and he grew poetic because the world might end that night, who knew, and heaven turn out to be just the two of them, riding side by side, and so on?

That was what made him decide, probably, to ask Janet for one last dance, after the governors had met. Up to that moment he'd seen her every time he'd happened to look toward the dance floor—dancing with Ted Spencer, as a rule. Now, however, he couldn't see her anywhere. That turned his idea into an obsession, and he went hunting for her. He found her too. Sitting on the same bench on which she and he had sat so long ago. Ted was with her, leaning close, talking very earnestly. And before Hammond could turn away, which he was just about to do, Spencer caught Janet in his arms and kissed her.

There was a certain rigidity about Hammond's walk as he went back to the clubhouse, and his face was wholly devoid of expression. No one, seeing him, would have known that he had just heard the last knell of his last hope. Not, of course, that he'd ever thought he had a chance, but it is one thing to know a thing like that, and quite another to—well, to know it.

He walked straight past the gayety of the dance and into a room where, even on nights when there was a dance, certain fellows of the baser sort, lost to all sense of social duty, played poker. Five men, all friends of his, were playing even now. They were glad to see him; they saw in him a sixth man. But he shook his head coldly at the pressing invitation to sit in.

"No?" said Brainerd. "All right! Sit down, anyway. Have a drink?"

"Yes," said Hammond, simply, and said it again, at ill-chosen intervals. In time his monosyllabic mood fell from him, and he felt the need of being eloquent. Mr. Browning's lines were fresh in his memory; to quote them freely and, for that audience, accurately enough probably saved him the trouble of original composition.

"'So, one more day am I de-de-deified!'" he chanted. "Feller had right idea, don' you think?"

They were impressed.

"Absolutely!" they agreed—all save Steve Brainerd, who sat, glowering. The rest, it was plain, were not a little in awe of Bill Hammond's erudition. Chap quoting poetry that way—good business man too.

"Steve!" Hammond turned to the silent one. "Don' you think that's beautiful poem?"

The sometime—he always insisted they rang in loaded dice on him—partner of Hammond's Sunday golf turned and faced him.

"No," he said. "Don' know anythin' 'bout poetry. Wouldn't take your word for it either. No, sir! Not any man putts way you do!" He grew truculent. "'Never up—never in!' Tha's you! Be callin' with a straight flush nex'!"

HAMMOND regarded him with stricken eyes. These were harsh words. The others averted their looks. Bill Hammond was their friend. They liked him; he had great qualities. And yet, leaving out the question of good taste, there could be no doubt at all that there had been truth in Brainerd's arraignment. Hammond looked about. Then, silently, with bowed head, without a backward look, he rose and left the room. Brainerd's voice followed him.

"Never up, never in! Never up, never in!" he sang.

In the great hall of the club a single light burned low. Vast shadows moved about. Silence reigned. The dance was over. Hammond looked about; his eyes followed a dancing, swaying shadow—his own, though he did not think of that. It led him to the desk of Martin, the club secretary. Upon it was a great sheet of cardboard, upon which appeared bracketed names. His mood was such that Hammond gave to the mastery of this document the concentrated effort men reserve, as a rule, for time tables and such mysteries. In time he perceived he was reading the pairings for the mixed two-ball foursomes to be begun in the morning. Two names, coupled as they were, stabbed him:

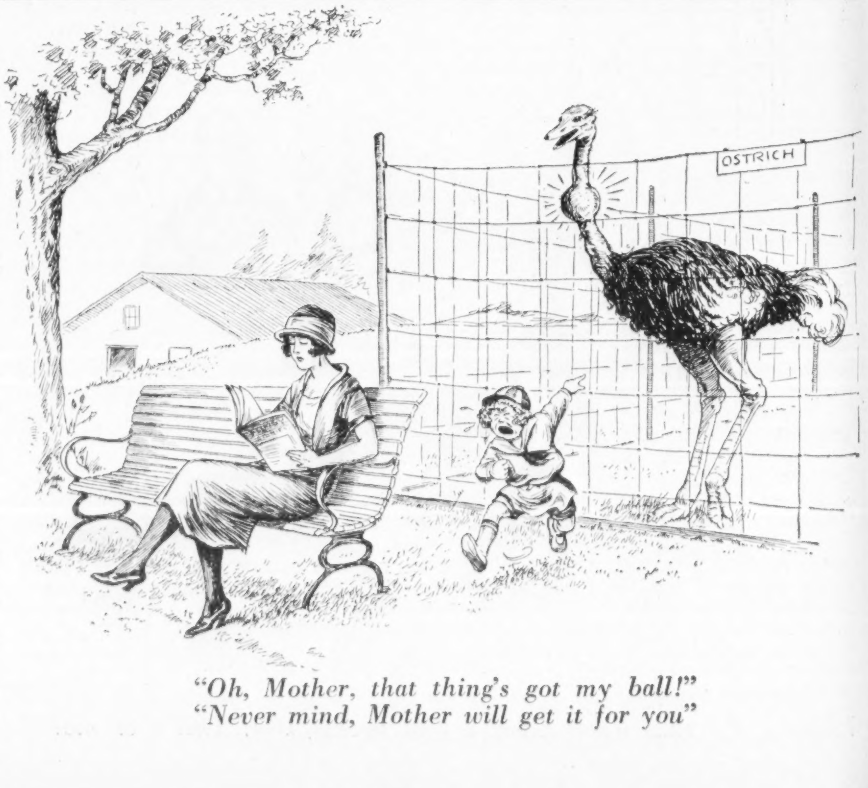
MISS AMORY
E. H. SPENCER, JR. } 10:30 A. M.

He stood for a long time, thinking. Suddenly he spoke, in numbers:

My last thought was at least not vain:
I and my mistress, side by side—

From his pocket he took a penknife. Slowly, with great delicacy and precision, he erased those names, and, higher on the sheet, another pair of names, which he wrote down again, carefully, in the place where the names of Miss Amory and E. H. Spencer, Jr., had appeared. Then he wrote in the space he had cleared above, thus:

MISS AMORY
WM. HAMMOND } 8:30 A. M.



"Oh, Mother, that thing's got my ball!"
"Never mind, Mother will get it for you"

Hammond would, no doubt, have admitted that his judgment was not, just then, wholly trustworthy. Yet it seemed to him that he had, for a first attempt at forgery, done well. Also, he need not, he thought, fear detection until he had reaped the rewards of his crime. Tom Martin would never see this sheet, and what had happened to it, at eight-thirty in the morning, nor even at ten-thirty. He would, at both those absurd hours, be in bed and asleep. As to this Hammond felt quite certain, for Tom was one of those he had just left in the card-room, and the game was still going on. Also, if Ted Spencer was scheduled to start at half past ten, half past eight would find him, too, still asleep.

"I," said Hammond to himself, but aloud, for it was important, he knew, to get these things well fixed in his mind, "will telephone to Janet at half past seven and tell her Ted's great-aunt in Washington is dead, and he can't play, and I am taking his place, and our starting time has been changed to half past eight. I will say he didn't want to disturb her, and asked me to telephone and explain."

IT SOUNDED plausible. So he went home.

But he didn't go to bed. He dared not. He was afraid he wouldn't wake up, if he did. At seven he took a cold shower. At seven-thirty he began telephoning to Janet, and, in time, got her on the wire. He repeated his piece, and it still sounded plausible to her, he was glad to realize, as well as to him. At eight he had a chilled grapefruit and a glass of ice water for breakfast, and at eight-ten he sounded his horn outside of Janet's house, and she came out, looking so lovely that tears of remorse started in his eyes.

"Well!" she said, brightly. "This is the very first time we've ever played golf together, isn't it, Bill?"

He mumbled something about not being in her class, but not having wanted to keep her out of the tournament, and they went on to the club. He felt about the way a trusted collie does after killing a sheep.

Janet drove from the first tee—a nice ball, straight down the course. They were playing with Jimmy Gould and Helen Norton, the idea of the committee having been that that pair would meet Janet and Ted in the finals, in a match calculated to appeal to those members of the club addicted to the vice of gambling. Jimmy looked a little surprised, but made no comment.

Hammond, too, had nothing to say. Janet chatted, blithely, and he looked at her. It was a beautiful morning, but the sun looked odd, to his eyes, and the grass wasn't green, for some reason, but a pale and unpleasant yellow. However, he swung a wicked brassie, and left Janet a nice full pitch for the green, which she executed perfectly, leaving him a ten-foot putt for a four, and, as it turned out, the hole, Helen having messed up her approach. He missed the putt—being, as usual, a couple of feet short.

"Never mind that, Bill—that's all right!" said Janet, and sank the next one herself for the half in five.

THERE is no need to go into the shocking details. Hammond's game went along about like that for the first few holes, and then got worse. Janet, for the first time, learned the sickening truth about a man she had hitherto respected as well as liked—for, naturally, no one had told her. Golf like Hammond's is not the sort of thing concerning which men talk to a nice girl.

She was extremely nice about it at first. She took it for granted, of course, that Hammond was just in a slump, and she tried to help him to work out of it by acting as if it didn't matter. But, gradually, her smile faded, and her eyes began to snap, and her voice began to be a little edged. And when they turned for home, after nine holes, four down, her lips were drawn into a tight line.

Hammond drove very well indeed from the tenth tee. His ball was hooked; Jimmy Gould's had a faint slice; the teams, accordingly, played the hole with the width of the fairway between them. Janet's full second shot was well placed; Hammond had a full mashie shot for the green. He came up to the ball; turned to Henry for his mashie; hesitated; handed it back, to take his mashie niblick.

"*Bill!*" Janet's voice was like the crack of a whip. "Take your mashie and *hit* the ball! If you dare just poke at it again!—"

He gasped. And he did exactly as she told him to do. The club head hit out the turf behind the ball; it soared high; it dropped dead to the pin.

"Four? Your hole!" said Jimmy Gould, a minute later. "Nice approach, Bill, I'll say!"

"Yes!" said Janet, and glared at Hammond, who quailed.

On the next green it fell to Hammond to sink a six-foot putt for a win. He sighted the line; he took his stance.

"Bill!" said Janet. Jimmy and Helen, as well as her partner, jumped at the tone in her voice. "Putt for the back of the cup! I don't care if you go on into the trap—if you're short I'll never speak to you again!"

The others stared. But Hammond, for the first time in ten years, hit the back of the cup, and the ball leaped up and dropped in!

"Your hole again—only two down, now," said Jimmy, looking worried.

Janet had no need to admonish Hammond again. A look was enough. And the caddie, Henry, was wondering how he would spend the money he was going to win. He had placed his bets immediately after Hammond's first mashie shot to the tenth green! Four down on the ninth, Janet and Hammond won the match, two up and one to play!

As they strolled, laughing and talking, from the seventeenth green—only Hammond was doing none, either of the laughing or the talking—one came to meet them, indignant bewilderment in every line and look of him.

"Ted Spencer!" said Janet. "I thought you'd gone to Washington!"

"Washington? What would I go to Washington for? What goes on, anyway? We were supposed to play with Pete and Sally at half past ten, and I toddle around and find you gone with this push—"

FOR a moment amazement held them all, save one, bound. Then Janet happened to look at Hammond. He gulped.

"There—there was some mix-up, Ted," she said, quickly. "I'm sorry. Someone did say you'd been called away. But we'll get it straightened out, as long as you weren't—"

"Yes, but—" Ted was still trying to figure it out. And Hammond was about a dozen yards away, and moving fast.

"Bill!" Janet's voice stopped him in his tracks. "Wait a minute—"

She came up to him.

"Will you tell me what on earth—?"

"Well—I—well—you see—I wanted one more dance with you—" he said.

"Dance!" she said, and looked about her at the rolling turf. She had supposed he couldn't surprise her, any more, but, plainly, she had been wrong.

"Last night," he explained. "I—I'd been reading. Browning. The chap who wanted one more ride when she wouldn't have him—"

"Oh!" she said. He didn't happen to be looking at her eyes. He wasn't looking at her at all. He couldn't.

"So I—I scratched out some names and changed them around and made up that story about Ted's aunt in Washington—"

"Oh!" she said again. "But Bill—why—why?"

"Well," he said. "I mean—well—I wanted that one last dance with you and I was looking for you, and I went out, and I just happened—I mean—I saw you and Ted—"

"Oh!" she said, yet again. "You—you saw him kiss me, you mean. You—you didn't wait to see what happened then, did you?"

"Of course I didn't!" he said, indignantly.

"No!" she said. "You wouldn't! Oh, Bill, you idiot—I wish you had—!"

He stared. It took about half a minute for it to sink in.

"Janet!" he cried, then. "Janet—dearest—do you mean?"

"Oh, Bill," she said. "Of course!"

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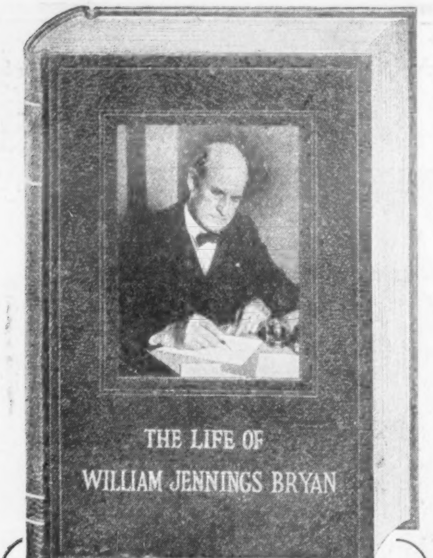

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The Wandering Jehu

Continued from page 8

he kissed her, the big stiff! With a startled cry Pansy springs up and slapped his face, but, laughing his head off, Fairfax threw both arms around her. At this interesting point I shoved open the door.

"That's out!" I called to his back, which was towards me. "Let Pansy alone or papa spank!"

Say—you should of pegged Jack's dumfounded pan when he dropped his arms and swung around on me. Pansy stepped away from him and with great presence of mind begin powdering her nose.

"You ungrateful little cat!" yells Fairfax at her. "So you framed me, eh! You and this—this rustic sweetheart of yours!" He walks over to me and snarls in my face, "The lady-killing chauffeur, eh? Does Barbara Baxter know you are also Pansy's lover?"

Pansy jumped between us, and her eyes were two four-alarm fires.

"You evil-minded fool!" she pants. "I—"

Fairfax pushed her roughly aside. "Well, what do *you* expect to get out of this, Grimm?" he sneers.

"The sugar you owe me—and some skinned knuckles!" I says softly, and promptly smacked him down.

UNFORTUNATELY he wasn't badly hurt, but being far from the gamest guy in the world he couldn't see his way clear to get up and fight. If he had, it was my praiseworthy intention to give him the cuffing of his life, and I don't mean perhaps! As it was, I made him hand over his bank roll, which to my great disappointment only amounted to twelve hundred bucks. When he'd flaunted it before Pansy it looked more like twelve million! Still, tens and twenties make a lot of display.

"This leaves eight hundred still due me, Fairfax," I reminded him.

"Try and get it!" he grunts at me wickedly.

"What's the matter with his watch and ring, Bill?" asks Pansy coolly.

"That's a good thought—thanks, Pansy," I says, choking off a laugh, and then I bent over the still reclining gentleman. "When you slip me that eight yards balance, Fairfax, I'll give you back your jewelry. Hand it over and make it snappy or I'll beat you into a treat for a surgeon!"

I must of looked murderous, for he removed his gewgaws and flung 'em at me without a word. Then he got up, jammed on his hat and tossed me and Pansy a vicious glance to split between us.

"Call me a taxi!" he commands Pansy.

"Right here!" I spoke up, all business. "My nobby vehicle's outside. Where to, sir?"

Pansy bust out laughing, and Fairfax's answer was to slam the door after him so hard that two pictures and a mirror fell off the wall. I helped the still giggling young lady to pick 'em up and then shoved off myself.

A very successful conference, with much business transacted!

WELL, I kept phoning beautiful Barbara Baxter till she finally threw up her hands and made a date with me. For the rest of that day I wheeled my taxicab about in a happy trance and astonished my enraged fares by smiling benignly in their faces when they bawled me out for hauling 'em to wrong addresses. All I could think of was that me and this hashish eater's dream was going for a ride that night and the rest of the world could go by as far as I was concerned! I exchanged my taxi for a hired two-seater sport model which was the last syllable in dog, and we drove to a swell trap at Long Beach with the objects of dinner and dancing. That went over big, and so did I till I told Barbara about my session with Jack Fairfax. She thought it was great that I got as much out of him as I did, but she coldly declared that my visit to Pansy in her flat was all wrong!

"You and Pansy appear to be inseparable," she says, tapping the table idly with the menu. "Don't you think you would have had a more enjoyable evening with *her?* Or do you—er—alternate with us? First Pansy, then—"

"Don't be silly, Barbara!" I interrupted, reaching over and grabbing her hand before she could snatch it away. "Pansy's more like a boy friend to me. She's a good scout and I like her plenty, but—but I *love* you, Barbara!"

That last slipped out almost without me knowing I was saying it, and I held my breath, positive I'd pulled a fox pass. But Barbara's eyes softened, and she produced a blush which positively ruined me.

"Bill, you're incorrigible!" she smiles. "What do *you* know about love?"

"What *don't* I know about love?" I grinned back. "I'm a taxicab driver, ain't I?"

To my great relief, she laughed heartily, and the rest of that night was simply grand, no fooling!

Talking of apricots, when I rolled my taxi up to my stand the following evening I was amazed to find no less than Jack Fairfax waiting for me. With him was a great big thick-necked, broad-shouldered bozo, which, besides a cap and sweater, bore other earmarks of a pug, viz., one of his ears seemed much more like a sponge. He give me a dirty look, so thinking him and Fairfax was going to choose me, I hopped down off the seat, buttoned up my coat, and took a step towards 'em, just in case. The bruiser looked willing enough, but Jack grinned and held out a handful of bills.

"We don't want any bloodshed, Grimm," he says in apparent good humor. "I made an ass of myself the other day, and I want to apologize. Here's the eight hundred balance I owe you—may I have my watch and ring?"

Well, the idea of Fairfax cuddling up to me completely baffled me. I actually felt cheap for taking his jewelry away from him and knocking him down at Pansy's. Instantly it come to me that he'd brought this burly scrapper along with him for protection only.

"Here's your stuff," I says, sheepishly handing it over. "And I'm sure sorry I lost my head and hit you, Fairfax! I—"

But with one snatch he grabbed his junk out of my hand and slipped behind his friend.

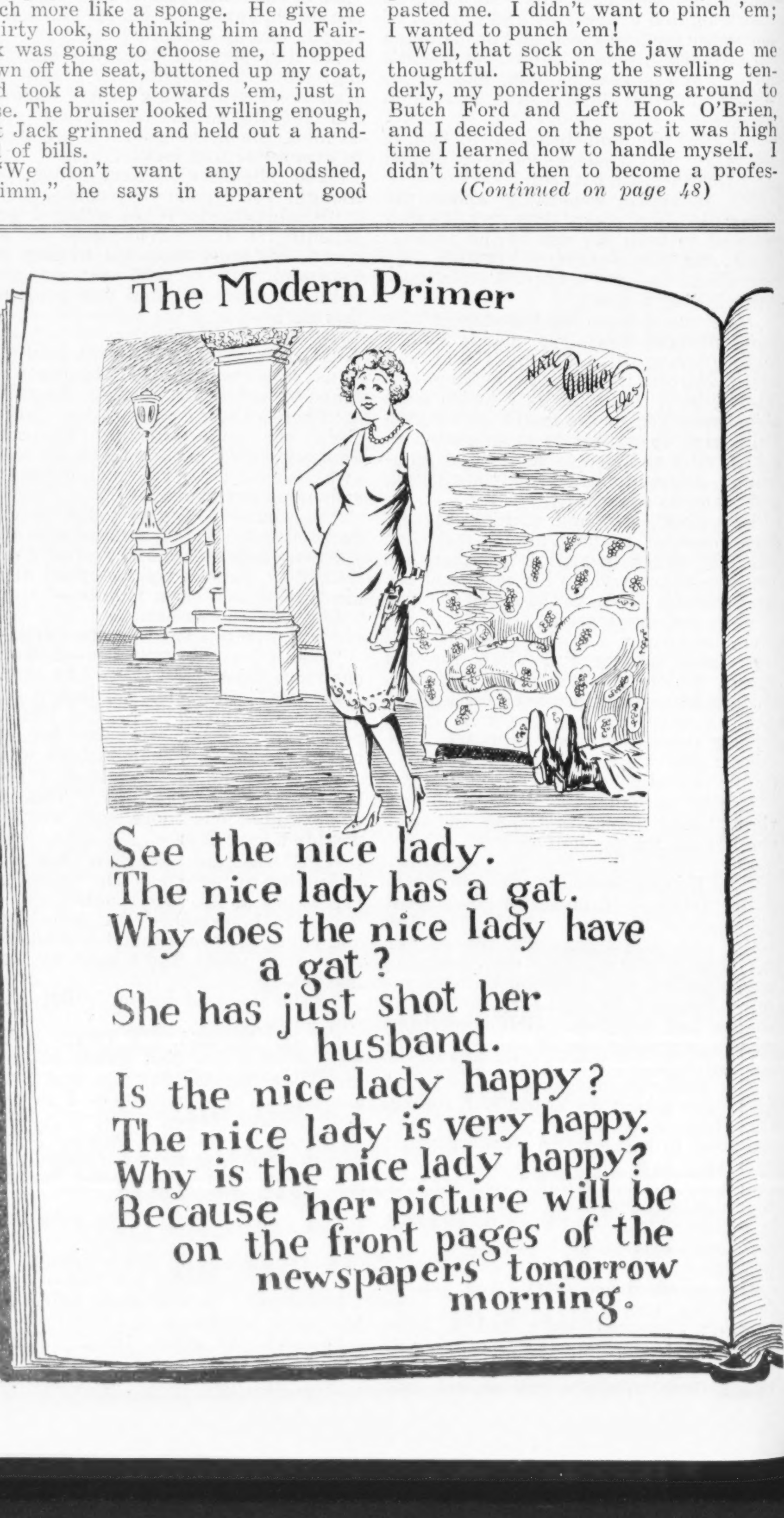
"Let him have it!" he hisses in the other guy's good ear.

Sock!

BEFORE I could realize his sudden change of front and get my hands up, a iron fist connected with my chin, and I kissed the pavement. I wasn't knocked cold, but I was the next thing to it! While I was shaking my head to clear it and trying to get to my feet, I seen Fairfax and his bodyguard streaking it around the corner. A crowd of curious citizens surrounds me, along with a couple of equally curious coppers. I says I don't know who hit me or why, if at all, and I give the gendarmes a phony description of Fairfax and his playmate. I was out the eight hundred and security I was holding for it, but what I wanted to do was to personally get Jack Fairfax and that boy which pasted me. I didn't want to pinch 'em; I wanted to punch 'em!

Well, that sock on the jaw made me thoughtful. Rubbing the swelling tenderly, my ponderings swung around to Butch Ford and Left Hook O'Brien, and I decided on the spot it was high time I learned how to handle myself. I didn't intend then to become a profes-

(*Continued on page 48*)



The Modern Primer

See the nice lady.
The nice lady has a gat.
Why does the nice lady have a gat?
She has just shot her husband.
Is the nice lady happy?
The nice lady is very happy.
Why is the nice lady happy?
Because her picture will be on the front pages of the newspapers tomorrow morning.

Picked Out Of The Air

by Jack Binns

Hell 'N' Maria Chorus

HALF the country had an opportunity of listening to the musical soul of a vigorously minded man when the WEAF chain of stations broadcast "Melody," the composition of Vice President Charles G. Dawes. Unfortunately we were unable to ascertain whether General Dawes' favorite words were chanted to the melodious strains.

Swee-tadeline
Swee-tadeline

Beware!

HERE is a warning to all readers. Mrs. Tillie Leigh of Jamestown, N. Y., writes me that sometime ago her husband gave her permission to purchase a radio set not to exceed five hundred dollars in cost. She happened to mention this to an acquaintance, and the next day a young man arrived with a box, suggesting that he give her a demonstration of the radio set. That afternoon he erected an aërial between a neighbor's house and the home of Mrs. Leigh. In the evening he came back, and in rapid succession, tuned in pretty nearly every station in the United States, but did not stay with any one of them longer than to get the announcement.

Mrs. Leigh says her husband became suspicious and asked to look inside the set. The salesman refused, saying something about factory seals that could not be broken. Mr. Leigh then pushed the man aside and lifted the lid. The box was empty.

"The young fellow made a jump for the door, but my husband grabbed him, while I ran to phone the police," says Mrs. Leigh. "We later learned that the aërial to the house next door was a telephone line over which the young man's confederate announced and played phonograph records for our benefit."

They Have Taking Ways

AN ESKIMO tenor recently sang to the rest of the world through the medium of the radio aboard Commander MacMillan's expeditionary ship Peary. His name was announced as E-Took-A-Shoo. He is likely to become as famous as his two compeers who accompanied "Doc" Cook to the place which "Doc" described as the Boreal Center of the World.

I've never experienced an Eskimo, so can't say whether E. Took A. Shoo is well named or not, but my knowledge of Laplanders leads me to believe that Arctic peoples will even take the halter off a nightmare.

Harnessing Static

A FRIEND of mine recently described an old colored man who was wont to purvey sweets to the students in one of our colleges some years ago. This son of Ham prided himself on his complete knowledge of two languages—English and profane.

Those of us who are gifted with the latter tongue have applied it vigorously and frequently in describing our opinion of static. That vagary of Nature seemed to be about the most useless thing in this varied universe.

Now a New York lighting company is utilizing it as a means of warning the approach of a storm. By this means it is possible to start up the additional generators needed to take care of the extra load when all the office building lights are suddenly turned on.

Yes, Mrs. Harris, You're Right

MRS. IRMA HARRIS of Sanford, Indiana, is an ardent fan and is willing at all times to take up the cudgels in defense of her hobby. "I have just had an argument," she writes me. "They tried to tell me that a radio and the aërial were dangerous—that it would 'draw' lightning and endanger property. There are a lot of folks who won't buy sets for this reason. Isn't it true that an aërial properly grounded is an efficient lightning rod and protector? That's what I tell 'em, anyway."

The Silvertown Mask

WE HAVE often wondered whether the "silver masked tenor," whose voice rings out through so many stations every Thursday evening, really wears a mask, and whether the silver refers to his voice or the mask. Another thing: Is the mask fastened on with rubber bands, and, if so, are they made by the tireless sponsors of the program in question?

Let's Make 'Em Behave

THE more I listen to radio programs, the more convinced I become of the necessity of a National Program Committee to regulate and coördinate the efforts of our broadcasters. The latter seem to be unable to do it themselves.

There is no thrill in tuning from one station to another, only to hear the same type of program and oftentimes the same air. Let's get together and advocate the appointment of such a committee.

You Tell 'Em, I'm Tired

HAVE you noticed how routine the programs have become lately? Certain days and certain times set aside for ever-recurring items! Our studio managers are becoming methodical and losing their originality. In New York it has come to pass that four stations regularly broadcast band music at the same time on the same day each week. You can do a lot to stop this by sending the studio managers those letters of "constructive criticism" for which the announcers are always appealing.

forgot me hammer

Undampened Ardor

"I'M a 'salt that is salt' radio fan, but radio certainly has treated me cruelly," writes H. V. Koehler of Boonton, N. J. "I started to put up an aërial but fell and sprained a very useful ankle. A supposedly deaf aunt was so surprised when I gave her 'two audio stages' over the phones that she knocked over the set with much resultant damage. My best friend gypped me on a small radio trade, and my eyes have suffered from staying up nights for DX. My radio set of course is the most selective, simplest and everything else a true fan should claim for his pet set; but, oh man, it's some little fighter! It knocked my pocketbook flat three times in the past month, and just the other day as I was working on it a tube whose socket pin was loose jumped out of the socket and hit me in the eye."

Best time *to* feed scalp is when you CLEAN it

Double formula makes treatment easy and cheap

WILDROOT TAROLEUM HAIR-WASH

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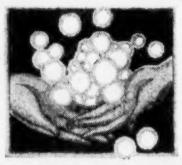
Quick Massage sends life to hair-roots

The secret of Taroleum lies in the method of application. Before using any water, a small quantity of Taroleum should be rubbed into every part of the scalp, with the finger tips. As little as a tablespoonful is enough to feed the hair-roots. Only a short massage works the life-giving crude-oil into the hungry scalp.

Clean scalp is healthy

After this quick massage—wet the hair with warm water, and in a second you have a luxurious lather.



Taroleum's snow-white suds quickly gather up the dust, and grime, and dandruff—all so dangerous to the scalp—and leave the hair free and clean.

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Taroleum is splendid for the fairest hair—it absolutely cannot affect the beautiful, natural color of any hair. White-haired mothers, and golden-haired daughters are among the most enthusiastic users of Taroleum.

The fresh, delightful odor of cleanliness is all that Taroleum leaves. This freedom from "smelliness" has endeared Taroleum to people of discriminating taste.

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Taroleum's mild ingredients are a real protection to the scalp—because they have a desirable antiseptic action. The healing pine-tar in Taroleum is one of Nature's best dandruff removers.

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Here is the fairest sort of a test. Get a bottle of Taroleum at your druggist's today. If it isn't the best hair-wash you ever used—we'll return your money. Wildroot Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

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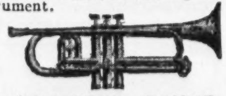

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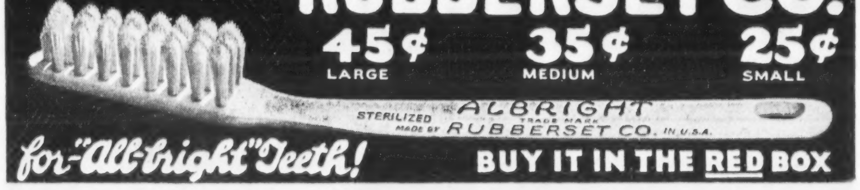

for "All-bright" Teeth! BUY IT IN THE RED BOX

The Wandering Jehu

Continued from page 46

sional box fighter; I only wanted to be able to make it interesting for one should he fuss with me. So I went around to Butch's gym and told him my needs. Both him and O'Brien got hysterical with delight, joining hands and dancing around me till the other inmates of the place was satisfied we was three cuckoos of the first water! But I wouldn't sign a contract with Butch or make him any promises, sticking to my plan of merely learning enough about the manly art of aggravated assault to keep from getting underfoot in a brawl.

I WAS deep in the mysteries of a straight left one afternoon, when who should stroll into Butch's busy training quarters but that fellow which floored me to amuse Jack Fairfax. Clinching with Left Hook O'Brien, I turned him around facing the newcomer and disregarded Butch's bellow for me to keep on sparring.

"Who's that guy?" I whispered to O'Brien.

"Him?" says O'Brien. "That's Jim Tierney. A tough boy, but he'll never get nowheres. He's just a swinger—still, he's hard to stop!"

"Yeah?" I remarks without a smile. "Well, I'm going to walk over and stop him right now!"

O'Brien and Butch stared at me for a minute and then let loose some loud guffaws.

"In six months, if you tend to your knittin' here, you might give that mug some trouble," says Butch. "To-day Tierney would lay you like carpet!"

That was all I needed. I wrenched away from 'em and walked over to Tierney, which was gazing at me curiously. He recalled me all right!

"If you hadn't run away the other day, I'd of licked you, you big stiff!" I says politely.

"I wish they was all as soft as you," returns Tierney with equal courtesy, and at the same time he took a wicked punch at me.

Then the jollity begin!

Remember, I'd been sparring with Left Hook O'Brien, and I had on heavy training gloves—twelve-ounce cushions versus Jim Tierney's hard, bare knuckles. When I hit him it was like caressing him with a pillow, but when he hit *me* it meant something! I knew nothing whatsoever about infighting and darn little about *any* kind of fighting for that matter, while Tierney was a veteran of over a hundred ring battles. There could only be one ending to this fracas, of course, as this was real life and not no movie. Blood flowed like water. Ten minutes later Butch Ford managed to halt the thing with the aid of the other highly surprised athaletes in the gym. The mill was stopped just in time to save a nice boy from serious injury. That boy was me!

"I'll meet you in the ring inside of a month and make you like it!" I gasped, when Butch pried my battered eyes open. "You knew too much for me, Tierney, but at that you wasn't able to knock me for a loop!"

"He couldn't flatten you with an ax!" enthusiastically says Butch, patting my heaving back. "I seen all *I* wanted to see—you can *take* it, Bill, and that's the one thing I wished to know for sure. I'll toss you in with this big palooka five weeks from to-day—"

"And I'll smack him out of the ring into your lap!" Tierney finishes for him—and walked out of the gym.

Never the less, though Tierney had twice took informal decision over me, I couldn't get rid of the idea that I could trim him. In those days I was a hog for chastisement, no kidding! It took a oversize week for my features to heal up, during which time I ducked both Barbara and Pansy. At that, when I begin hard and serious training for Jim Tierney—my first professional fight—I was wearing adhesive tape over my right eye and on my left cheekbone. Me and Tierney was to go ten rounds or less at a club up in the Bronx, and I was to draw down three hundred and fifty bucks for my efforts. It was a main bout too, and I learned afterwards that Tierney got a fifteen-hundred-dollar guarantee. For the time being I'd cast my lot as a box fighter.

A couple of days before my heart-rending scuffle with Jim Tierney, I heard through Butch Ford that Jack Fairfax was running a keen night club called La Palais on Fifty-first Street off Broadway. Butch says it was a Ritzy evening-clothes joint which received a heavy "society" play, featuring a well-known jazz orchestra and fairly good Scotch. I immediately insisted on going up and getting my money from Fairfax, and I wouldn't take no for a answer. So with Butch and O'Brien I climbed into a tuxedo and up we went. We got past the hard-eyed doormen and lookouts without no trouble, our swell fronts helping us, and surprise number one comes when I'm greeted by Pansy Pilkington! She's the hostess, she tells me, and adding that Fairfax had amply apologized to her for his rough words in her apartment that day and he was now imitating a perfect gentleman. The fact that he was paying her two hundred a week and a cut of the five berries cover charge didn't make Pansy enraged against him either!

N.Y. 1925
ABC-02

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What to do in a collision with a pedestrian (uninsured)
How to change a tire
How to help a lady out of a wreck
How to treat a crowd bent on lynching you

The correct behavior in these and other situations which confront the busy motorist, with special attention to appropriate language, is outlined by H. I. Phillips

in next week's

Collier's

Fairfax himself wasn't there at the minute, but I was determined to wait for him. Butch and O'Brien sat down at a table and ordered chicken sandwiches and chocolate, while, like the sap I was, I give in to Pansy's pleading for just one dance. At the office from her, the orchestra put it on heavy for us, and I really enjoyed the thing. Pansy's feet fairly giggled, and I'm no Patsy on a ballroom floor myself. When it was over and I walked back to our table I got a fearful shock! At another table, not ten feet from us, is Barbara Baxter and a boy friend. Not only that, each of 'em had what seemed like a highball in front of 'em.

Oo-la-la!

Barbara happened to look up and see me staring at her, and she got first red and then white. At the same minute Jack Fairfax come striding across the floor, followed by three or four husky waiters. They headed right for me, and, as usually, Fairfax got behind his bodyguards when we come together.

"I want the rest of that dough you owe me, Fairfax," I says, in a low but businesslike voice, "or I'll take it right out of your cash register!"

"Throw him out, boys!" snarls Fairfax to his merry men, just as Butch and O'Brien jumped to my side.

It was Barbara Baxter's companion which prevented what had all the earmarks of a grand free-for-all. He stepped over to Fairfax and laid a hand on his shoulder, at the same time grabbing a waiter's arm. Barbara ran to a open window and blew a police whistle which instantly threw the place into a uproar. The swell patrons fell over each other trying to get out into the great open spaces of Broadway where men are actors, while the coppers come plunging up the stairs. The fun waxed fast and furious for half a hour, and when the excitement died down a trifle Fairfax and a waiter had been pinched for selling whisky. I found myself standing beside Barbara, wondering what it was all about!

"What are *you* doing in a place like this, and who's that bird which was with you?" I demanded.

She frowned and regarded me coldly.

"My escort is another enforcement officer," she says. "We've been working together for a week, and I came here with him to-night in the line of duty!"

"How about that highball I seen in front of you?" I wanted to know.

"I had to order it as evidence," she says angrily. "I didn't drink it—the other detective did that. What right have *you* to question me? So you are now a frequenter of night clubs with Pansy—the girl who is just like a boy friend to you, eh?"

"Never mind curling your lip at me, Barbara!" I answered, as mad as she was. "I come here to get the rest of that sugar Fairfax owes me. Do you think it's a nice thing for a girl to have a job where she has to step out around cabarets, ordering drinks at all hours of the night with men?"

"I do not wish to discuss that with you—that is my affair!" she snaps.

"O. K.," I says, taking another tack. "Listen, Barbara—I got a new racket now, a far better one than taxi driving. I'm going to fight Jim Tierney in forty-eight hours. It'll be my first scrap in a ring, and maybe it'll be my last. Will you come up to the Bronx and see me do my stuff?"

"You—you are going to engage in a *prize fight?*" she gasps, like she's positive her ears is kidding her.

"Absolutely!" I says. "If I get you a ring-side seat, will you be there to cheer me on like they do in books?"

"Well, I should say not!" she busts out, her eyes flashing fire. "And I'm terribly angry and disappointed with you!"

And she left me standing there flat.

I DIDN'T do much sleeping on that particular night—just short cat naps from which I'd wake with a start sitting up in bed. Barbara, Pansy, Fairfax and Jim Tierney was all mixed up in my dizzy mind. Barbara didn't want me to drive a taxi, though I'd made good money at it. That was too common for her. She didn't want me to be a pug, though Butch Ford saw a champ in me. That was too brutal for her. Well, what else was there open for me—without family, money, education or backing? Butch took a look at my eyes when I arose, and, locking me in my room, made me pound my ear all day. I got up at seven P. M. and finished my last workout for Jim Tierney at two the next morning.

In the dressing-room that night while Butch bandaged my hands with the regulation soft cloth, his instructions to me was the same as they'd been hourly for the past five weeks, "Don't try to *slug* with Tierney, *box* him and take the fight on points!" To which Left Hook O'Brien added as usual, "If you trade wallops with this baby, Bill, he'll knock you over. If you keep your left in his pan you'll make a chump out of him!"

My head was full of that till the very

(*Continued on page 49*)

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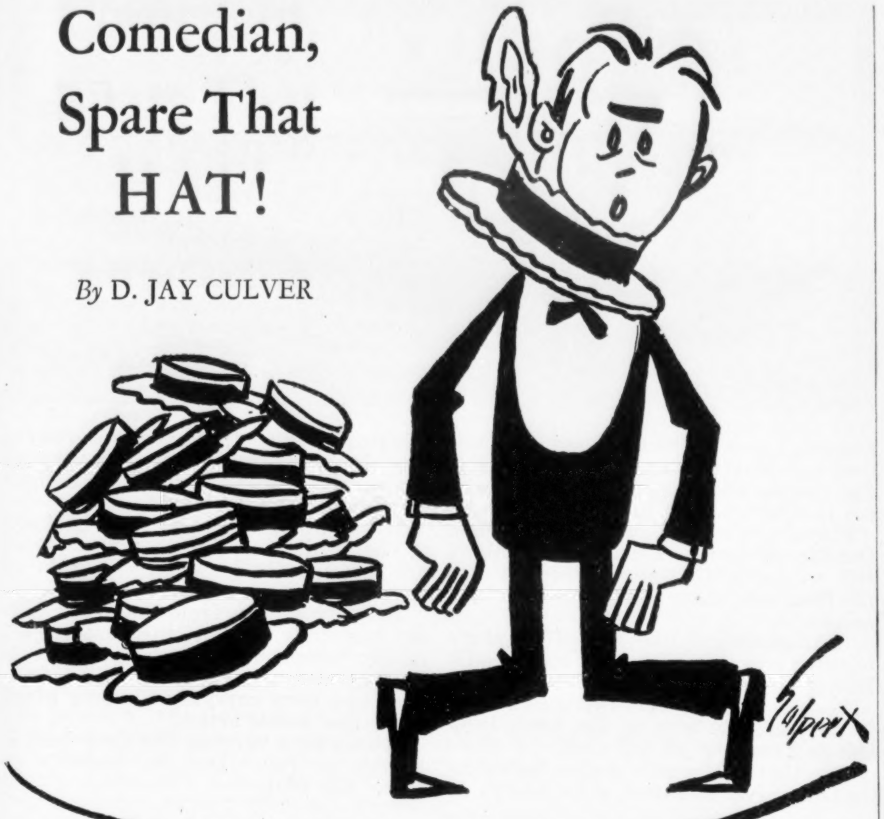
Comedian, Spare That HAT!

By D. JAY CULVER



DO YOU want to see that straw hat you've been wearing next winter? No? Then smash it and smash it well on the 15th.

If you simply discard it when you buy your autumn chapeau, the chances are the dealer will sell it to a vaudeville artist for ten cents.

Smashing hats is one of the best little things comedians do. Where do the hats all come from?

Johnny Dooley, one of the most destructive of the comedians, admits that he has been falling, stepping on and sitting on straw hats for more than fifteen years. He estimates that he has accounted for 15,000 straws.

"It isn't so expensive as it sounds," he explains. "I buy them by the carload from hat dealers. The average cost is ten cents a hat. They're the hats that are left behind when new ones are bought."

Straw hats smash with a better smack than silk ones. Besides, where would a comedian get a silk hat to sit on nowadays unless he killed a funeral director?

The Wandering Jehu

Continued from page 48

first time Tierney stung me. Then I forgot everything I'd learned about boxing and all that my trainers had told me. I remembered just *one* thing, which was that I wanted to knock Mr. James Tierney as cold as a polar bear's nose!

The club, a small one, was packed to the rafters when I climbed through the ropes, escorted by Butch Ford, Left Hook O'Brien and Shifty Jones, a big colored heavy who'd been my chief sparring partner. A few minutes later Jim Tierney entered the ring with his handlers and got a rousing cheer. The customers didn't give me a tumble, not even when I was introduced to 'em—my name meaning a trifle less than nothing to the fans. On the other hand, Left Hook O'Brien, which was acting as one of my seconds, got a bigger reception than even Tierney when the crowd recognized him. O'Brien's knockout record rated and got a salute everywhere!

The instant the gong rang to start us off, Tierney leaped at me with a swinging overhand right which caught me on the ear and sent me into the ropes. "There he goes! Knock him out, Tierney!" promptly howled the gallery. I pawed desperately at the air and Tierney sunk his other glove to the trade mark in my mid section. My knees sagged, and I fought for my breath while a deep voice yelled, "In the stomach, Tierney; he don't like 'em down below!"

"Shut up, Monkey!" Butch Ford screamed back. "D'ye know anybody which *does* like 'em below?"

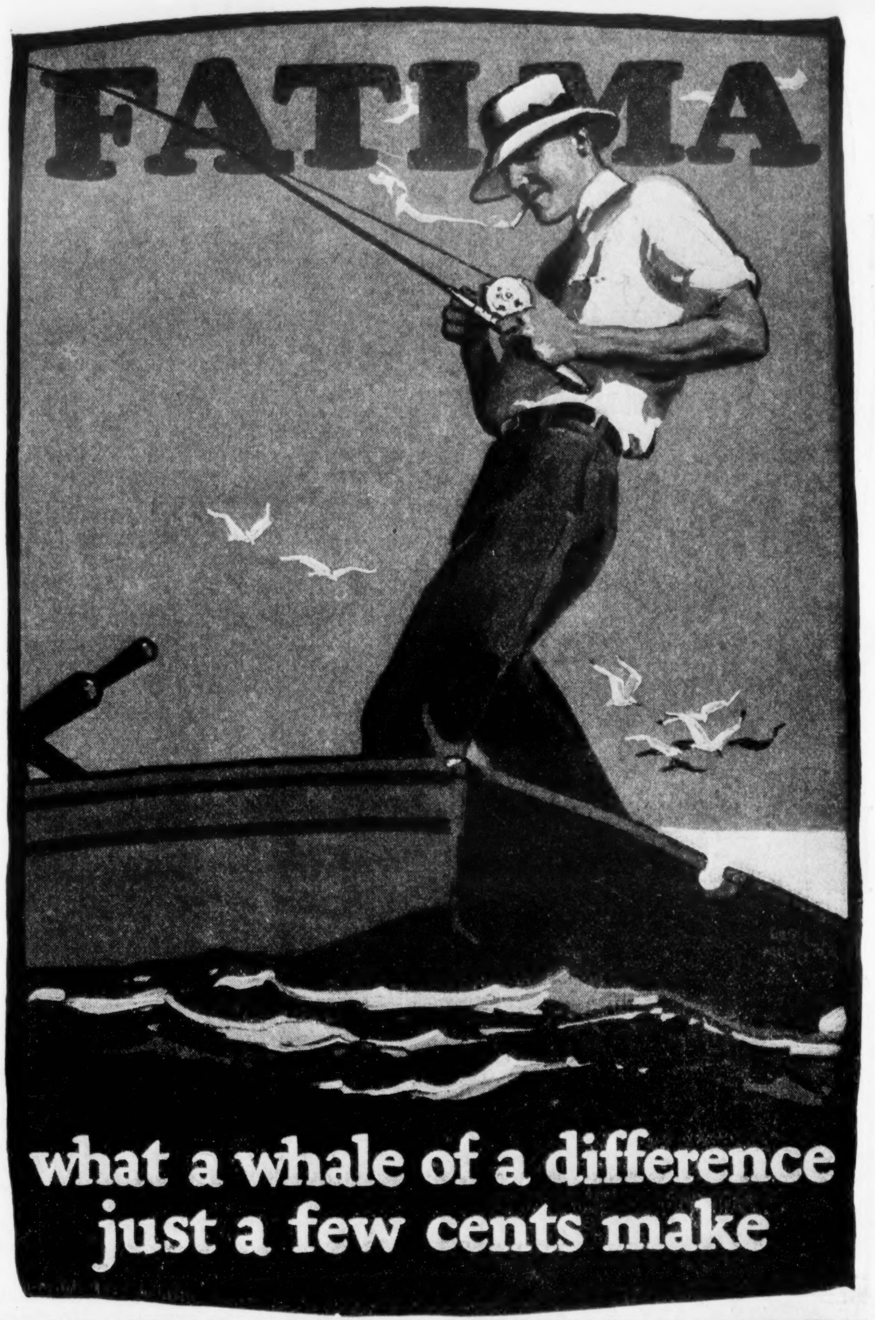
That brought a loud laugh from the crowd, and the next minute I made 'em all stand up shrieking by connecting solidly with a left hook to Tierney's chin. It shook him up, and he backed away, looking surprised and serious. I liked the effect of that punch and shot over a hard right to the same place. Tierney was slow in ducking and got the full force of it on the side of his head. He went to his knees, and the din would of made a boiler factory seem like a graveyard on Sunday! Half the mob was cheering me and the other half was imploring Tierney to get up and finish me. Butch was dancing around outside the ropes telling me what to do next, but I couldn't make out a word he said. One of my admirers bawled at Butch, "Sit down, Dizzy. Let the kid fight his own fight!"

Tierney took a count of nine and rose slowly, immediately trying to clinch. He looked in a bad way. I followed Butch's instructions and shoved him off, jabbing him three times to the mouth without a return. Then we both missed hard rights. Again Tierney wanted to get in close, but I shot a right to his ribs, and he reeled backwards towards his corner, a mark for a knockout punch. But I was too green to follow up that priceless advantage, and Tierney's handlers hollered to him, "Use your head, Jim, don't let him set!" He used his head, all right. He lowered it and butted me under the eye with it! Butch and O'Brien yelled murder and the referee warned Tierney. The crowd booed him enthusiastically, but that didn't help my eye.

The hisses seemed to refresh this bird, for he suddenly came at me like a crazy man with both gloves pumping like pistons. A experienced boxer would of ducked these wild blows with ease and cut Tierney to pieces with counters, but I was no experienced boxer—I was fighting my first battle in a ring!

I finally put two stiff lefts to Tierney's face, and, measuring him carefully as he came rushing in, I hit him flush on the jaw with my right. It was

(*Continued on page 50*)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"THAT OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE"

"I can see the pink sunbonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when I first kissed her and she answered the caress
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Grew round the stump,' she loved me—that old sweetheart of mine."

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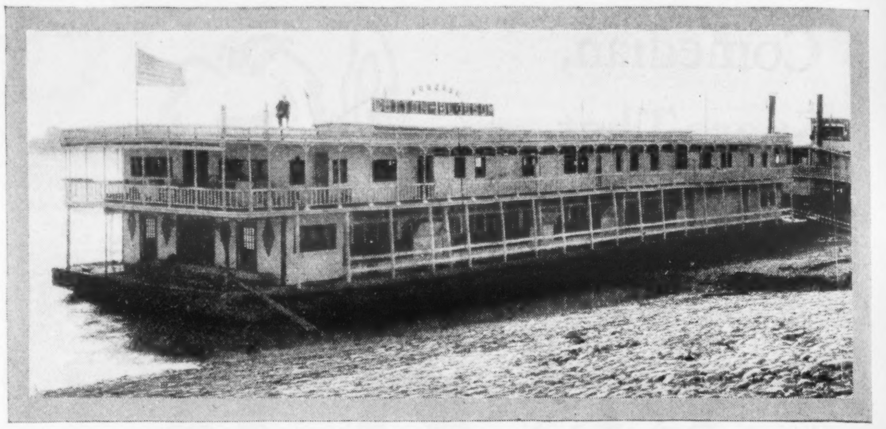
This "Road Show" Floats

By CLIFTON BROOKS



IT'S a far cry from Broadway and the "Follies" to the Cotton-Blossom and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come."

But some 100,000 persons eagerly look forward to the annual visits of this show boat. It's the only legitimate theatre entertainment many of them have.

D. Otto Hitner, owner, director, stage manager and what-do-you-want-done, declares that the Cotton-Blossom is the largest of the seven show boats now plying the rivers of the United States.

The show boat proper, shunted from town to town by a sizable steamboat, also Hitner-owned, is just like a real theatre, from stage and gallery to boxes and foyer. She seats 1,200, is 182 feet long and 45 feet wide, and carries forty persons, mostly actors and the musicians of the twelve-piece orchestra.

Hitner has little trouble in getting his stage talent, because the Cotton-Blossom's season starts when land theatres are just closing—about May 1st. The Cotton-Blossom quits for the season in October.

Plays? Why, the owner's wife, Mrs. Dorothy Hitner, a former actress herself, who still fills a gap in the cast now and then, adapts most of them from best sellers.

"Our audiences like best of all plays adapted from the books they have read," Hitner explains.

Five acts of vaudeville, sandwiched in between the acts of the play, keep things humming all the time.

The Cotton-Blossom makes towns on the Ohio River and most of its navigable tributaries. Sometimes she ventures out into the Mississippi. Once she went as far north at St. Paul, but has shunned the South in recent years.

Hitner's boat does her best business in the small river towns, where shows are few and far between. They do an average business of 600 a night.

Borrowing ideas from the circus, Hitner has made the Cotton-Blossom practically independent in operation, feeding and sleeping his employees on the boat and even carrying his own piano tuner and scenic artist.

Hitner says running the show boat is barrels of fun. But the money's no joke. It's real.

The Wandering Jehu

Continued from page 49

a terrible punch with everything I had behind it, and he dropped for the second time in a quivering heap. But I thought I'd hit a concrete wall! Awful burning pains shot up my arm, and the clenched fist inside my right glove was just numb. I couldn't keep back a short cry of agony, and quick as a flash one of Tierney's seconds roared, "He's broke his hand, Jim, get up and take him!"

THAT handler made a wonderful guess. That's just what I'd done—broke my right hand with the blow that sent Tierney to the canvas! He staggered to his feet at nine again; punch-drunk but tougher than rhino hide. This time I couldn't keep him out of a clinch, and when the referee broke us I only had one good hand to stall him off. It wasn't enough! With a sneering grin on his battered lips, Tierney proceeded to make a punching bag out of me for the rest of that round. I was down twice for a count of four, once for a count of seven, and the welcome bell ending the massacre found me on the mat for my fourth trip. I did the best I could with only a left hand to work with, and as I dragged myself to my corner and flopped on the stool I heard the referee say to the sport writers as he leaned over the ropes:

"This lad can't fight—but, oh, how he does!"

And he jerked his thumb at me.

Left Hook O'Brien, which told me never to lose my head in a fight, was so cool and collected that he shoved the sponge in my mouth instead of the water bottle. Butch pushed him away, kneading the back of my neck with thumb and fingers of one hand, while the other held the ammonia under my nose. Shifty Jones put collidion on a deep gash under my eye where Tierney had butted me. They was all talking in my ears, but what they said to me I never will know! All I could hear was a booming roar like the surf at the seashore. I was sick in my stomach, and I had a fearful headache. My right hand and arm was pins and needles—red-hot pins and needles! They had to push me out when the bell rang for the second round. I didn't hear that either!

Butch's parting slap on the back as he ducked down under the ropes helped revive me a bit. I shook my head from side to side to clear away the cobwebs, and something inside me whispered, "Feint with your right as if it wasn't hurt—outsmart him!" Like a machine I stuck my left in Tierney's face and drew my useless right back slightly like I was going to punch with it. Tierney covered up instantly. He looked puzzled and glanced quickly at his corner. "Be careful!" his seconds yelled. "He faked that right—he never broke it at all." Tierney kept backing away, and I jabbed him viciously again and again with my left, still using my bum right as a threat.

He swung his own right when the mob commanded him to take a chance, and I side-stepped the punch, with the same movement bringing up my left in a uppercut which caught him squarely over the heart. Why, I even seen the whites of his eyes turn up and his color go a pasty gray. He cursed and landed lightly below my belt, and the mob razzed him, but I'd already started another wicked left for his jaw It caught him right on the button, and he crashed to the floor, rolling over twice, to end up flat and motionless on his face.

They could of counted two hundred instead of ten. Jim Tierney wasn't able to leave the ring for twenty minutes after the fight and I'd won my first start by a knockout in less than two rounds.

It was just a jubilee in my dressing-room—Butch fixing up my bum paw and everybody talking at once, when through the open door walks Barbara Baxter! Her face is all aglow, if you know what I mean, and her eyes was sparkling.

"I—I couldn't resist seeing what would happen to you to-night, Bill!" she says softly, "and I want you to know how glad—how proud I am that you won. You were— Oh, just splendid—I wish you could have heard what they were saying all around me—I got quite a thrill! Bill, I'm not going to affect an admiration that I do not feel for your new profession, but I hope, since you have entered it, that you'll become a champion!"

Hot canine!

AS I was shooing Butch and the rest of 'em out, she whispered, "I'm the guest of some newspaper women, and I must leave. Good-night, Bill, and—and—I shall be at home to-morrow evening if you call!"

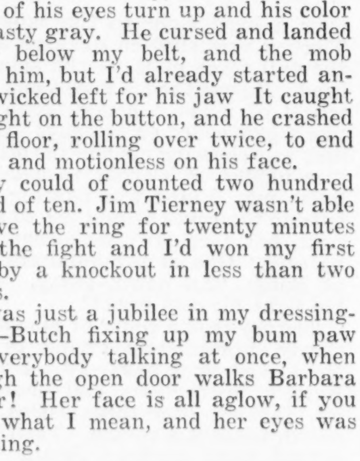
I thought they'd be forty columns in the papers the next morning about my fight with Tierney. I had to go through 'em three times to find this on a inside page:

Bill Grimm knocked out Jim Tierney in the second round of a scheduled ten-round bout here last night. The men are heavyweights.

That was all! Four short lines for the Battle of the Century.

Well, such is life!

Another story about Bill Grimm's progress with Barbara Baxter will appear in an early issue



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The famous novelist, has written a lively article in which he demonstrates the wisdom of the title: "Stay in Your Own Home Town"

In Next Week's COLLIER'S

The Devil's Dance Dens

Continued from page 12

at the girls. The girls were of an average age of twenty-two or less despite the two or three maturer women who raised the average.

Most of the men drank. A girl who dances with them must drink with them. Most of the girls did.

Minnie and Helen and the wise ones of the "two hundred beautiful hostesses" would never be lured to this type of place. Here were factory girls, the twelve-a-week kind; young but hardening.

Five hundred halls of this type are in New York. Their copies are in other big cities. They outnumber the open halls ten to one.

But there are places definitely and dangerously worse. In a taxi from the Sunglade we reach Harlem. And here it is just to add that Boston cannot sneer at Harlem, nor Chicago frown upon Boston, nor Philadelphia or San Francisco on all three. All have their black-tan-and-white closed dance clubs.

To this one the password was "Sweetheart," whispered to a large Negro who wore a red carnation. Lolling against a display case in a cigar store, he heard the password, glinted suspiciously, collected a dollar and jerked a thick thumb toward a telephone booth.

I protested that I wanted neither to phone nor to drink.

"Push the back of the booth," he directed.

Pushed, the booth back opened into a large, windowless room with a sealed skylight. Through layers of smoke every conceivable tint of human face turned toward me.

Thirty girls in the place, and the man with a ticket got the one he wanted if she was free—and wanted him. For here the fair favor the brave if the brave survive a fight.

Drinking, dancing, strumming—until curious dawn scrawled falteringly on the patched pane in the ceiling.

Let the figures talk: Twenty-eight million dollars a year is spent in the dance halls in New York alone—hotels and association dances excluded. Seven or eight thousand girls hire out as hostesses. These totals come from the comprehensive investigation made by the Women's City Club of New York. The national figures must be several times these totals.

The girls are recruited systematically. Want ads in country newspapers speak of "Light, easy work for inexperienced girls. Good pay."

The open halls are safe for the girl who wants to be safe. But the police have no control over the closed halls. They get away with the club camouflage, which enables them to pick their patrons.

Heed a wise woman—one of the chief policewomen in New York:

"This hostess system is wrong the way it works in the open halls. The girls should have the option as to partners. I'd close every open hall that wouldn't let them have it.

"I'd close the closed halls in all cases. They're bad. We have a hundred women, but we can't regulate them. We haven't the numbers: we haven't the power. We can't even get into them, unless we plead for a chance to find some runaway girl—and that's invariably where the runaway girls go, to the closed dance halls. They're hothouses of vice.

"Dancing is wholesome, even necessary amusement. In the open halls it's decent, merely walking to music at so much a walk. But the closed halls are a curse."

Write your own moral.

We'll Pay
$25, $15 and $10

for the three best letters on the subject of dance halls. What do you think of them and their influence on our young people? How should they be regulated? What is your opinion of the "hostess" idea? Contributions (300 words, or less) must reach us by October 20th, and none will be returned. Address: Contest Editor, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

How About Haiti?

Continued from page 23

protest just as the Haitians do. But as the American Financial Adviser makes his ruthless cuts in some proposed budget and the American automobiles go thundering by, honking their exasperating horns, it is just as well to recall a few of the realities of the good old days. Life was not all roses then for the little upper class, even though they did run the country. And especially was it not rosy for the occasional educated patriot, who could see his country's needs and yet found himself helpless, with the inert peasant majority on one side, and, on the other, however careful he was to keep out of politics, the likelihood of being squelched, the instant he raised his voice, by some hard-fisted military chieftain.

A Mysterious Land—in 1908

A FRIEND was waiting for me when I came down from the court that afternoon, and we drove out along the shore, and a few minutes later were rolling like seals in the deliciously soft and blue Caribbean water. Then we dressed and, with something to drink before us, sat and watched the tropical sunset blazing on the mountains across the bay—the lavender mountains turn to purple and the turquoise sea to indigo.

This hour after the swim, with the sun going down into the sea, is one of several exquisite moments in the Haitian day; sipping your morning coffee and slowly and luxuriously awaking to life in the cool silence of the tropic dawn is another; and Port-au-Prince harbor, with the velvet mountains climbing up from blue water, is one of the loveliest on earth. No wonder Haitians are fond of their island, and even when their heart's desire is attained and they have got to Paris, feel a sharp pang of homesickness when they catch a chance phrase in Creole and wish themselves back in that *doux petit pays*.

I thought, as we sat there, of the things that bay had seen—slave ships and pirate ships, meddlesome foreigners and unhappy presidents sailing away, and of how different the Haiti which a chance traveler saw coming down that coast in 1908 was from the Haiti one saw to-day. Revolution, of course, is not a normal time in which to see a country, and the revolution which brought old Antoine Simon to power was just finishing as we arrived. But in the week or two we were there at that time we scarcely got away from the serio-comic militarism which played so prominent a rôle in what a Haitian writer of those days called the "tragic operetta" of Haitian life.

(*Continued on page 52*)

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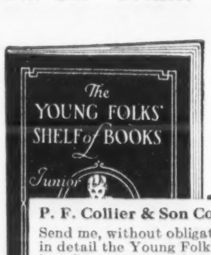
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How About Haiti?

Continued from page 51

I recalled the four tiny cannon that faced down the four streets in front of the délégué's headquarters at Cape Haitien the morning we touched there, and the shouts and waving of swords and *cacomacaques* (a sort of heavy cane much carried in those days) when Jimmy Hare tried to take a picture, and the rush of excited black warriors to cover up the little guns, as if they were masking the secrets of Gibraltar. I thought of the other warriors who arrested us when we ventured ashore at Gonaives and the officer who let us go when I explained that we wished but to glance at his beautiful city; and the curious little general of arrondissement, who had a tremendous reputation for cruelty, but at the sight of Jimmy Hare's camera immediately struck an attitude, with one foot slightly advanced, *cacomacaque* thrust firmly into the ground and an air of Ajax defying the lightning. He just escaped the mob that same afternoon, was rowed out to our ship without having had time to put his shoes on, and never saw us afterward in Port-au-Prince without bowing as if we were lifelong friends.

At that time, at Morck's hotel—now the French Legation—one might not step forth after dusk without special military permission. Merely to stroll down the drive toward the gate was to set the sentries barking their "ket-voos" (*Qui êtes-vous?*—Who are you?) all over the Champs de Mars. There were "ket-voos" up until nine o'clock, and after that *qui vives*, rising and falling mournfully over the sleeping city all through the night. It was very theatrical and picturesque—although more fun for us, no doubt, than for the poor devils of peasants dragged away from their little farms and put into uniform to do all this barking.

And sometimes, when the muffled thump of distant tom-toms came throbbing through the warm darkness, one could easily fancy that the interior of Haiti was very wild indeed.

I remember that we visited a mahogany sawmill a few miles down the narrow gauge to the salt lake on the plain of Cul de Sac, and felt almost as if we were entering the African jungle. As a matter of fact, a white man was perfectly safe anywhere in Haiti then, as he is now, even after the "pacification," but the interior was mysterious because it was unknown.

All that mystery is gone now. Every corner of the island has been poked into in one way or another—by road builders or geologists or fighting men—and one can even hire a jitney, and ride straight cross-country and across the mountains on a splendid macadam road, all the way from the capital to the Cape. It was the misuse of the more or less forced labor that built those roads, by two or three officers (who, most civilians would say, ought to have been court-martialed, but weren't), which was partly responsible for the banditry and rebellion, in the final putting down of which we killed some two thousand Haitians.

The black woman can go and come with her little bundle of coffee or sugar or garden truck without being subject to petty tribute on the trail. The black man can stay on his little farm—they carry these little patches clear up to the tops of the ridges—without the fear, which he never used to be free from, of being dragged off to somebody's army.

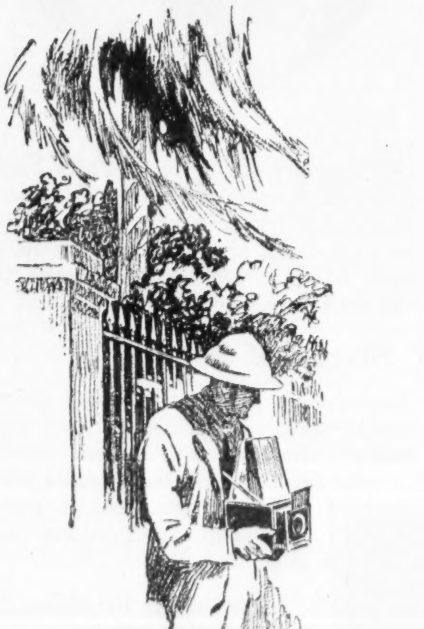
The various public debts have been consolidated and are being paid off. The *gourde* is stabilized. Government employees are promptly paid in real money, instead, as was often the case in the old days, of being paid in promises which they sold for what they would bring to foreign speculators, who, later, of course, forced the government to cash them at par in money which, very likely, it had borrowed, also from foreign speculators, at ruinous interest.

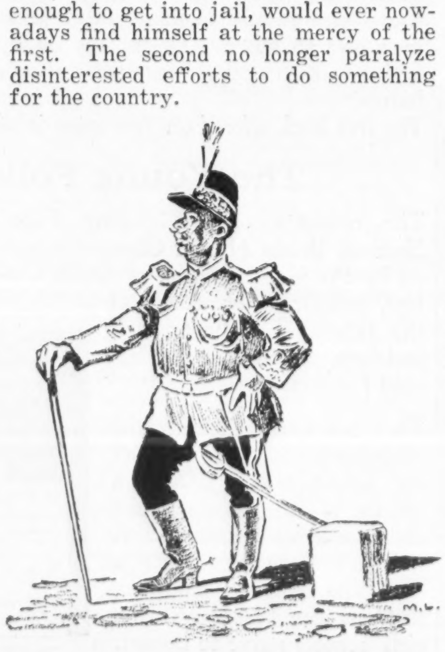
In addition to roads already built, and the trails which are beginning to be cleared, the Occupation is building hospitals and other public works in various parts of the country, studying the neglected problem of irrigation—an indispensable thing in a sugar country—and, having "cleaned up" the towns with reasonable thoroughness, is starting in on a broad program of health service which will eventually pretty well cover the entire country.

A Bridge—of Sighs

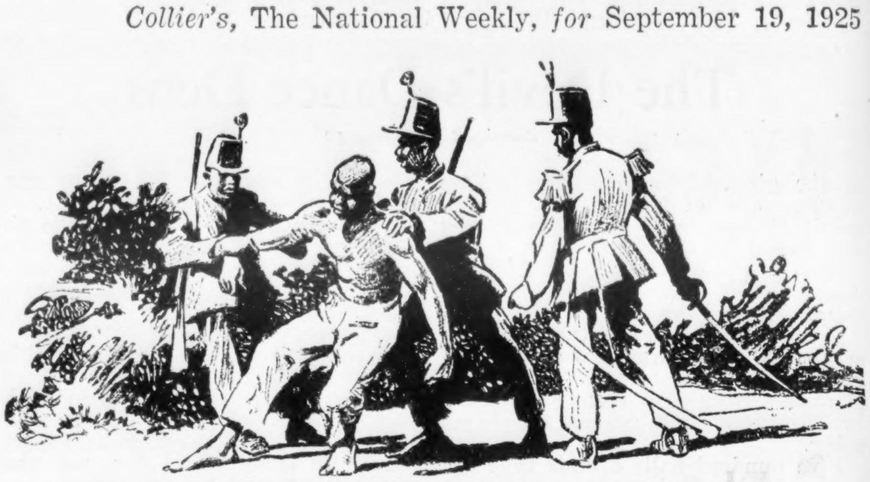
THE problem of education—an extremely complex and difficult riddle in a tropical country at least 95 per cent of the inhabitants of which cannot read or write—is finally being attacked, after a rather disgraceful delay, in a way that seems likely to do some real good.

In short, without going into detail, it may safely be said, I think, that from every material point of view the American intervention has been a good thing for Haiti. And not merely in a material way. The sort of thing represented by those un-housebroken wretches who appeared that afternoon before the Court of Claims—and in a milder form by the pathetic-comic warriors and politicians so much in the foreground at the time of my first visit to Haiti—has ceased to exist. No Haitian, even if he were unfortunate enough to get into jail, would ever nowadays find himself at the mercy of the first. The second no longer paralyze disinterested efforts to do something for the country.





At the sight of Jimmy Hare's camera the funny little general immediately struck an attitude with the air of Ajax defying the lightning



They dragged off the poor peasant for somebody's army

Foreigners can be very irritating, especially when they are forcibly occupying one's country. But if Dr. Audain had worth-while ideas on education to present now he would not be punished for publishing them.

I was chatting one day in Port-au-Prince with one of the editors.

"Your experience will suggest, no doubt," he said, "that we need more bridges. That is true. But the most important bridge we need is one between Americans and Haitians. And that"—the long fingers lifted and fell with the air of one sweeping a tearful lyre—"cannot be built with concrete."

It cannot be built with concrete; one sometimes wonders if it can be built of anything—between the Americans and the upper-class Haitians, that is to say, as long as the Occupation lasts.

So far as this aspect of the problem goes, the great bulk of the Haitians—that 95 per cent or 97 per cent which lives a simple pastoral life not very different from that lived by its African ancestors—can almost be left out of account. Their own upper class never did anything for them, anyway. They were always exploited. They are better off now than they have ever been, and although the burden of the "pacification" fell on them, they have no resentment against Americans. They will send presents of eggs and chickens to Marine officers who used to command in their neighborhood, and everywhere you go along the trail you are greeted by smiles and the wistful "Bon jour, monsieur!"

The upper class are quite another matter. Not all of them are of equal culture and social experience, naturally; some are black and some quite white, and there are various shades in between, but in general it might be said of them that there is as great a chasm separating them from the inert mass as used to separate the upper-class Russian from the shaggy muzhik. A small *élite* of this upper class have traveled, been educated abroad, carefully trained in the French social amenities, and in manners and general refinement are the superiors of most of the Americans they meet.

Given this group on the one hand, on the other outsiders who add to the irritations inherent in any forcible occupation, the special color prejudices prevalent in the United States, and it is not difficult to see the almost inevitable outcome.

Our officials see little socially of the Haitian official class. Between their subordinates and the Haitians a line is drawn almost like that between the British and native-born in India. The Haitians have their clubs and the Americans *their* club, and there is no mixing. There used to be, before the wives came, but after that things changed.

We are a great, not to say superlative, people and can beat the big drum and blow the big bazoo with less fatigue—except to our listeners—than any nation on earth. Not much is done, therefore, to soften even the unavoidable asperities. Automobiles—which most Haitians cannot afford—dash by in clouds of dust scattering all before them.

One could elaborate on this theme, but I have probably suggested enough—enough to suggest that Haitians of sensibility have had to pay something for their material benefits.

No one can see the inevitable difficulties facing our people in Haiti without raising in his own mind the whole bothersome question of the right of one people to interfere in the national life of another—not merely the right but the expediency. Can self-government be learned except by practice? When, and for how long, is it better for a people to stumble along in their own way? It is always easier to go in than to get out, and the longer you stay the stronger have trade, investment and a hundred other influences woven their invisible chains.

Government Must Be Stable

NO SERIOUS person, so far as I know, has suggested that we "stay" in Haiti. The country did not come to us through war or purchase. We landed there as friends and were received as such. The Haitians had won their independence with their own blood and, whatever their political vicissitudes, they had paid their foreign debts regularly, rarely harmed foreigners, and maintained an independent government for over a century.

The only excuse for our interference in Haitian affairs—the reason that the question may not be decided on purely academic grounds—is that the island is close to our shores, on the direct line to the canal, foreigners are bound to live and invest there, and its government must be such that other nations will not insist that we take charge of things there or that they be permitted to do so. Once that condition is fulfilled, or seems reasonably certain of fulfillment, the sooner we withdraw the better.

As things now stand, the Treaty officials (this does not necessarily mean the Marines, who might, perhaps, be safely withdrawn to-morrow) stay for another ten years. The loan, into which earlier loans were consolidated, runs for some time after that, and whether a financial adviser-receiver ought to supervise finances until it is paid, remains to be seen. We have done many clumsy and tactless things in Haiti, but the "rough stuff" is a thing of the past.

It seemed to me, as I would come back to the dusky peace of Bois Verna, after a day spent in going back and forth between Haitians and Americans, and threshing over all sides of the question, that we were just getting into a position to do some real good in Haiti, and that while the end in view—an independent Haiti—must never be lost sight of, it would be a misfortune, both to the Haitians and ourselves, if some sudden awakening, at home, to mistakes that are now almost forgotten on the spot, should scrap the whole enterprise before that real constructive work we owe the Haitians had been done.

People get up at the crack of dawn, as I have said, in Port-au-Prince and they go to bed with the chickens. The pretty young Creole ladies had scarcely fared forth to take the twilight air, with a languid stroll up and down Bois Verna, and their pianos and phonographs, screened by palms and long French blinds, had no more than followed that stroll with an even-song or two, when lights began to go out, and by ten o'clock most of our quarter lay black and still under the blazing Caribbean stars.

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WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

Here You Can Get the Ear of a Nation

No Such Gory School for Youth

To the Editor of Collier's:

PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S prayer from the Rhine that American boys keep the peace saddens me. It wasn't so long ago that the writer sat in just such a festal hall as she describes—perhaps the very one—and lustily joined in the damp and roaring "salamanders" to one Wilhelm, Rex et Imp. (now wrecked and unimp.).

Later he (not Wilhelm) and his former gay companions in song and wassail were giving each other grim lessons in the blessings of peace, united in determination though separated by a wide diplomatic breach and a narrow stretch of barbed wire.

When the lesson was over we went our separate ways sadder and wiser civilians.

And now comes along a new Youth in both countries who never went to our school.

Peace must drag a far more succulent and redder herring than any yet evolved across the paths that lead (cf. the poets over the draft age) to Glory and the (cf. casualty lists) the wooden cross and the psychopathic ward.

H. R. B., Washington, D. C.

Mary, Mary, Not Contrary

To the Editor of Collier's:

You say you will ask the Eatons whether the children of my mother, Mrs. Mary Eaton, are "sacrifices on the altar of their mother's thwarted ambition."

I answer for one of the children.

I might have been a waitress in a Childs restaurant, an $18-a-week stenographer, or I might have found a meal ticket and some clothes by marrying early if I had not been blessed with an ambitious mother.

I'm an actress because I love the stage, and I am fortunate in having a mother who has been willing to help me get the training a real stage career requires. MARY EATON.

Deduct $150 From the Debt

To the Editor of Collier's:

Frederick Palmer, and a darned good writer too, asks re foreign debt, August 15th, "But do *you* want to give up that $150?"

Answer, *Yes*. There are others of the same mind. The United States, to-day, owes our national existence to the heroism of the French and British. We lent them cheap money with which to buy our dear goods and buck our high tariffs; we leave them to clean up the wreck and build the world and pay us, pay us, pay us.

W. L. WHITTLESEY,
Princeton, N. J.

Day Laborers of Eleven

To the Editor of Collier's:

Arthur Brisbane is not qualified to give advice about birth control when he thinks the women of the slums are entitled to help but not the women on ranches, because children are needed there.

Ah!—truly children are needed there. I have seen children roused out of their beds at 4 A. M. to milk cows—then on to other tasks until dark came on to stop their labors.

I have seen boys ruptured from heavy lifting on the farm, and no medical aid given them.

Because doctors are miles away, I have known cases where the country woman had to depend on herself for the delivery of her child—now should this woman be denied the help which Mr. Brisbane is willing to give the woman of the slums?

A. A. A., Indiana.

Letter on Feminine Morals 79603

To the Editor of Collier's:

I commend "I'm One" for her endeavor to be "nice" and "sweet" and everything, but what in time makes her think she is the last word on elegance in the moral line?

The letter from the modern girl, to which she refers, was at least sincere, and that is the keynote of the behavior of the new women—sincerity, a product on which men have had a monopoly for some time.

Trying to deny, through wads of clothes, that you have legs, hips, a good chest expansion and living muscles is right in a class with covering a fine brain capacity by pursuing sweet dumbness and being too much of a lady to discuss biology or psychology or that terrible nasty modern subject—sex!

There is no greater pestilence that attacks humanity than the dead and gone ones who are so sure their way is the right way for no other reason than precedence. G. MARYA BENNETT,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Eve's Old Excuse

To the Editor of Collier's:

It is said that there are more crimes against property committed in the United States than in all the world? Why? Is human nature growing worse?

Here is a possible cause: Probably never before in the world's history has there been such a tremendous display of valuable property with so little protection. Within a stone's throw of any person in the business section of any large city there may be many million dollars' worth of practically unguarded and accessible wealth. Never before was there such temptation and such easy picking for the tempted.

GUY HAYTHORN, Wichita, Kan.

A Man's as Bad as His Bootlegger

To the Editor of Collier's:

"Mr. Clerk, enter a fine of $25 against the defendant for buying liquor. The man who buys liquor is just as guilty as the man who sells it. If people would quit buying it, the market for liquor would be destroyed."

So said Judge S—— of our superior court the other day, and to that defendant His Honor spoke a mouthful. Nor was that all; the accommodating judge imposed a ninety-day suspended sentence on this said defendant. Now, if this had happened six years ago and I had been the defendant, no bootlegger would ever have remembered selling me any more liquor—and I would not be writing in appreciation of the article, "Why I Have a Bootlegger," recently published in Collier's.

Our legislatures are responsible for a good many of us falling from grace. They enact many useless laws we are not supposed to observe. By so doing they encourage us to violate some laws that are really good. Maybe it's all a matter of conscience or law enforcement—which? W. G. COX,
Burlington, N. C.

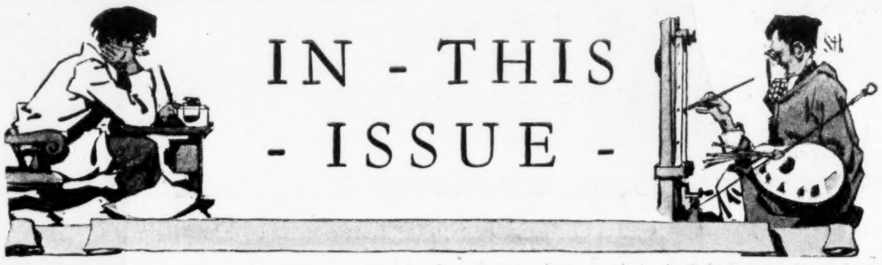
Hot Shot from Texas

To the Editor of Collier's:

I believe that prohibition is not a problem of morals, or of crime, or of patriotism, but primarily a problem of economics. While there is a demand for liquor and a profit to be made by supplying the demand, it will be supplied legally or illegally.

There is only one way to eliminate the evils of drunkenness; that is, to abolish poverty and extreme riches, a procedure quite beyond the powers of our incompetent politicians and quite beside the interest of our business men.

WILLIAM F. ELLIS, Houston, Texas.



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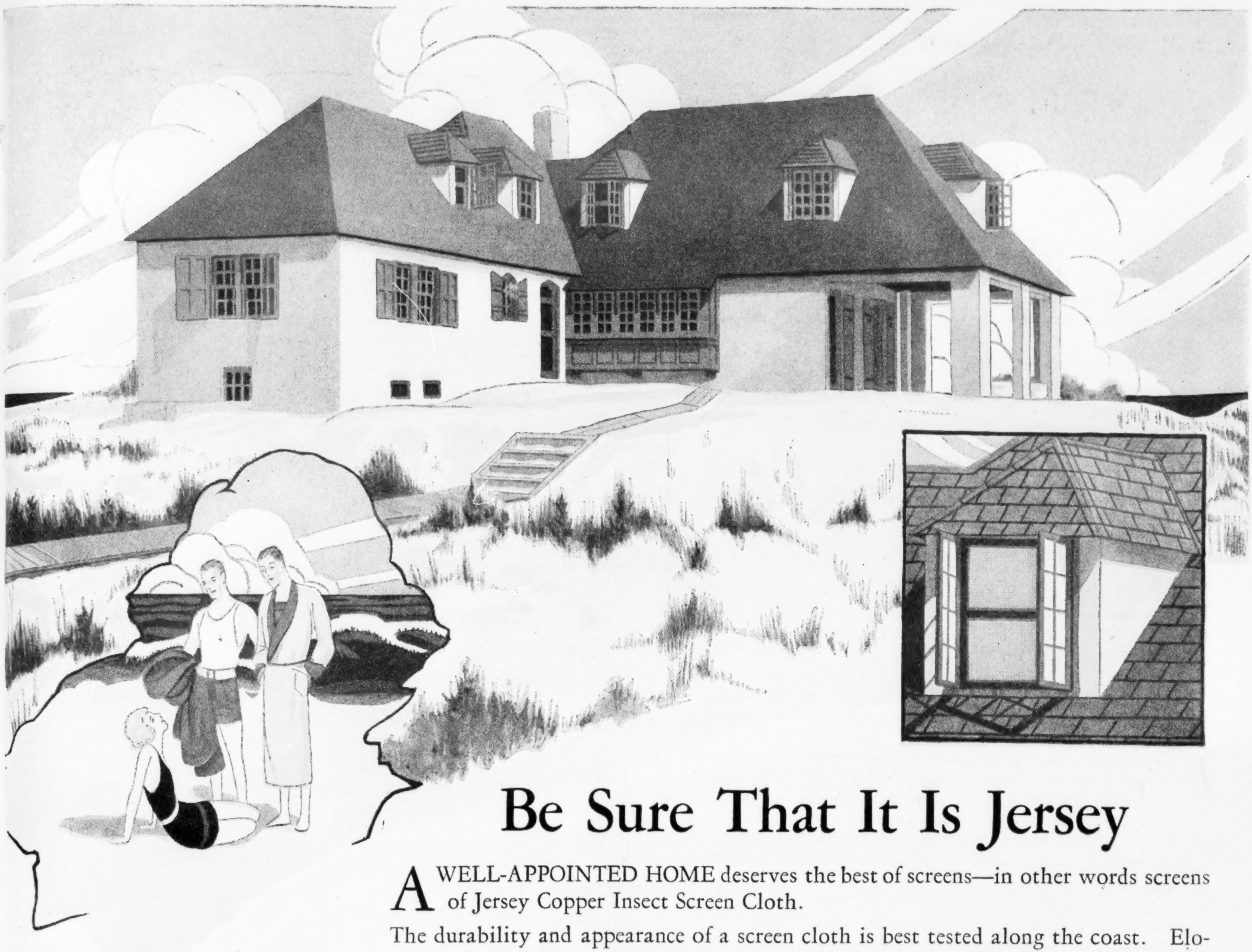

The summer residence of B. B. Schneider, Jr., on the beach at Bay Head, N. J., screened throughout with Jersey Copper Screen Cloth. Arthur Dillon, architect. Joseph Stillwell, builder.

Be Sure That It Is Jersey

A WELL-APPOINTED HOME deserves the best of screens—in other words screens of Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth.

The durability and appearance of a screen cloth is best tested along the coast. Eloquent proof of the quality of Jersey lies in the fact that it is the selection of thousands of discriminating home owners for their summer residences.

Jersey cannot rust for it is made of copper 99.8% pure. Due to a special Roebling process it has stiffness and tensile strength comparable to steel—a decided advantage over ordinary copper screen cloth.

Jersey Copper Screen Cloth, 16 *mesh*, is a true *insect* screen cloth. The wires are spaced uniformly and it keeps out mosquitoes and other small insects as well as flies.

Jersey is made in either bright or dark finish, but most home owners prefer the latter. It is made of the same lasting, pure copper as the former but does not go through any weathering process. It is as nearly invisible as a screen cloth can be and stays that way.

Jersey Copper Insect Screen Cloth can be obtained from many of the better hardware merchants and custom-made screen makers. If you cannot readily locate a distributor, write us. We will send you samples, an interesting booklet on screens, and tell you where you can get it.

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Made of Copper 99.8% Pure

Shave *every* day—be comfortable

COLGATE'S

Softens the beard at the base

YESTERDAY—

When Confucius Pitkin was President of the Common Council there were more whiskers in the State of Maine alone than it would be possible to find within the borders of the Union today.

Judge Pitkin, who won his title by serving for two years as a justice of the peace, had no more use for a necktie at that time than a fruit peddler has for a blue sash. If it had not been for a certain incident early in his career as a parent he might still be looked upon with disfavor by the haberdashers.

One afternoon while he dozed in an easy chair his first-born son, whose fists were full of taffy, climbed upon his knees and engaged in certain playful exercises that caused the Judge to become a changed man. His whiskers had to go; but it was all for the best.

Our pictures of him "with and without" show why a clean shave daily has become a business as well as a social requirement.

Judge Pitkin, finding comfort in the regular use of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream, looks younger now than he looked in that remote age when it was necessary to enter an automobile by a back door. With the millions of other men who have become acquainted with its merits, the Judge could tell you easily why Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream is vastly better than anything else you have ever tried for softening your beard.

—TODAY

It makes an exceptionally fine, moist lather, which goes to the base of each hair and emulsifies its oily coating.

This permits moisture to penetrate and soften the beard where the razor's work is done. Your first experience with Colgate's will convince you of its great superiority.

Colgate's needs no rubbing in with the fingers. Just press a bit of it upon the end of your wet brush, then work up the lather on your face for an easy shave.

There is no after-smart or unpleasant dryness. The skin is soothed and refreshed when you have finished shaving with Colgate's.

Let us send you a trial tube of this marvelous Cream for better shaving. Please use the attached coupon.

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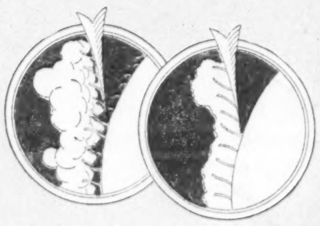

A coarse inefficient lather, which fails to reach the base of the hair.

Colgate's fine texture lather, which softens the hair at the base.

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture